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THE TRAGEDY  
OF  
ALBERTVS WALLENSTEIN.

[1640.]



THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF  
ALBERTVS  
WALLENSTEIN,

Late Duke of Fridland, and Generall to  
the Emperor *Ferdinand* the second.

Written by HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

*Cedant carminibus reges Regumque triumphi.*

The Scene, *Egers.*

And Acted with good Allowance at the Globe  
on the Banke-side, by his Majesties Servants.



Imprinted at London by Tho. Paine, for George Hutton,  
and are to be sold at his Shop within Turn-stile in  
Holborne. 1640.

*The Epistle.*

that it would bee an error in the religion of my duty, should I question your remission of this audacious crime, the offence being onely the acknowledgement of my respective service to you. Works of this nature have alwaies assumed this priuiledge, to aspire the noblest for their Protectors. Since then authoris'd by custome, worthiest Sir, it cannot bee a diminution to your fame, nor repugnant to the gravity of your most serious imployments to have him by publicke profession known your servant, who hath long since by particular devotion been

*The humblest of your honorers,*

HEN. GLAPTHORNE.



In cædem Alberti Wallenstenii,  
ducis Fridlandiæ. 1634.

**T**hus etiam superbe Dux Fridlandiæ,  
Dignus cothurno lugubri interitus meos  
Elicit Iambos & lugeant, quibus placet  
Vacare lachrymis. Filiæ ac Viduæ sat est  
Laniare crines, plangere & manu finus,  
Non ego sepulchro (si tamen quisquam tibi  
Honor sepulchri detur) ahsideo gemens,  
Non tibi Camæna funebrem panegyrin  
Epicediumve dedicat, potius sibi  
Fam gratulatur, lœta Gustavo diu  
Tui quod haud te viderint superfitem;  
Revenderit sed Egra (1) Lutzeno vicem;  
Feralis Egra, dirus hospitiī locus,  
Splendore mensas quæ Lycaonio struens,  
Grandique cogens solvere pretio dapes,  
Gladios, bipennes, tela, tormenta apparat.

---

(1) Rex Sueciæ in pugna ad Lutzenum commissa; Walstenius  
Egra interfactus.

*Hæc Imperator ducibus, & Walslenio  
 Gustanda cautus miserat bellaria.  
 Non ille tantum cæde gaudet hostium,  
 Sed & suorum sanguine impleri iubet  
 Egræ penates, proh deorum numina !  
 Quantum cruxis Austriaca superbia  
 Sibi litatum lambit ! & tamen sitit  
 Adhuc cruxrem, sævior Pelopis domo.  
 Nullusne tandem cædibus dabitur modus ?  
 Modum sed illa cædibus dedit tuis,  
 Alberte ; qui, dum Ferdinandi copiis  
 Vexilla pandis, Ferdinandi perfido  
 Iugulum daturus advenis fatelliti.*  
*Vbi illa tandem gaza, quæ Bohemiam,  
 Silesiamque, agrosque Brandenburgicos  
 Fretus perambulasti ? ubi est exercitus,  
 Diro tuorum quo ministro facinorum,  
 Homicidia, stupra, furta, Pomerania  
 Sæpe execrata est, & Mechlenbergi sinus :  
 Dum tu crematas famulus Austriacæ domus,  
 Prosternis urbes, impotens violentiam  
 Marique fastum terminare Baltico ?  
 Hoc tot laborum præmium tuus tibi  
 Dedit Imperator ? Hoccine est stipendium,  
 Ut perduellis actus, & subito dolo  
 Captus cerebro spargeres cænaculum ?  
 Sic beat amicos gentis Austriacæ fides.  
 Quod si cruentæ morte pereundum fuit,  
 Cecidisse malles forsan hostili manu.*

*Nunc puto, videntur fata (1) Papenhemii  
Tuisque (2) Tillii invidenda Manibus.*

*Quād iustus ille Ferdinandus extitit  
Non quero; verūm credo divina minime  
Vindicta quōd dormitat. Ipse ut perfidus  
Perfidia obires, lex inevitabilis  
Fati volebat; quin & immanis diu  
Crudelitatis artifex, crudeliter  
Descenderes ad ima Plutonis loca.  
Vbi unicum futura sint solatium  
Fraus capta fraude, scelere cumulatum scelus,  
Excidia eorum, cædis authores tuæ  
Quos fama novit, siquidem Alberti ducis  
Celeri sequantur impios Manes pede.  
Et maximè si (quoniam id haud sæpe accidit  
Vti perirent morte fideli principes)  
Sanguinea multo sanguine exundet domus,  
Tuique similem fortiatur exitum.*

Alex. Gil.

(1) Comes Pappenhemius in pugnâ Lutzenianâ a Suedis occiūs  
6. Novem. 1632.

(2) Generalis Tillius in pugna Augustanâ graviter saucius fugit  
Ingolstadium ibique exspiravit.





## *The Persons.*

*Ferdinand* the second Emperor of *Germany*.

*Ferdinand* his son King of *Hungary*.

*Albertus Wallenstein* Duke of *Fridland*.

*Marquesse Brandenburg*.

*Duke Saxon Waymar*.

*Earle of Tertzki*.

*Earle of Kintzki*.

*Earle of Questenberg*.

*Matthias Gallas*.

*Colonell Newman*.

*Marshall Illawe*.

*Fredericke*. } Sonnes to *Wallenstein*.  
*Albertus*. }

*Colonell Gordon* Governor of *Egers*.

*Colonell Lefle*.

*Captaine Butler*.

*Page to Wallenstein*.

*Dutches to Wallenstein*.

*Emilia* Daughter to *Saxon Waymar*.

*Isabella* woman to the Dutcheffe.

Dragoons: Guard to the Emperour.

Guard to *Wallenstein*.

Executioner.

Attendants.





## Actus primus: Scena prima.

*Kintzki, Tertzki, Gordon, Butler, Lesle.*

- 54 *Kint.*  He rumour still continues.  
*Tert.* Yes, my Lord,  
Ill fames though quicke are cer-  
taine, 'tis concluded  
Past question or dispute, for these reports  
Are grounded on too manifest a truth,  
To carry doubt in them, it is confirm'd this morning ;  
Hee must refigne.  
*Lesle.* Though a stranger Sir,  
And so lesse interested in the Generalls cause  
Then you his Country-man : were you not my  
friend,  
You ly'd to speake it. Must our Generall  
That soule of valor *Wallenstein* ; who has  
(Like subtle lightning) purg'd the German ayre,  
From all the hot infections, forraign warre

*The Tragedy of*

Could threaten : sent the health-carousing Dane  
 Drunke with his owne blood home : broke all the  
 force,

With which the valiant Palatine and his aydes  
 Infested had the Province : given to Death  
 (That thunder-bolt of warre) whose very name  
 Was great as Fate it selfe unto his foes,  
 The *Swedish* King : and must he now, his age  
 Is candid o're with victories, be inforc'd  
 To a base resignation : Death ! he's damn'd  
 That dare but mutter it.

*Gordon.* And they were so  
 Who first occasion'd it, 'twould bring much com-  
 fort  
 To all true Souldiers.

*Leſle.* 'Tis concluded Sir,  
 Past all redemption, they are doubly damn'd  
 For their ingratitude ; displace a man  
 To whom they owe their lives ! one whom, my  
 Lords,  
 We have seen i'th heat and bravery of a fight,  
 Cheere up his fainting and disheartned troupes,  
 Even when his body feem'd but all one wound,  
 That it appear'd a little Iland, circled  
 Round with the purple deluge of his blood :  
 Who when warres Quiristers, the big-mouth'd Drums,  
 And furly Trumpet fung his Armies Dirge,  
 That fatall Muficke sweld his sprightly fense,  
 More then soft Hymnes at Nuptials.

*Tert.* Sir, his glories  
 Are so well knowne to us we need not urge  
 Their reputation, but 'tis past my thoughts,  
 Why on the sudden he should be compeld  
 To give his charge up.

*Kintz.* When the world beleev'd  
 He should have had a double triumph in  
 The honour of his victories.

*Leſle.* Ile tell you,

Term'd Envie, raigning in unworthy breasts,  
To fames Heroicke sonnes, such as know to cringe  
With subtle motion to their Princes smiles,  
Adore his foot-steps and his awfull nods,  
And can like Afpes instill into his eares,  
A sweet yet killing venome : these thin soules  
When the blunt Souldier, has on piles of wounds  
Built up his Countries peace, whisper Beware  
In time my Lord, least he doe grow too great :  
This meeting with the jealous Princes feares,  
(As Princes still are fearefull of the greatnessse  
Of rising active subiects) breeds resolues to cut up  
That prop, leaning on which themselves have stood,  
Firme and unshaken on their base ; and these  
Court Parasites, and th' Emperors weake distrusts,  
Puls this disgrace on *Fridland*, which if he  
With an effeminate patience doe put up,  
May all the Lawrels growing on his Crest,  
Be turn'd to Cyprisse, serving for no use  
But to adorne his Funerals.

*Gordon.* Soft,

The Generall's here himselfe : my gracious Lord  
The Duke.

*Tert.* Our thrice redoubted Generall.

*Enter Wallenstein, Illawe.*

*Wallenf.* Ha ! that found  
Awakes my drowsie soule, pray good my Lords,  
What do you behold degenerate in my looks,  
Shewing me unworthy still of that great title ?

*Tert.* I would pull my eyes out,  
Should they convey into my soule a thought  
Tending to so much sacrilege to honour,  
And perfect masculine vertue.

*Wallenf.* Yet I must  
Put off that glorious title, like a garment,  
Old and unfit for wearing : O my Lords,

Our honours individuall with our soules  
 Growes to that essence, as toth' hand or cheeke  
 The native whitenesse ; and to have that torne,  
 Lug'd off by violent torture, is a suffrance  
 Beyond the strength of patience : is't not, Lords ?

*Tert.* Yes, and looke  
 How farre the noble immateriall soule,  
 Transcends the duller body, so much torments  
 Inflicted on the purer mind, surpasstes  
 Corporeall punishments.

*Wallens.* It is a true  
 Philosophy which even amongst Souldiers,  
 Whose onely learning is compriz'd in Armes,  
 Is granted as indisputable, my Lords,  
 What will the world that sometimes stood at gaze,  
 Frighted with awfull terror of my deeds,  
 Imagine to behold me in my age,  
 Depriv'd of all those titles, all those glories,  
 Which have growne up with me even from my  
 youth,  
 Which I have purchas'd with expence of wounds,  
 More numerous, then I've veynes ; 'twill straight con-  
 clude,  
 Either my age is doting, and return'd  
 Into a seconde childhood, and unfit to manage  
 The glorious warfare and the big commands  
 Of Martiall discipline ; or that my faith,  
 Is on the sudden like a faire ripe fruit,  
 (By'th too hot kisstes oth' lascivious Sunne  
 Betray'd to rottennesse) by haughtie pride,  
 Or vaine ambition tainted.

*Lefle.* And so blast  
 At leaft, my Lord, in their too nice esteeme,  
 Your former actions.

*Gordon.* Wrap in clouds of shame,  
 Your shining vertues.

*Wallens.* True, for 'twixt these two extremes,  
 There is no meanes t'escape by : thinke then Lords,  
 What an inhumane, irreligious wrong

It is, both to my honour and my faith,  
To be depriv'd thus basely of that charge,  
Which I've perform'd with care and good successe :  
And what ingratitude 'tis in this Prince,  
This Emperor, thus to reward my trust ;  
When his owne soule can witnesse, 'twas my selfe  
That from the *Swede*, the *Palatine* and *Dane*,  
Rescued his Eagles ; who else had mewd their  
plumes,  
And from their height been forc'd to perch on earth :  
I tooke the reeling pillars of his State,  
And pitcht them firme and even : Of this his  
Heaven,  
I've been the *Atlas*, I did fight for him,  
When every conflict was a victory,  
Each field of battell was a field of glory ;  
Yet as my truths and loyalties reward,  
I am depriv'd unkindly even in peace,  
Of all my glories purchas'd in the warre.

*Tert.* Next Sir, thinke,  
With whom your shining honour's in the scale  
Ballanc'd : with one so farre beneath your worth ;  
We are ingag'd in reputation, never  
(He being so farre inferior to our selves)  
To obey his commands.

*Kintz.* *Mathias Gallas*,  
Your late-Field-Marshall.

*Wallenf.* His very name  
Begets new horror in me, noblest friends,  
Co-partners with me in what ever dangers,  
Attends triumphant war, whom I have led  
In crimson fields through rising feas of blood,  
That you have swom, not march'd to victory :  
Would it not breed afflictions in your soules,  
Your noble honest soules, to see your poore,  
Yet alwayes loving Generall, at this age,  
Now when his head's grown white beneath his helme,  
Discarded from his office, and shooke off,  
As birds their feathers mew, or Stags their hornes,

Those uselesse excrements, in hope that fresher  
 Will ith' oldplaces grow ; should I doe this, I then  
 Might trayle my waving Ensignes in the dust,  
 As at my Honors Funerall, and breake  
 My Sword 'gainst my owne Target, nay put off  
 All pompe and pride of war, and like that vaine  
 Resemblance of a star, a Comet fall  
 By my owne fire confum'd to earth forgotten.

*Lefle.* Great Sir, though a stranger to you  
 By birth and nation, yet the strict alliance  
 I've to your princely noblenesse, injoynes me  
 Under your pardon, and with the allowance  
 Of these brave Counts, your followers, to deliver  
 My zealous counsell to you.

*Wallenf.* Noble Scot,  
 Use your discretion freely.

*Lefle.* Thus great Sir then,  
 Though't be i'th power of Princes to prescribe  
 Lawes to their subiects, 'tis their subiects wills  
 Must put those Lawes in act, 'tis their obedience,  
 Which are the ablest sinewes of the state,  
 And 'twere a barbarous cruelty to employ  
 Their hands against themselves, a strange in-  
 justice,  
 To make their proper vertue instrument  
 Of their owne ruine.

*Tert.* Colonell *Lefle*  
 Speakes home.

*Kint.* And to much purpose.

*Lefle.* Doe not Lords  
 Misunderstand my meaning, I speake not this,  
 That I contemne authority, or dislike  
 Order in every thing, without preeminence  
 In title of command our trade the warfare  
 Could not subsist, but to informe our Generall,  
 Our too much injur'd Generall, that it is  
 No such strange crime, to dis obey a Prince  
 In things injust ; and can there be a greater,  
 Or shamefuller injustice then for *Cæsar*,

By's Mandate to inforce him to resigne  
His glorious charge up ?

*Gordon.* 'Twere a shame.

*Illawe.* An utter, an abominable disgrace  
To all that honor vertue, should we suffer it ?

*Lefle.* Here then  
Ends what I would have uttered ; of what force  
Are *Cæsars* Mandats, when their reall loves  
Has disannull'd them ? circled with these hearts,  
These bulwarkes of brave hearts, what need have  
you

To acknowledge any Emperor but your selfe ?  
Your selfe great Duke, whole merit lays just claime  
To that supremest title.

*Lefle.* Pray once more,  
Give me your patience : Rashnesse, Gentlemen,  
Gives the first on-set fiercely, then recyles,  
As Waspes when they have lost their stings :  
affaires  
Of this high consequence, doe require mature  
Deliberation : to confirme our owne  
Strength for the exploit, 'twere fit we did con-  
joyne

With *Saxon Waymar* and *Gustavus Horne*,  
And the other bold confederates : how likes  
Your Grace this project ?

*Wallenf.* The Drum and Fife,  
Trumpet and Canon, when their lowd voyces  
sing,  
Ios to victory, could nere beget  
More musick in my ravished fense : best friend,  
I am so bankrupt growne in my extent  
Of gratitude, that trust me I could weepe,  
To see my selfe so farre outdone in friendship :  
I am ingag'd in honour to goe on,  
That this insulting Emperor by his fall,  
To gaine fit meanes to gratifie your loves.  
Thou aëry name of loyalty, hence to heaven,  
And finde like smoake a buriall in the clouds,

Thus I expire thy essence ; henceforth Ile acknowledge

No other Emperor but these worthies hearts.

*Tert.* And we (great Duke) henceforth will nere submit,

To any rule but yours, which to confirme

As sure as Fate had seal'd it, on your fword

Wee'l take a solemne and religious oath

For the performance.

*Omnes, we all fweare it.*

And if any should be so basely perjur'd, as to  
break,

But in a thought this Sacramentall faith,

Let our just angers fall as heavie on him,

As heavens most horrid curses ; finke his name,

Like some prodigie despis'd by light, into forget-  
fulness.

*Wallenf.* So now me thinkes I stand : like a  
Colussus,

Through whose spacious Arch,

Flowes the vast sea of honour, without power,

Or naturall force to ebbe. Againe, best friends,

The early day, though from the gorgeous East

She breakes, adorn'd with chaines of liquid  
pearle,

Cannot atchieve full lustre, till the Sun

Gild her pale cheekes with brightnesse, nor can we

Cloathe the yet infant dawning of our hopes,

In perfect Robes of light, till we have

Attir'd them in the sparkling rayes of blood,

Imperiall blood : Come let's goe on resolv'd,

Like those brave men, who in their awfull palmes,

Doe beare about their destinies, and can

Command even fate it self : *Illaze* dispatch with  
speed

Advizes to the Marquesse *Brandenburg*,

*Waymar* and Count *de Arhcim*, that we intreat,

At personall meeting with them all at *Dresden*.

Come Lords, when ere the Romane Eagle falls,  
Wee'l mourne in triumph at her Funeralls.

*Exit Wallens. Tert. Kintz. et ceteri.*

*Lefte.* So things once well begun,  
Are halfe perform'd, the managing an act  
With close and hidden practice 'mongst the wise  
And politicke people, brings assur'd successe:  
Broad open wayes the heavie fnaile does take,  
While untrod paths best please the subtle snake. *Exit.*

*Scena secunda, Emperor, Gallas,  
Questenberg.*

*Emper.* Hee'l not resigne then ?

*Quest.* 'Tis so fear'd, the greatnesse  
Of his vast spirit never will admit  
Resignation of those honours, which  
He has with such felicity injoy'd.

*Gallas.* Besides, my Lord,  
The Army is so much bewitch'd with love  
Of this Arch-Traytor *Wallenstein*, they rather  
Put of their due allegiance unto you  
Their naturall Soveraigne, nay give up their lives,  
Then yeeld to any act which may concerne  
His removall.

*Emper.* Can this be possible !  
Treason shall never brave us at our doores,  
Whilst I can wield a Sword : ingratefull slave !  
Whom I have rais'd from such an abject lownesse :  
His family did scarcely beare a name  
In common Gentry, to the very height,  
The type of honour. That he should doe this,  
And like the Vipers young, devoure that heart,  
That bred and nourish'd him, more afflicts my  
soule,  
Than all the wrongs and troubles which my foes  
Ever inflicted on my Fame and Empire.  
*Matthias Gallas,* let it be your charge,  
To see new forces levy'd, to oppose  
Against this Arch-Rebell.

*Gallas.* My Lord, I've learn'd  
Ith' practicke Schoole of warre, that to oppose

Fresh unexperienc'd troupes against the flower  
Of old and hardned Souldiers, is but as  
If amongst hungry Lions we should caſt,  
Resiflesſe infants, and by their weake force,  
Hope to o'recome the furious beasts : Dread Sir,  
My Councell alwayes has had that ſucceſſe,  
To be accounted faithfull to my Prince :  
Feare it not, follow then my poore advice,  
Meet trechery with policie, and try,  
If you the Ambitious traytor can ſurprize,  
The head once off, the weake and fainting limbes,  
Like fear'd dri'd boughs, by an impetuous wind,  
Torne from an aged Oke, will fall to earth,  
And be consum'd to aſhes.

*Empe.* It ſhall be ſo,  
Lord *Queſtenberg*, with all convenient speed,  
Dispatch a truſty meſſenger unto  
The King of *Hungary*, command his preſence,  
With his moſt able legions for the ſafeguard  
Of our owne perſon : In ſuſh like affaires,  
Which doe concerne the uncertaine rule of States,  
Wife men ſhould alwayes be above their fates.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena tercia, Albertus, Newman.*

*Newm.* A pox upon her fir, and for her sake,  
 On all good faces ; must you sigh and whine,  
 And make a face worse then a zealous drunkard  
 Does o're dead mustie wine, because she is beau-  
 teous :

We Souldiers doe not use to ingender with  
 A phisnomy, nor as the learned terme it,  
 Co-habit with a handsome nose or lip,  
 There are some parts beneath the waste I take it,  
 More usefull for a man of Armes.

*Alber.* Good Colonell,  
 No more of this.

*Newm.* Should I aske you  
 The reason why you love her, you must answere ;  
 'Tis for the sport (as for what other reason  
 Women were made, unlesse to prick upon  
 A clout, or starch, transcends my best Philosophy)  
 And for that purpose, a short coat frister,  
 That as she milkes each morning,  
 Bedewes the coole graffe with her Virgin moisture,  
 As usefull is and active (founder far  
 That's certaine granted) pray, my Lord, remember  
 Shee's but your mothers Gentlewoman, and whom  
 perhaps

The Butler has oftener folded up, then ere  
 He did his table linen.

*Alber.* No more, you'l anger me.

*Newm.* You'l anger me agen then : we Imps of  
*Mars,*  
 Should know no other mistresses, then what the Camp  
 contains,  
 I nere durst love ith' field (marry in the Citie

I've had copulation with all trades) but one poore  
futlers wife, &  
She as faire too, ·as was the kettle which she boyld  
her beefe in,  
O how the sweet smell of her amber greace  
And kitchin-stuffe perfum'd my greedy nostrils,  
Yet on this beauty doted I (inspir'd by insurrection of  
the flesh)  
And gave her to cuckol'd the good corporall her hus-  
band

*Int. Isabella.*

Ten comely dollers, and the divell take her, she  
paid me with a pox. But see, here comes the  
Lady of the Lake, for whom you good sir Lancelot  
make these lamentations ; be not you bashfull now,  
but fall on boldly heart, let me drill her for you,  
if her body be under Musket prooфе, 'tis ten to  
one my morris pike shall enter : to her, to her.

*Exit. Newm.*

*Isabel.* Surpriz'd by him alone, O my just feares.

*Albert.* Why, cruel faire one, should you shun his  
fight,

Whose very soule moves in your eyes, or why  
Should your blest voyce, speake health to all the  
world,

Yet threaten death to me : look on my youth,  
My hopefull youth, which in the active war,  
Has taught old Souldiers discipline : behold it  
Nipt by the cold frost of your icie beauty,  
As in a feaver languishing to nothing,  
Forgetfull of the noble pride and strength,  
It has so lately boasted, 'tis injust  
To see me still over my foes victorious,  
Made by my selfe your captive, to insult  
Over your suppliant vaffaile, would those eyes,  
Which can contract lights orbe into a glance,

Become impoverish'd by a smile, those cheeke  
 Sully their native tincture, should they blush  
 At your mindes cruelty, 'twould rather adde  
 To the illustrious excellencie.

*Isabel.* My noble Lord.

*Albert.* Stay, you must not speake yet,  
 There's not an accent issuing from your lips,  
 But has the power, should thunder speak, to charme  
 To peacefull quiet the affrighted world,  
 And would strike dumbe my passion : best of  
 Virgins

There is not that disparity 'twixt our births,  
 As there's inequall difference 'twixt our hearts,  
 Mine's all on fire, dare combat with the Sun  
 For heats priority, yours Mountaine snew,  
 Cold as the north, and cruell as my fortunes :  
 Yet you may make them equall as your eyes  
 are,

By yeelding up that fort, which will, when time  
 Has given it ceremonious priviledge, be perhaps  
 By some unworthy groome, without refistance  
 Surpriz'd and entred.

*Isabel.* My Lord, bad custome is become  
 In men a seconde nature to deceive  
 Poore Virgins by their flatteries ; noble youth,  
 That I doe love you dearely, may these teares,  
 Shed for your folly testifie : looke backe  
 Into your pricelesse honour, call that up  
 To assist the fortresse of your minde affai'l'd  
 By foule unlawfull passion : thinke how base 'tis,  
 To rob a filly Orphan of her dowry ;  
 I have no other but my Virgin whitenesse,  
 Left to uphold my fame, nought but my vertue  
 To my inheritance ; should you dispoile me  
 Of that faire portion by your lust, my memory,  
 Would like an early Rose bud by that tempest,  
 Dye on its owne stalke blafted.

*Albert.* I doe dreame sure.

*Isabel.* Womens fames fir,

Are like thin Chrystall glasse, by a breath  
Blowne into excellent forme, and by a touch,  
Crackt or quite broken: say I should consent  
To your desires, your appetite once fated,  
You would repent the fact, when you should see  
Your selfe furrounded in a mist of cares,  
View bashfull Virgins point at you, as at  
Some hatefull prodigie; heare matrons cry,  
There goes the lustfull thiefe, that glories in  
The spoyle of innocent Virgins, that foule thiefe,  
That has a hundred eyes to let lust in at,  
As many tongues to give his wild thoughts utterance.

*Albert.* Sure some Angell inhabits here,  
This cannot be a Mansion  
For mortall frailty: sweet farewell, good night,  
I would not have my over-fawcie love,  
Commit a rude intrusion on thy peace,  
Though parting with thee be more torment to  
me,  
Then to forgoe mine eyes; may all the joyes  
Of healthfull flumbers crowne thy bed, thy dreames  
Be free from paraphrasing on my memory,  
Lest it affright you; once more, Deare, good  
night,  
While you with pleasing happy sleeps are blest,  
I'le seeke some way to my eternall rest.

*Exeunt.**Explicit Actus primus.*

## Actus secundus : Scena prima.

*Wallenstein, Waymar, Brandenburge, Tertzki, Kintzki,  
Illawe, Newman, Gordon, Lefle, Butler.*

*Wallens.* The honour you have done me mighty  
Princes,  
Electors of the sacred Romane Empire,  
By this your personal visit does ingage  
So much our gratitude, that what our selves,  
And the most able forces of our friends,  
Can in requitall act, shall be perform'd.  
Mutuall discourses often mingle soules,  
And as the Arteries convey the blood  
Throughout the body, they from mind to mind  
Convey affection : to this end we did  
Intreat this meeting, that our conference might  
Joyne in an individuall league our hearts.

*Bran.* This happy treaty, glorious Duke, shall  
bring  
Blest peace once more with turtles wings, to soare  
Over the German Provinces ; shall dry  
Teares from the eyes of mothers, while the Virgins  
Shall dedicate their houres to joyfull Hymnes,  
In honour of your merit.

*Wam.* The sturdy boore  
Shall plough his fields in safety, and ascribe  
To you, great Duke, that happineffe : 'twas you,  
Who when Bellona thundred through the land,  
Did stop the steel-wing'd Goddeffe in her course,  
Who when our Armies, like a raging floud,  
Did beare downe all before them, did oppose,

The greedy torrent, boldly turn'd it backe,  
Into its native body, and conjoyn'd  
With you so inur'd to conquest, he were leffe .  
Then man, and more then coward, that could  
feare  
Any insuing dangers.

*Wall.* You doe me too much honor, mighty  
Princes :

And now my brave confederates in Armes,  
Where businesse of import commands attendance,  
That time's mis-spent, that's spent in useleffe words,  
I shall so please you, therefore speake the cause,  
(In briefe) which urg'd me to desire this con-  
ference,  
And give you reasons for my strange revolt,  
From my so long lov'd Master.

*Bran.* 'Twas the end  
We onely came for.

*Waym.* The sole reason  
That drew us to this meeting.

*Wallens.* Thus in briefe then,  
How I have serv'd this Emperour, these wounds  
That beautifie my body (cause the markes  
Of my just loyalty) given by your swords,  
Can beare me righteous witneffe ; but good service  
To a malicious and ingratefull Prince,  
Are rather causes of suspect, then love,  
And when mens actions doe transcend reward,  
They then defend to punishment (my cause  
Is rightly stated thus) for when my felfe,  
(I well may speake it without partiall boast)  
Had like his Eagle in my powerfull gripe,  
Snatch'd up his Crowne that lay despis'd on earth,  
And heav'd it up to Heaven, borne all the waight,  
Which yours, the Danish and the Swedish force,  
Could load these shoulders with ; nay shooke it off  
Lightly, as windes in Autumne doe from trees,  
Their wither'd Summer garments : then, even then,  
When my just hopes were pregnant with conceit

Of Wreathes and triumphes (as a brave reward)  
 My Souldiers by his Mandates were forbid,  
 To obey me as their Generall, and my selfe  
 Commanded straightway to resigne my charge,  
 All my great power which I had bought with  
 blood,

Unto *Matthias Gallas* my Field-Marshall.

*Saxon.* Infufferable injury!

*Bran.* Inhumane and unhear'd of ingratitude!

*Wallen.* Nay more,

As I had been a Traytor then in fact,  
 He did endevour my surprize, to bring me  
 A prisoner to *Vienna*: thinke then Lords,  
 When both my pricelesse honour and my life  
 Were at one stake propos'd, if I'de not cause  
 To play my game with cunning skill, when these  
 My brave Commanders from their martiall eyes,  
 Did for my wrongs shed teares of blood, cal'd  
 on me,

As on their friend, their father, not to leave  
 My Sons my Souldiers : if I their request  
 Perform'd, I sav'd my honour and my life,  
 But if the Emperors, I gave up them both  
 To plaine perpicuous ruine: yet in not  
 Accomplishing my Masters harsh commands,  
 The name of treason brands me (but passe that,)  
 I of two evils chose to take the least,  
 Rather to draw upon me *Cæsars* hate,  
 Then to forsake my charge and souldiers loves :  
 And now being free in my owne soule as thought  
 Unsought to (Lords) and unconstrain'd, I offer  
 T'affist against this Emperor (this thing  
 Made onely up of name and voyce) whom we  
 Will breake as showers doe bubbles, which them-  
 selves

Of nothing had created.

*Saxon.* So welcome

Is this your proffer'd amity, no blessing  
 Heaven in its fullest bounty could have shovr'd

Could have arriv'd more pleasing, and to shew  
How much we prize your friendship, let your son,  
Young *Fredericke* be affianc'd to my daughter,  
The tye of nature to the tye of blood,  
Will make the union perfect.

*Wallenf.* 'Tis an honour,  
We are bound in duty to accept, my Lords,  
In noble soules no thought should once admit  
Sullen delay, our progresse should be swift,  
As is the passage of unlimited fire  
In populous Cities ; or as windes, whose force  
Does at their birth rend ope the stubborne wombe  
Of the dull earth their mother ; great desigues  
Should by great spirits onely be purfu'd,  
And our last businesse is our speedy conference  
With Chancellor *Oxenstern*, and the French Em-  
bassador.

Actions that carry an unusuall weight,  
Ought still to flye at an unusuall height.

*Exeunt Wallenf. Bran. Waym. Tert. Kint. Illare.*

*Lefle.* So, let the dull  
Halfe-spirited soules, who strive on reremice wings,  
By that which fooles terme honesty, to climbe  
Toth' top of honour, in their silly vertue  
Boast, while ingenious and more active spirits,  
In a direct line without stop or hindrance,  
Mount to their wishes, yet ith' worlds esteeme,  
Are held as reall, and indu'd with goodnesse.  
This *Wallenstein*, like a good easie Mule,  
Have I led on byth' nose to this rebellion,  
Fir'd with such venome as will spread,  
Like swift infection through his soule : these two  
Shall be my agents to atchieve my ends,  
Factors in cunning to vent forth my intentions,  
Lieutenant Colonel *Gordon*, and my good  
Captaine *Butler*.

*Gordon.* We were musing,

What serious thought it was, that could so long  
Detaine you from our conference.

*Lefle.* Faith I was studying  
On our great Generals fortunes, upon which  
Our hopes and lives depend ; what thinke you of  
them ?

*Gordon.* Well at least, wee'r bound  
To hope the best, he's in himselfe so mighty,  
He seemes above his fate.

*Butler.* His plots doe carry  
A faire and specious out fide.

*Lefle.* 'Tis a signe,  
Corruption is within them, noble friends,  
You are my country-men, and if my life  
May preserve yours from ruine, I shall deem it  
Religiously employ'd : if you discover  
What I intend to utter, 'twill but send  
My age some houres before its destin'd minute,  
Unto my grave, and I most willingly,  
Shall dye the causes martyr.

*Gordon.* By our honours,  
No syllable shall ever passe our lips,  
What you in love reveale to us.

*Lefle.* Thus then friends,  
Rebellion never yet could boast a happy  
Or prosperous period, *Wallensteins* designes  
Are built on sand, and with the Emperours breath  
Will be disperst into the ayre : I speak not this,  
That I doe hate the man, heavens know I love  
His person, but detest the cause he justifies.

*Gord.* True, the dignity of Princes  
Does make what ever quarrels subiects raise  
Against their Soveraigns, odious.

*Lefle.* Shall we then,  
Here in a stranger country, violate  
The Lawes of hospitality, unmake the ancien  
faith  
Ascrib'd unto our Nation, by assifting  
A Traytor 'gainst his lawfull Prince, a Generall

Against that power which gave him that command,  
Betray that royall Master, to whose bounty  
We owe our lives : first rather let's resolve,  
To open all his treasons, his proceedings,  
Unto our Lord the Emperour.

*Gord.* 'Tis very just,  
And in my judgement requisite.

*Butler.* I doe approve it.

*Lefle.* 'Twere meere madnesse,  
And he that does mislike it, beares no braine,  
No soule about him : Instead of flight prefer-  
ment,

Which (should our Generall prosper) we at best,  
Could but expect, we shall have Castles, Lordships,  
Earledomes, nay Provinces, be stil'd the favers,  
Preservers of the Empire, have our names,  
As 'twere in triumph fung about the streets,  
In popular acclamations, thinke then friends,  
How farre these certaine honours will surpasse  
Our aëry expectations : come lets post  
Straight to *Vienna*, and informe the Emperour  
Of all's proceedings, in this great affaire,  
We must not use our fortune, but our care.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena secunda, Frederick, Albertus,  
Newman.*

*Newm.* Pish, perish still in ignorance, am I,  
 Who am grand master in the art of Love,  
 Not able to instruct a limber youth  
 Of the first growth, your brother here makes love  
 In an ill favor'd tone, and skrewes his coun-  
 tenance,  
 As he were singing of lamentable Ballads  
 Of *Tillies* overthrow, but you for your part,  
 (I've knowne you of an urchin) are so fiery,  
 You speake all squibs and crackers, carry a Canon  
 In your mouth, you'll fright the Lady, she'll imagine  
 You come to ravish her.

*Albert.* The Colonell  
 Tells you, your owne, good brother.

*New.* I've told you yours too, or I'm much  
 mistaken,  
 You love, 'tshould seeme, the faire *Emilia*,  
 A pretty wench, they say, but that's no matter,  
 Your fathers are agreed on't, and you'd have me  
 Shew you the readiest way, how to accost her  
 Negatively, I will demonstrate instantly.

*Fred.* I shall observe your doctrine most exactly.

*Newm.* Pray observe,  
 You must not then accost her with a shrug,  
 As you were lowzie, with your Lady, sweet Lady,  
 Or most super-excellent Lady,  
 Nor in the Spanish garbe, with a state face,  
 As you had new been eating of a Raddish,  
 And meant to swallow her for mutton to't :

Nor let your words, as that I'm most afraid of,  
('Cause 'tis your naturall mood) come rumbling  
forth,

Usher'd with a good full-mouth'd oath, I love you :  
But speake the language of an overcomming Lover ;  
I doe not meane that strange pedanticke phrase,  
Us'd by some gallants, who doe aime at wit,  
And make themselves starke asses by't, praise their  
mistresses

By th' Sun and stars, while the poore girles imagine,  
They meane their signes, their Mercers or Per-  
fumers

Inhabit at (for sure beyond those Planets  
They've studied no Astrologie) but you must  
In gentle, free, and genuine phrase deliver  
Your true affection, praise her eye, her lip,  
Her nose, her cheeke, her chin, her neck, her  
breast,

Her hand, her foot, her leg, her every thing,  
And leave your roses and your lillies for  
Your country froes, to make nosegayes of :  
But stay, here comes your Mistris, her father too,  
In conference ; fall on my Mirmidon,  
While we retreat.

*Int. Waymar, Emilia.*

*Alber.* Speed your endevors, brother.

*Ex. Newm. Alber.*

*Waym.* 'Tis so concluded 'twixt me and his  
father,  
For both our goods, be not you nice *Emilia*,  
The noble youth's so furnish'd with all worth,  
You needs must like him.

*Emilia.* Good sir give me license,  
To let my eye direct my heart to love,  
And if young *Fredericke* be the master of

Such absolute gifts, doubt not but I shall find them.

*Waym.* My Lord I'm glad  
Of this faire interview, I and my daughter  
Were even conferring of you ; sir as yet  
She's something timorous, dreads a Souldiers lookes.

*Fred.* She needs not sir,  
She beares a spell about her that would charme  
A Scythians native fiercenesse into softnesse,  
Those spirit-breathing eyes, my Lord, which can  
Kill as they please, or quicken with a glance.

*Waym.* Now they are enter'd,  
Ile steale away and leave them.

*Fred.* Gentle Lady,  
To make the addresses of my love-sicke heart,  
Plaine and apparent to you, that you may,  
Search through my soule, and find it all your  
creature,  
Give me your patient hearing.

*Emil.* 'Tis a request,  
Might tax my manners, should I deny it to  
One of your noble quality ; use your pleasure.

*Fred.* Which consists  
In viewing your bright beauty ; the idea  
Of all perfections, which the jealous heavens  
Durst ever lend to earth-divinest Lady,  
The gentle ayre which circumscribes your cheeke,  
Leaving its panting kissons on the flowres,  
That in that Tempe blossome, does not love  
Those fields of purity more then mine eyes do,  
Mine, Lady, is a holy,  
An intellectuall zeale, such as the Angels  
And Saints, who know no sexes do affect by,  
Past imitation too, should they who strive  
To trace me, take the constancy of Swans,  
Or never-changing Turtles, as their patternes.

*Emilia.* Sir, it feemes  
You've studied complement as well as Armes,  
But he's a foolish Lover, who to gaine

His Mistris, dare not promise what you have utter'd,  
but I must

Have more then verball assurance of your love.

*Fred.* By your faire selfe I'm reall, do intend,  
What I've deliver'd with as much true zeale,  
As Anchorits do their prayers : I love your minde,  
Your excellent minde, and for its sake, the pure  
Shrine, which containes that blessing, this fair  
building,

This pallace of all happinesse, and intreat you,  
As you have mercy in you, to take pitty  
Upon my loves stern sufferings, and redresse them,  
By your consent to take me for your husband.

*Emilia.* Sir you are an over-hasty Lover, to  
imagine

I can at first sight of your perfon, be  
Surpriz'd and yeeld, they must be strong allure-  
ments,  
Must tempt a bashfull Virgin still inur'd  
To no companion but her feares and blushes,  
To give her heart away, and live in thraldome,  
Unto a stranger.

*Fred.* Love, Madam, has Eagles eyes ; it can  
beget acquaintance,  
Even in a moment, suddenly as time,  
The time that does succeed it. Farewell.  
I will not have my over-hasty zeale,  
Urge your mild sufferance further, pray think on  
me

As one who've plaid my full extent of blisse,  
In your injoying, think you are the land wracke,  
By which the brittle vefell of my hopes,  
Must through Loves-swelling Ocean be directed,  
To a safe harbor, honour me to kisse

Your faire hand : Lady now farewell, no blisse  
Can be in Love, till we know what it is.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena tertia.*

*Ferdinand, King of Hungary, Gallas, Questenberge.*

*Emper.* Crownes are perpetuall cares, and to their heads,  
That weare the wreath Imperiall, are annext.  
Forraigne invasions oft may shake a state,  
But civil broyles are the impetuous fire-brands,  
That burne up Common-wealths ; to quench  
A flame domesticke we are met, which will  
Like flame increase, by going on ; this late  
Revolt of *Wallenstein*.

*Hungar.* Perfidious slave !  
On whom your plenteous bounties showr'd so fast,  
They seem'd to drown him, he whose great commands,  
Could not know ought above them, but your selfe,  
The Generall of your forces of *Gloyawe*,  
*Mechlenburg*, *Sagan*, *Fridland*, stil'd the Duke,  
He to invert your owne Armes 'gainst your selfe  
Swels my vext soule to thinke on't.

*Emper.* 'Tis not words,  
Or aery threatenings will appease the mischiefe,  
It must be done by force ; *Matthias Gallas*,  
Have you according to our late commands,  
Given order for the levying new forces,  
To oppose this Traytor.

*Math.* Mighty Sir, I have,  
And seen them mustred.

*Emp.* To what amounts their number.

*Gall.* Threescore thousand.

*Hung.* A royall Armie had they been train'd  
In Military discipline, experience  
Is halfe the soule of Armes, we will take order,  
To have them taught the exercise of Armes,  
By those *Hungarians* troupes which we brought  
hither.

*Int. a messenger*

*Emp.* Now sir, your busynesse.

*Messen.* Mighty sir,  
The Governor of *Egers*, Colonell *Gordon*,  
Attended by Lieutenant Colonell *Butler*,  
And Colonell *Lesle* doe desire admittance  
Into your presence.

*Emp.* Let them enter,  
They are his friends, and may perhaps discover

*Int. Lesle, Gordon, Butler.*

Some of his trecheries: Noble strangers welcome,  
I doe conceive 'tis busynesse of importance  
Has drawne you hither, in Colonell *Lesles* lookes  
I read affaires of consequence, with which  
His active braine does teeme, and faine would be  
By 's tongue deliver'd.

*Lesle.* Most mighty *Cæsar*,  
To indeare the service to you, I shall doe you,  
By guilding o're each circumstance, its waight  
And consequence, since 'tis my bounden duty,  
To you, my royall Master, would but shew,  
Pride and arrogant love in me the author,  
To my owne act, and so 'twould rather leslen

Then amplifie my merit ; how I've serv'd you  
 Under command of him, whom in due justice  
 I cannot mention now without foule curses,  
 Revolted *Wallenstein* is to thesee Lords,  
 And your great selfe best knowne.

*Emp.* And our rewards  
 Shall strive to pay those services.

*Lefte.* But when I saw him  
 Put off his faith, abandon his allegiance,  
 Accounting all your bounteous favors trifles,  
 Unto the mountainous pile of his deservings,  
 And like a black cloud hung o're all your Empire,  
 Uncertaine where to break and in's vast thoughts,  
 Aspir'd your sacred dignity and life,  
 I like his Genius skrewd into his counfels,  
 Explor'd his plots and treasons, and have found  
 them  
 So full of eminent danger.

*Gordon.* So malicious.

*Lefte.* Empty of worth and honour, it had been  
 A sinne beyond the horridst punishments,  
 To have conceal'd them from you, and which most  
 Tortures my loyall thoughts, as't had not been  
 Sufficient for him to rebell himselfe,  
 He has form'd a league defenitive and offensive,  
 With your most eager enemies, *Saxon Waymar*,  
*Brandenburg*, *Arheim*, and *Gustavus Horne*,  
 And had a personall meeting for that purpose.

*Butler.* And 'tis to be fear'd,  
 That if sudden power stop not their progresse  
 They will with speedy violence invade you,  
 Heere in your capitall City.

*Emper.* Worthy strangers,  
 In this one act you've showne your selfe more faith-  
 full,  
 Then all my home-borne subjects, but be sure  
 If gratitude can equall your deserts,  
 You shall injoy that amply : Noble *Lefte*,  
 The time is come now, and the delemma cast,

That must conclude our Empire, which we must  
Unto thy care commit ; to kill a Traytor,  
Is a deserving action, for thou strik'st  
Then with the Sword of Justice : wilt thou adde  
This one act to thy former high deservings,  
Kill this Arch-Rebell.

*Lefle.* 'Twas an office,  
We shold have beg'd, beleev't he's dead already,  
Ile kill him in his pride, in all his glories,  
With such security, as I would sleepe  
After a tedious watching.

*Emper.* And expec't,  
What e're your hopes can wish, so with all speed  
Back to your charge, be carefull, come my Lords,  
Fate now does smile upon us, and the storne  
Which threatned us, is suddenly growne calme.

*Exeunt, Emp. Hung. Quest. Gallas.*

*Lefle.* Now our hopes  
May rest, best friends, assur'd of good successe,  
'Tis in our hands, our fates, and we have hearts,  
Dare venter on this Giant Duke, and lift him  
With as much ease from earth, as the bright Sun  
Does dull and lazie vapors, nor let dangers  
Fright us from the atchievement, since the justice,  
The cause does carry, is a certaine armour,  
'Gainst all the assaults of peril, which in it selfe  
Is but an April storne, no sooner showne  
To fright the ayre, but by th' next wind o're-  
blown.

*Explicit Actus secundus.*

## Actus tertius : Scena prima.

*Fredericke, Emilia.*

*Fred.* Divinest Lady,  
 I hope your late refusall of my love,  
 Is alter'd now by your more gentle pitty,  
 My constancie carries more strength about it,  
 Then to be blasted with your first repulse,  
 In the same righteous cause of my affection  
 I must again be advocate, and hope  
 My fute will be effected.

*Emilia.* Alas, my Lord,  
 Make me not thus the subiect of your mirth,  
 Or Complement, your soule is too secure  
 In its owne manly vertues from surprize  
 Of weake affection, especially of mine  
 Who am so worthlesse in my selfe, I cannot  
 Boast those high glories, as to be victorious  
 Over so brave a Conquerour.

*Fred.* Those bright eyes,  
 Like Heavens blest light, when from a mist of  
 clouds  
 He peepes, and gilds the earth with brightnesse,  
 can  
 Quicken and fire even marble hearts with love,  
 Thaw soules of ice, my *Emilia*,  
 A malefactors feares are more upon him,  
 E're he doe come to 's triall, then when he heares  
 The Judge pronounce the fentence of his death :  
 'Tis so with me, and I should be more blest,  
 To heare that voyce of yours,

That Angels voyce (too sweet for such dire use)  
With a fevere refusall strike me dead,  
Then live tormented in a sad suspence,  
Ignorant of my destiny.

*Emilia.* My Lord,  
If I should frame my Virgin thoughts to love,  
They should be fixt on you, but I'm so well  
Content, and setled in a Virgin life,  
I cannot wish to change it.

*Fre.* Not to imbrace  
A larger stock of happines, *Emilia.*  
Virginity is but a single good,  
A happineſſe which like a mifers wealth,  
Is as from others, ſo from your owne uſe,  
Lock'd up and cloſely cabin'd, ſince it not admits  
Communication of its good, when you  
Shall in the ſtate of marriage freely taste  
Natures choice pleaſures, that fame happineſſe  
You were created for.

*Emil.* You have prevail'd Sir ;  
You who are ſtill victorius o're your foes,  
Muſt needs remaine a Conqueror o're your friends.  
My Lord, receive me freely, I am yours  
For ever.

*Fred.* This chaste kiffe ſhall feale the contract.  
Come my *Emilia.* love is ſuch a wealth,  
As muſt be gain'd by free conſent, not stealth.

*Scena secunda.*

*Wallenstein, Dutchesse, Newman, Terzki, Kintzki,  
Illawe.*

*Wallens.* Are they agreed yet, *Newman.*

*Newm.* Faith my Lord,  
The Virgin Lady's something fearefull, feares  
A man of warre should board her, lest his charge  
Should make her keele split, my Lord *Fredricke*  
Is of that rough demeanour, spight of my  
Instructions, he will never learne to woe  
In the due phrase and garbe.

*Wallens.* I doe admire,  
The fond base carriage of our giddy youth  
In love affaires, and grieve to see my sonnes,  
(Who should inherit from me my great spirit,  
As well as fortune) so degenerate from  
My masculine courage; when ith' blooming pride  
Of my green youth I flourish'd, my desires  
Aym'd alwayes rather in the tented field  
To spend my houres, then on a downy Couch,  
To see the face of a sterne enemy besmear'd with  
blood,

Pleas'd me farre better then a Ladies lookes.

*Dutch.* And yet you vow'd,  
E're you won me, my Lord, you ne're saw object,  
That so much pleas'd your appetite.

*Wallens.* Perhaps I might,  
For the obtaining of my ends, descend  
From my great spirit so much, as to decline  
To idle Courtship, the birds and beasts will doe it

To fate their appetites, the fiery Steed,  
(That in the fervor of a fight, oft times  
Neighs courage to his rider) when provok'd  
With eager heat, will licke and bite his female  
Into the fame desyre : The Sparrowes bill,  
And with a chirping rhetorick, feeme to court  
Enjoyment of their wishes, which fulfil'd  
Dull as their heads, they couch beneath their wings,  
And in a flumber, forfeit all remembrance  
Of their past pleasures : Yet infatiate man,  
In his desire more hot then Steeds or Sparrowes,  
Will to obtaine it, quite deuest his soule  
Of all that's masculine in him, and transforme  
His very being into woman.

*Newm.* Sure,  
My Lord intends to write some Proclamation.  
'Gainst wearing holland smockes, some furious Edict  
'Gainst charitable leaguerers : I've knowne him,  
(And so have you my Lords) for all this heat  
'Gainst woman-hood, pursue a sutlers froe,  
(And she had but one eye neither, with as much  
zeale,  
As e're knight-errand did his faire Lindabrides,  
Or Claridiana.

*Ent. Fredrick, Emilia.*

*Tert.* My Lord, your son and faire *Emilia*.

*Newm.* The quarrel's reconcil'd, Ile lay my life  
on't.

*Wallens.* Beauteous Lady,  
The contract 'twixt me and your father, touching  
The marriage 'twixt my son and your faire selfe, I  
hope  
By your consent is ratified : my boy  
Lookes sprightly, as if he were new return'd  
From a triumphant victory.

*Fred.* My Lord,  
 I am so much a master of my wishes,  
 By being blest in this faire Ladies love,  
 I cannot wish a happinesse above  
 What I posseſſe, onely would you be pleas'd,  
 To destiny the most welcome houre for  
 The consummation of our Nuptials.

*Wallenf.* 'T shall be accomplish'd  
 With all the speed that preparations can  
 Be made for the solemnity. Your newes fir.

*Int. Page.*

*Page.* My Lord, there's Colonell *Gordon*, and  
 some others  
 Newly arriv'd from *Egers*, beg admittance  
 Into your preſence.

*Wallenf.* Let them enter,  
 They are my noble friends. Madam take  
 The bright *Emilia* to your charge: *Fredrick* you  
 Have leave to wait on your Miftris. Worthy friends.

*Ex. Dutch. Fred. Emil.*

*Int. Gordon, Leſle, Butler.*

You're dearely welcome, I presume the busineſſe  
 Must be of much importance, that could draw  
 You (without giving us first notice of it)  
 From *Egers* hither.

*Leſle.* Mighty Sir, our fortunes,  
 Our honours, lives, whatſoe're we can call ours,  
 Are ſuch a debt to you, that we'r ingag'd,  
 To ſacrifice them all in any ſervice  
 For you, eſpecially in this affaire

We're now arriv'd about, since it concernes  
Your precious life, which by that tyrant *Cæsar*,  
At halfe the price and value of his Empire,  
Is set to sale.

*Wallens.* Horror! as how, good Colonell.

*Lefle.* When you shall know fir  
The traytors (such his malice would have made  
them)

Pick'd out for the assasines of your person,  
You'l blesse you from his trecheries, as from  
Infectious damps, for the men, best Generall,  
Are of such bosome trust, so neere ally'd  
To all your counsels, 't had been as easie for them  
To have acted your sad ruine, as it is  
For me to speake this.

*Tert.* Very strange, pray name them.

*Lefle.* Even our selves,  
Our faithfull innocent selves, were those same mon-  
sters,

Designd for to put in act his purpose, who  
'Cause we were mercenaries in this warfare,  
He thought as easily we would sell our faiths,  
Courted us therefore with whole piles of honours,  
Mountaines of titles, mines of endlesse riches :  
But where our honours stand in competition,  
These are but frivolous baits, trifles for children  
To play and toy withall, our faiths are chrystall,  
Which poison cannot vitiate.

*Wallens.* And our love  
Shall strive by yours to take a faire example,  
How to requite your truth, but pray what answer,  
Return'd you to this man more great in mischieves,  
Then he's in power or title.

*Lefle.* Entertain'd  
His proffer'd bounties with a specious shew  
Of thankfulnesse, nay promis'd to effect  
His damn'd intent, besought him not to employ  
Any other instruments but our selves t'accomplish  
The ruine of your person : by this meanes

To free your deare life from the eminent danger,  
Of being by others aym'd at.

*Tert.* Thefe strangers loves  
Surpasse credit.

*Wallens.* To thanke you  
For this fame deare preservall of my life,  
Best friends, were to admit your action might,  
Receive by gratitude a satisfaction,  
But pray divide my soule, my life and fortunes,  
Are at your disposition : noble Lords,  
That this base Emperour seekes to take my life  
By trechery, is an apparant signe,  
He feares that I should live, and halfe victorious  
E're blow be strucken, are they whom their foes  
Dread, e're they doe behold them : let's go on then,  
Arm'd with our aides, backt with our causes justice,  
'Gainst this insulting Emperour, and resolute  
To pull the tyrant from his Throne, destroy  
His very name, his memory, his ashes,  
With as much easie freedome, as rough windes  
Demolish crafie buildings. Colonel *Gordon*,  
Some five dayes hence we shall arrive at *Egers*,  
There to make preparation for the Nuptials,  
Betwixt our sonne and faire *Emilia*.

Come Lords, since we amongst our selves are true,  
Conquest is ours, which we'l with speed purfue.

*Exeunt.*

---

*Scena tercia.**Albertus folus.*

*Alber.* To be in love, nay to be so in love,  
To put off all our reason and discourse,  
Which does distinguish us from savage beasts,  
To dote upon a face (which like a mirrour,  
Sully'd by any breath) by the least ficknesse,  
Growes pale and ghastly: Is not this meere mad-  
ness,  
Why should 't inhabit here then: sure the soule,  
As 'tis a spirit of a subtle essence,  
A forme as thin and pure, as is an Angels,  
Can ne're be author of these wild desires,  
So opposite to its nature, they'r all fleshly,  
Sordid, as is the clay this frame's compos'd of.  
Shall the soule,  
The noble soule, be slave to these wild passions,  
And bow beneath their waight: ha *Ifabella.*

*Int. Ifab.*

All reason, fense and soule are in her looks,  
There's no discourse beyond them: cruell faire one,  
Are you still resolute to perfist in your  
Strange tyranny, and scorne my constant love.

*Ifabel.* Doe not fir  
Abuse that sacred title, which the Saints,  
And powers celestiall glory in, by ascribing  
It to your loose desires, pray rather cloth them  
In their owne attribute, terme them your lust fir,  
Your wild irregular lust, which like those fire drakes,  
Mis-guiding nighted travellers, will lead you

Forth of the faire path of your fame and vertue,  
To unavoided ruine.

*Alber.* This is coynesie,  
A cunning coynesie, to make me esteeme  
At a high rate, that jewell which you feeme  
To part from so unwillingly (Merchants use it  
To put bad wares away :) deare *Isabella*,  
Thinke what excessive honour thou shalt reape,  
In the exchange of one poore triviall gemme,  
And that but merely imaginary, a voyce,  
And unsubstantiall essence, yet for that  
Thou shalt have reall pleasures, such as Queenes,  
Prone to delicious luxury, would covet  
To fate their appetites : Think *Isabella*,  
That hardest Marble, though not cut by force,  
By oft diffusion of salt drops, is brought  
Into what ever forme the Carvers fancie  
Before had destin'd it : your heart's that substance,  
And will by frequent oratory of teares,  
Be brought to weare the perfect stampe, the figure  
Of my affection on it.

*Isabel.* Thus besieg'd,  
It is high time, I summon up my vertue,  
All that is good, about me, to affist  
My resolution ; Sir, I would be loath,  
That you should see me angry, 'tis a passion  
My modesty is unacquainted with,  
Yet in this cause, deare to me as my honour,  
I needs must chide<sup>r</sup>your passion : O consider,  
Looke what a precipice of certaine ruine,  
Your violent will (as on some dangerous rocke,  
That strikes what e're dashes upon't, in pieces)  
Has cast your heedlesse youth upon : my Lord,  
Why shoud you venter your whole stock of good-  
nessie,  
Upon forbidden Merchandise, a prize  
Which the most barbarous pirats to the Lawes  
Of morall honesty, would feare to seize on,  
Both for its sanctity and triviall value.

*Alb.* I'm thunder strucke.

*Ifab.* What foolish thiefe, my Lord, would rob an Altar,

Be guilty of the sacriledge, to gaine  
A brazen censur : why should you then affect  
A fin so great, as spoiling me of honour,  
For such a poore gaine, as the satisfying  
Your sensuall appetite ; think, good my Lord,  
The pleasures you so covet, are but like flattering  
mornings,

That shew the rising Sun in his full brightnesse,  
Yet doe e're night bury his head in tempests.

*Alb.* I'm disenchanted, all the charmes are fled,  
That hung like mists about my soule, and rob'd it  
Of the faire light of vertue : excellent Angel,  
You have that power in goodnesse, as shall teach  
Wonder, that child of ignorance, a faith,  
No woman can be bad : I doe confessie,  
Big with the rage of my intemperate lust,  
I came to blast your purity, but am  
Become its perfect convert, so reclaym'd  
By your best goodnesse from these foule intentions,  
Hell has not strength enough to tempt my frailty,  
Toth' like wild loofenesse ; pray sweet forgive me,  
Seale it with one chaste kisie, and henceforth let  
me

Adore you as the saver of my honour,  
My truth and fames preserver.

*Ifab.* I am glad  
I've wrought this reclamation on your folly,  
And trust me, I shall ever love this in you,  
Though my more humble thoughts shall ne're aspire  
To affect your person.

*Alb.* Had you yeelded to my desires,  
Been no whit vertuous, I should have esteem'd you,  
(My looser heat by your consent extinguish'd)  
But as a faire houfe haunted with goblins,  
Which none will enter to possesse, and blest me  
From the prodigious building ; when now,

Big with the chaste assurance of your vertue,  
 I doe beseech you by your love, your mercy,  
 Looke on my innocent love, more spotlesse  
 Then are the thoughts of babes, which ne're knew  
 foulenesse,

Accept me for your husband, start not Lady,  
 By your faire selfe I meane it, doe intreat it  
 As my extent of happinesse.

*Isab.* This my Lord,  
 Is too extreme oth' other side, as much  
 Too meane I hold my selfe to be your wife,  
 As my owne fame and honour did esteeme me  
 Too good to be your prostitute: My Lord,  
 The wiving Vine that 'bout the friendly Elme,  
 Twines her soft limbes, and weaves a leavie  
 mantle

For her supporting Lover, dares not venter,  
 To mix her humble boughes, with the imbraces  
 Of the more lofty Cedar: 'Twixt us two  
 Is the same difference: Love my Lord and hope  
 A nobler choice, a Lady of your owne  
 Ranke; all the ends my poore ambition  
 Shall ever ayme, shall be to love your worth,  
 But ne're aspire your Nuptials.

*Alber.* You're too humble,  
 Impose too meane a value on a gemme,  
 Kings would be proud to weare, deare *Isabella*,  
 Let not thy modest sweetnesse interpose  
 A new impediment 'twixt my lawfull flames,  
 And thy owne Vestall chaftity, let not feare,  
 (To thy sex incident) of my fathers wrath  
 Stagger thy resolution; thou shalt be  
 To me, my father, mother, brother, friend,  
 My all of happinesse; if we cannot here  
 In peace injoy our wishes, we will love  
 Like Turtles in a Desart, onely blest

*Enter Fred. Newm.*

*New.* Why look you sir, yonder's the cock oth game,  
About to tred yon ginny hen, they'r billing ;  
Shall we retire, my Lord, perhaps they are going to't,  
And 'twould be a shame to spoile their sport.

*Fred.* I am resolv'd, I'le speake to him.

*Newm.* Your pleasure must be accomplish'd,  
But take heed we draw not the Virgins curses on us  
Both, take heed on't, it will fall heavy.

*Alber.* Surpriz'd, and by my brother, prethy sweet

Withdraw, I would not have thy timorous eares,  
Frighted with his loud anger.

*Fred.* Save you brother,  
You've parted with your Mistresse, pray tell me,  
Does she kisse well, has she a fragrant lip ?  
Are her demeanours courtly, apt to ravishe ?  
Are you resolv'd to run away with her,  
And stain the honour of our family,  
For her sweet sake ?

*Alber.* Gentle brother,  
You speak a language I nor understand,  
Nor value much the meaning. In your love  
I medled not, and 't had been manners in you,  
Not to have intruded upon mine, your prefence  
Being unrequired.

*Fred.* You'r very confident,  
Young Gallant, in defence of your brave Mistresse,  
I know you are in love, bravely in love  
With a trim Chamber-maid, a thing made up  
Of a cast Taffatie gowne of an old Wardrobe :  
Degenerate brother, were I not aslur'd  
Of your chaste mothers vertues, I should question,  
Whither my father got you, but I'm come  
To disinchant thy fenses from the charmes,

That hatefull witch throwes on them, but resolve  
Quickly to quit her, or by Heaven shee'd better  
Commix with lightning.

*Alber.* Pray, good brother use  
Your threats upon your Corporals, or stampe  
At your tame Lancepresados, when they doe not  
Performe your charge ; your rage upon your boyes,  
Were more becomming, then upon your brother :  
If you will fit, and with attentive patience,  
Marke what I shall deliver, I will give you  
Reafons for my intentions, but if not,  
You may depart unsatisfied.

*Fred.* Well Sir, be briefe, I shall attend you.

*Alb.* In briefe, I love faire *Ifabella*, so  
As honour, not the vicious heat of youth,  
Commands me to affect, I love her vertue,  
And have in that as noble, rich a dowry,  
As the addition of estate and blood,  
Which you have acquir'd in your late happy  
match

With young *Emilia*.

*Fred.* Dare you, boy, name her,  
And my *Emilia* as paralels.

*Alb.* Why, good brother,  
Though she transcends her in her birth and fortunes,  
Yet in the rare indowments of her minde,  
She is her equall, vertue has a soul as precious  
In peafants as in Princes, 'tis a birth-right  
None can deprive them of, who truly have it.  
'Tis so with *Ifabella*.

*Fred.* You doe intend to marry her.

*Alb.* Yes brother.

*Fred.* Shee is a Whore.

*Alb.* 'Tis a most scandalous lye, and on your  
heart,  
Ile prove her chaste and vertuous as *Emilia*,  
As your *Emilia*.

*Fred.* Have at you.

*Fight.*

*Fnt. Tertzki, Kintzki, Newman, Illawe.*

*Newm.* Help to beat down their fwords, my  
Lords,

Death, *Fredrick, Albertus*, what doe you meane ?  
Let's beat them both, hart I thinke you'r drunk  
With *Lubecks* beere or *Brunswicks* Mum.

*Kint.* For shame  
Put up your angry weapons.

*New.* How fell you out Gentlemen, how fell you  
out.

*Tert.* It was a sad misfortune, nor would I  
It should arrive unto our Generals notice,  
For halfe my Earledome : 'Las my Lord you bleed.

*Alb.* No matter,  
My blood could ne're in more holy use  
Have been employ'd.

*New.* Now the heat's over, do you not both  
thinke  
Your selves a paire of coxcombs, come shake  
hands,  
I will make you both stark drunke, but I will  
have you  
Good friends agen, brothers fall out, for shame,  
Brothers fall out.

*Explicit Actus tertius.*

## Actus quartus : Scena prima.

*Wallenstein, Fredericke, Dutchesse.*

*Wallenf.* Can this be possible.

*Fred.* 'Tis a truth,  
And if your high authority countermand not  
His fond intentions, he will wed her, and  
Dishonour our great Family.

*Wallenf.* Call him hither.  
I shall instruct the gallant youth his duty.

*Dutch.* But good my Lord, do not with too  
severe

A harshnesse chide the error of his love,  
Lest like a chrystall streme, which unoppos'd  
Runs with a smooth brow gently in its course,  
Being stop'd oth' sudden, his calme nature riot  
Into a wilfull fury, and perfist  
In his intended fancie.

*Wallenf.* Gentle Madam, teach  
Your women how to dresse you, here are none  
Doe need your presence or instruction, you would  
have him  
Leape your neat Chamber-maid, and get a Mon-  
key

For you to play withall : He is here,  
Pray you depart, *Frederick* attend your mother,  
I would be private.

*Int. Albert.*

*Alb.* Your Grace was pleas'd to fend for me.

*Wallenf.* I did so,  
Know you the cause?

*Alb.* Not yet, my Lord.

*Wallenf.* I am your Father sir,  
Whose frownes you ought to tremble at, whose  
anger

Should be as dreadfull to you, as Heavens curses ;  
Looke on my face, and reade my busineffe there.

*Alb.* Alas my Lord, your lookes  
Are discompos'd with rage, your fiery eyes,  
Rowle with the accustom'd motion, they had  
wont

To dart upon your enemies, I am  
Affur'd my innocence can no way merit  
Your all-consuming anger.

*Wallenf.* 'Tis a lye,  
A worthlesse lye, false as thy flattering hopes are,  
You are in love, most gallantly in love  
With *Isabella*, one who is compos'd .  
Of paint and plaisters : thou degenerate monſter,  
Traytor to fame, and parricide to honour,  
Abject in thy condition, as thy thoughts are ;  
Teare this vil'd strumpet from thy foule, do 't  
quickly,

Renounce her with all binding tyes can urge thee  
To keep thy faith, or I will quite put off  
The name of Father, take as little notice  
Thou art my of-spring, as the furly North,  
Does of the snow, which when it has ingendred,  
Its wild breath scatters through the earth forgotten.

*Alb.* This was the killing fever I still fear'd ;  
Sir I should be a stranger to your blood,  
As well as noble worth, should I commit  
Actions I sham'd to justifie : I confesse  
I love faire *Isabella*, and beseech you,  
The meaneneffe of her fortune and her birth  
Omitted, ſhe may be confer'd upon me  
In lawfull marriage.

*Wallenf.* Dare you boy,

Speake this to me.

*Alb.* I should Sir be degenerate  
 From your great spirit, shold I feare to utter  
 What I doe wish effected, were you a God,  
 As being my Father, you'r but a degree  
 To me beneath one, in a cause so righteous,  
 I should not onely boldly crave your license  
 But hope to have it granted.

*Wallenf.* Hell and furies,  
 Durst any mortall foole, but my owne issue,  
 Venter to brave my fury thus ; resolve  
 Villaine in full to satisfie my purpose,  
 Doe it without regret, renounce this strumpet  
 Even from thy soule, abandon her remembrance.  
 Or by my owne unwearied valour, better,  
 And with more safety thou mayst hug a wave,  
 When its white lips kisse heaven : yong sir your  
 honor  
 Is not your owne, for it you'r but my factor,  
 And must give me account, a strict account  
 Of the errors you run in : to the Duff  
 Of my great Ancestors, stand I accountant  
 For all my family, and their blest ashes  
 Woold breake their Marble lodgings, and come  
 forth  
 To quarrell with me, should I permit this bar  
 To staine their glorious Heraldry.

*Alb.* Great Sir,  
 Can vertue be a blemish, or true worth  
 Disgrace Nobility ; 'twas that at first,  
 When Nature made all equall, did distinguishe  
 'Twixt man and man, and gave a just precedence  
 To the most worthy : Honour is Vertues of-spring,  
 Since then the Angell, my affection's fixt on,  
 Is faire and vertuous, all the good that ever  
 Durst with fraile flesh commix, or earth be proud of :  
 How to our Families honour can she bring  
 A diminution ? Can sir the chaste ice,  
 Kiss'd by the Sun, into its native substance,

Pollute a chrystall River, surely rather  
 It addes fresh moysture to its streame. My Lord,  
 I am your sonne, and have been still obedient  
 To your commands ; O by your love, your vertue,  
 Your never daunted vertue, I beseech you,  
 Grant me this one request, wer't for my life,  
 I should not be so abject, as to spend  
 This breath for its redemption.

*Wallenf.* Well, thy prate  
 Has overcome me, I am pittifull,  
 Beyond my nature pittifull to thee,  
 Thou shalt injoy thy wishes.

*Alb.* All the blessings,  
 Prayers can obtain from heaven, showr down upon  
 you  
 For your superlative mercy.

*Wallenf.* Stay and marke me,  
 'T shall be with this condition, that as soone  
 As thou art wed, and haft injoy'd thy wishes,  
 Ere the next Sun rise on you, you resolve  
 Without remorfe, to kill your *Isabella*.

*Alb.* Heavens protect me !  
*Wall.* Nay thou shalt sweare it too : 'Las gentle  
 boy,  
 I know thy nature is too full of fire,  
 To mix with sordid earth, and though thy lust,  
 (Which is but manhood in thee) prompt thee on,  
 To taste the sweets of *Isabellas* beauty,  
 I know thou scornst so much to unmake thy  
 Gentry,  
 To take her for thy wife, perhaps she will not  
 Give up her honour, till the Church has seal'd  
 That grant as lawfull ; freely I allow  
 Her brave ambition, if as a reward  
 Due to her haughty pride, thy own hands kill  
 her,  
 And so wipe out the infamy.

*Alb.* Strange cruelty !  
 So tyrants us'd to grant offenders life,

After their condemnation : to reserve them  
To combat wild beasts in the spacious Cirque,  
Or bloody Amphitheater : My Lord.

*Wallenf.* Pish I am deafe, inexorable as Seas  
Toth' prayers of Mariners, when their sinking  
Keel  
Is drunke with billowes.

*Ent. Dutch. Isabel and Page.*

*Dutch.* O my Lord,  
Your justice on this cursed witch, this thiefe,  
This morning I have lost out of my Cabinet  
The so much valu'd Jewell, which your bounty  
Bestow'd upon me, none but she and I  
Having been there since ; she must be the thiefe :  
Force her to restitution.

*Wall.* 'Twas a gem,  
My mother gave me, which I did preserve  
With as much care, as votaries doe the reliques  
Of their protecting Saints : I gave it you,  
When in the eager fervor of my youth,  
I destin'd you my wife : come hither minion,  
You who can steale the Jewels of mens hearts,  
With your enchanting forceries, will not feare  
To make a venter upon pettier theft :  
Sirrah goe bid them wait me here.

*Ifa.* My Lord,  
I'm so secure in my own innocence,  
That should your fury riot on my life,  
Twould not affright me, I should meet my death,  
As willingly as I should doe my rest,  
After a tedious watching, there's no armour  
Like that of innocence, with which I'm guarded,  
And therefore laugh at punishment.

*Wal.* So brave,  
I shal soone quell your infolence : lay hands

*Ent. a Guard.*

On this ignoble strumpet, hang her up,  
Here in my presence.

*Alb.* Stay sir, I doe beseech you heare me.

*Wal.* Your intreaties  
Are cast on me, as fools throw oyl on fire,  
Striving to extinguish it : hang her up,  
Ile hang you all else.

*Alb.* Then Sir I will speake,  
Since you forget to be a father to me,  
I will put off my duty ; I'm resolv'd,  
Since 'tis impossible that we should live,  
To dye together : nor doe not slave perfume,  
To touch this mine of purity, 'tis a treasure  
While I'm alive Hell cannot ravish from me,  
(For fiends would feare to touch it) if you  
murder

This spotlesse innocent Virgin, you are such,  
So mercilesse a tyrant, as doe love  
To feed on your owne bowels, one whom na-  
ture

Created for a curse, and to get curses,  
Such prodigies as I am, one whom all Lovers  
Shall tremble at, if mentioned ; one.

*Wallensf.* Death have I lost my command, is he  
or I  
To be obey'd ? hang her, if he resist,  
Kill the unnaturall Traytor.

*Ifab.* Deare *Albertus*,  
Draw not a ruine on thy prizeles life,  
For my despis'd fake I will go to death,  
In full peace as does an Anchorite, that's assur'd  
Of all his finnes forgiveneffe.

*Alb.* Sawcie divell,

Carry that touch of her to hell, 'twill serve  
To mitigate thy tortures.

*Is run through. Kils one of the Guard.*

*Dutch.* O my Lord, what has your fury acted,  
Deare *Albertus*.

*Alb.* 'Twas a most friendly hand, and I could  
kisse it,  
For the most welcome benefit ; *Isabella*,  
In death thou giveſt me life, thy innocence,  
Will like my guardian Angell, ſafe convey me  
To yonder heavenly Mansion ; pray forgive me,  
Deare Sir, if in my over-haſty zeale  
In this poore innocents quarrell, my wild fury,  
Transgreſſ'd my naturall duty, and as the laſt  
Requeſt your dying ſon can aske, take pitty  
On this moſt innocent Maid : thy hand, my faire  
one,  
And now as willingly I doe expire,  
As a bleſt Martyr, who does court the fire. O *Isabella*.

*Dies.*

*Dutch.* O my deare *Albert*.

*Wall.* Death ſlave, dare you play with a flame  
That ſhall conſume you.  
Hang her up, or torments ſhall pay your breach of  
duty.

*Isab.* There friend, there's all the Jewels I am  
miſtris of,  
And that thou merits, prethee be as ſpeedy  
In thy diſpatch, as fate it ſelfe ; there is  
A pure white Ghost in yon fame azure cloud,  
Expeſts me ſtraight, I come my deare *Albertus*.

*Is hang'd.*

*Wallenſj.* Take hence their bodies, 'twas a hope-  
full boy,  
And one I lov'd well, till his wild love

Made him forget his duty ; and 'tis better  
He di'd with fame, his sword in's hand, then  
that  
He'd liv'd with foule dishonour : would he were  
Alive agen, I do begin to feele  
Strange horrors here, and that big guest, my soule,  
Is shakēn as with a nipping frost, hence idle grief,  
I must be furnish'd with more spritly passions,  
Thou art too heavy, fit for the society  
Of none but penſive women. All must dy,  
Why ſhould not he then, 'twas his destiny.

*Excunt.*

*Scena secunda.*

*Gordon, Lefle, Butler.*

*Lefle.* Are all your horse in readinesse.

*Gordon.* Yes, 'tis time,  
That we were mounted, 'tis foure leagues at least  
Unto the Generals Campe, and 'twill be late  
Ere we arrive there, are you yet resolv'd  
Upon the meanes, by which to put in practice  
Our long intended purpose, our delay  
Will make the Emperour apt to call in question  
Our faiths integrity.

*Lefle.* So great a busynesse,  
Is not with easie speed to be perform'd :  
An eager haste oft-times o'rethrowes the fortunes  
Of such affaires, if we once get him hither,  
Within our City walls, be confident,  
He's in his grave ; but have you given command,  
That all your Souldiers be in readinesse,  
To waite the Generalls entry.

*Butler.* They shall be  
In their best furniture of Armes, all drawne  
Into parada, he shall have all pompe,  
And ornament of warre, to bid him welcome.

*Lefle.* These triumphs  
Shall be but funerall pomps before his death ;  
*Gordon,* you must, as Governour of *Egers*,  
Present the keyes with all humility  
To his dispose, 'twill make him be more carelesse,  
And trust his very soule into our hands.

*Gordon.* Doubt not me,  
I shall performe with cunning skill, what e're  
Belongs to me ; but doe you intend the Generall

Alone shall fall, or his confederates  
Shall perish with him.

*Lefle.* O by all meanes, Indian princes  
Doe carry slaves to wait on them into  
The other world, and 'twere inglorious,  
That our brave Generall should not have that  
privilege

Count Tertzki, Kintzki, Newman, Marshall Illawe,  
Shall be his harbingers, and i'th' shades below,  
Provide fit entertainment for his Ghosť.

*Butz.* They are of power, their deaths will shrowdly  
weaken,  
The strength of the Conspiracie.

*Lefle.* Very true,  
I'le craftily infill into his eares,  
New caufes of distrust, so to beget  
In him more confidence of my faith, so to  
Allure him hither sooner, we must worke  
Surely, as does the Mole, who digs  
Her habitation in the earth, and scornes  
All the assaults of tempests ; when he's in,  
We must be prompt in action, sure of hand,  
And found of heart, and strike him with that  
violence,  
From the suppos'd Heavens, his ambition climbs to,  
That the thin ayre does from its purer Regions  
Dull earthly meteors ; come let's away,  
Nought croffes actions like a dull delay.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena tertia.**Wallenstein folus.*

*Wallens.* To be diseas'd in mind, diseas'd past  
cure  
Of Physicke or sage counsell, is a madnesse,  
The active Souldier, all whose ends are glory,  
And that by vertue (cowards terme a finne)  
Ambition, should not be acquainted with.  
Although my cares doe hang upon my soule,  
Like mines of Lead, the greatnessse of my spirit,  
Shall shake the fullen waight off ; naturall rest,  
(Is like a wholsome bath to limbes opprest  
With gouts and aches) to a troubled minde,  
A most excelling medicine, and I feele  
A strong propension in my braine, to court  
Sleepe for its mild Phystian : within there ; boy.

*Ent. a Page.*

Sirrah be sure that none disturbe my rest,  
On no occasion, on your life I charge you.

*Page.* Shall I sing Sir.

*Wallens.* Yes, if the notes be heavy, apt to  
invite  
The weary soule to flumbers.

*Song.**Page.* Who's there ? you must not enter.*Ent. Dutch.**Dutch.* Must not sirrah,

Where is your Lord ?

*Page.* Your pardon, gracious Madam, he's laid down  
To rest, and has upon my life commanded  
Me, none should wake him.

*Dutch.* Thinkst thou he is  
So much addicted to his ease, he will  
Neglect his busynesse, goe in and tell him,  
The Governors of *Egers*, Colonell *Gordon*,  
And Colonell *Lefle* are without upon  
Affaires of consequence.

*Page.* Would your Grace  
Would pardon me, your selfe with greater safety  
Might do it, Madam.

*Dutch.* Foolish boy, goe in, I will be thy  
security.

*Page.* I shall performe,  
Though most unwillingly your command ; my Lord,  
Please you to rise, your Dutchesse.

*Wallenf.* Ha, where's my fword,  
Thou art a Coward Ghoſt, and not my sonnes,  
To take me in my sleep unarm'd, my Poniard  
Will ſtill be faithfull to me, if thou beeſt not  
Thin ayre, its point will graze on thee.

*Stabs the Page.*

*Dutch.* O my Lord,  
What has your fury acted ? this your ſudden  
Murdring this innocent youth, doth adde new  
horrors  
To your ſtrange cruelties.

*Wallenf.* Ha, my Page ! his death  
Was but due justice for his breach of duty,  
For thus disturbing of my reſt.

*Dutch.* My Lord,  
Your hands are purpled ſo in innocent blood,  
Teares cannot wash the tincture of : my ſelfe  
Am as deepe guilty as you in the slaughter  
Of *Isabella*, ſhe was innocent,

The Jewell I accus'd her of, this morning,  
 Griefe to my soule, I've found, pray heaven,  
 repentance

May expiate our offences.

*Wallens.* I begin

To feele strange horrors here, my Marble soule,  
 Does strive to sweat it selfe into a teare,  
 At thought of these sad accidents. Noble Friends,

*Ent. Gord. Butl. Lesle, Newm. Tert. Kint.*

You'r opportunely welcome, I was opprest  
 With sudden melancholy, but your lov'd presence  
 Expells all thoughts of it, and I'm growne  
 As full of sprightly mirth, as when my hopes  
 Aim'd at a glorious victory.

*Gordon.* Mighty Duke,  
 According to my duty, I am come  
 Here to present you with the keyes of *Egers*,  
 My place of Government, and with them my  
 life,  
 To doe you service.

*Wallens.* Noble *Gordon*,  
 You doe so much indeare mee by your love,  
 I have no posibility to requite  
 Your overflow of Curtefies, have you not  
 Receiv'd new intelligence of businesse,  
 Which does concerne me.

*Lesle.* New temptations Sir  
 Against your precious life, 'tis to be fear'd,  
 Lest seeing we doe flacke so in performance  
 Of what we've promis'd, he'l employ new agents  
 To attempt your ruine, and should treason,  
 As 'tis a subtle serpent, stings unfeen Sir,  
 Invade your life: to what a dire misfortune  
 Were we, whose lives have upon yours dependance,  
 Betray'd, and therefore good my Lord beware,  
 Lest your owne courage, which contemns all dan-  
 gers,

Doe undoe you.

*Wallenf.* Never feare ; how farre  
Is't hence to *Egers*.

*Gordon.* Some three houres easie march.

*Wallenf.* Set forward thither ;  
It were in vaine my enemies fwords to feare,  
When I doe carry sharper poniards here. *Exeunt.*

*Explicit Actus quartus.*

## Actus quintus : Scena prima.

*Emperour, Hungary, Questenberg.*

*Emp.* Vext with so many cares, so many mif-  
chiefs,

That doe like *Hidra's* dreadfull heads increase,  
By cutting off, as billowes follow billowes,  
Succeed each other with that eager violence,  
Our weary Eagles know not where to perch,  
But flag their sickly wings : wer't not irreligious,  
I should capitulate with the powers divine,  
And tax them of injustice ; my whole raigne  
Has been a long and one continued trouble ;  
And if blest peace with her faire beames did e're  
Shine on our Empire, 'twas but like a faire  
Deceitfull wind, courting the ships out of the harbor,  
Into the maine to drowne them : but the mother  
Of a more horrid warfare, that I feare as  
I found the Wreathe Imperiall drown'd in blood,  
So I in blood must leave it.

*Quest.* Have good hope Sir,  
Tides then approach their full height, when their  
ebbe

Has been at lowest ; the most hideous tempests,  
Which seem'd to threat the ruine of the world,  
Being usher'd in by thunder and hot lightning,  
Are soonest past, there's nothing violent  
Can boast of perpetuity ; our fortunes  
Are not so desperate, as our feares present them :  
We've hands and hearts left yet, that dare oppose  
The inhumane Traytor, and our causes justice

Afflures us, if we cannot live victorious,  
We shall dye nobly.

*Hung.* Man, my royall Father  
Is not himselfe, when he beholds  
Events through the quicke perspe<sup>t</sup>ive of feare,  
Which shewes him dangers at remotest distance,  
As clearest and his most perspicuous obiects.  
Suppose this traitor in his Giant-reach  
Fathome even heaven it selfe, yet there are bolts  
To strike him into earth for his ambition,  
And make his memory and name, all, fave his  
treason,  
For ever to be forgotten.

*Emp.* That which most  
Does drive my tortur'd soule into affrights,  
Is, that I see we'r false among our selves :  
The faithlesse Souldiers daily doe in troupes,  
Fly from our Ensignes to the Traytors Campe :  
What cause have we then but t' expect sad ruine ?  
When those who should be our security,  
Doe prove our greatest enemies ; our Guard,  
Our feare and terror, they all looke on him,  
As superstitious Indians on the Sunne,  
With adoration ; on me, with contempt,  
Or (but at best) with pitty.

*Quest.* Mighty *Cæsar*,  
To doubt an ill before it fall upon us,  
'Mongst valiant and resolved soules, is counted  
A point of cowardise : Great Spirits ever  
Should be above their fates : good Sir retreat  
Into that fortresse of your minde,  
Your resolution, call it up to guard  
Your soule from timorous thoughts :  
Are you the man have fway'd  
The Roman Empire foure and twenty yeeres,  
With that succeffe against your forraigne foes,  
Your very name more then your forces vanquish'd,  
To let a Traytor fright you : good my Lord  
Let's draw forth new battalias to the Field,

Awake the Drum and Trumpet, summon up  
 The very last hopes of our weaken'd strength,  
 'Gainst this insulting traytor ; very infants  
 Will on the sudden grow up able men,  
 And fight in this brave quarrell.

*Hung.* Heaven it selfe

Will arme on our side, and with certaine vengeance,  
 Purfue the inhumane monstre : why ? to dye,  
 (As that's the worst can happen) in this cause,  
 Were a religious martyrdome : I am your son Sir,  
 And what your fortunes are, good or disastrous,  
 Mine has on them dependance ; by my hopes, I doe  
 So little waigh the glorious traytors pride,  
 I thinke him worthy scarce my meanest thought,  
 And rest assur'd, ere long, I shall behold  
 This fearefull meteor, that would be a Star,  
 And does affright us with his hideous blaze,  
 Like a vaine Comet drop his fading rayes.

*Emp.* Your comforts

Come as in droughths the elementall dew  
 Does on the earth, it wets, but leaves no moyiture,  
 To give the fear'd plants growth : But yesternight  
 We'd certaine information, that our forces  
 Led by *Matthias Gallas*, were o'rethrowne  
 By *Saxon Waymar*, and his son young *Fredricke* :  
 Who had they knowne as well how to purfue,  
 As gaine a victory, and made a sudden  
 Onslaught upon *Vienna*, their's ; not ours  
 Had been the Wreathe Imperiall. Now your newes  
 fir.

*Int. Messenger.*

*Meffen.* Letters from Colonell *Lefle* fir, from  
*Egers.*

*Emp.* This is our lateſt hope ; he writes me  
 word,

That the Arch-traytor, and his prime confederates,

Last night arriv'd at *Egers*, and assures me  
Of their immediate ruine : Well Colossus,  
You'd best stand firme, unshaken as a rocke,  
Whose feet the fierce waves striving to trip up,  
Doe 'gainst its hard hoofes dash themselves to  
pieces,  
Or thou wilt fall unpittied, fall to be  
The scorne of story, the contempt and by-word  
To all posterity ; let's in my Lords :  
    This law the Heavens inviolably keepe,  
    Their justice well may flumber, but ne're sleepe.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena ultima.*

*Wallenstein, Tertzki, Kintzki, Illawe, Newman, Lesle,  
Butler, Gordon.*

*Lesle.* The honour you have done us mighty  
Duke,  
By this your gracious presence, gives a period  
To our ambition ; *Egers* is growne proud,  
Dares with *Vienna* stand in competition,  
Which is the capitall City, which does hold  
The true and lawfull *Cæsar*.

*Gordon.* *Ferdinand,*  
Had he arriv'd here in his greatest glory,  
Could not have been more welcome ; while I am  
Governour of this towne, it and my life  
Are at your service.

*Wallenf.* Noble Gentlemen,  
You do so loade me with new courtesies,  
I know not first for which to give you thankes,  
And did a fullen humour not posseffe  
My much distemper'd faculties, my mirth  
Should speake my gratitude ; but on the sudden,  
I am so overburnded with sad thoughts,  
I cannot suite my minde (so much opprest)  
To jollitie.

*Lesle.* 'Tis our generall griefe,  
Ought should disturbe your quiet here, when we  
Were all compos'd of triumph, for the joy  
We doe conceive for your arrivall. My noble Lord  
of

*Tertzki*, these are the welcomes  
Full bowles of sprightly Wine that Souldiers use

In entertainment ; to our Generals health,  
And to his good recovery from his melancholy.

*Tert.* Who shall refuse to pledge it with that  
zeale,  
He would drinke healthfull potions, may it be  
A deadly poyson to him : Colonell *Gordon*.

*New.* May he dye for drought, like a Westphalia  
Pig  
I'th' dog dayes, or be choakt with eating tostet  
cheese.

*Gordon.* My Lord of *Kintzki*,  
This to our Generals health, and welcome hither.

*New.* I'm like to faint for thirst,  
Would 'twould arrive at me once, my mouth  
Even waters at it.

*Kintz.* Noble *Butler*.

*Butler.* Marshall *Illawe*.

*Newm.* I shall be laft, I fee,  
But if the stoopes hold out, 'tis ten to one  
I'le have my share.

*Illawe.* Here Colonell *Newman*.

*New.* And 'twere the Tun of *Heidleberg*, I'd  
drink it  
Off with as much ease, as a leaguer can  
In a grim futlers house of thatch : My Lord,  
Under your gracious pardon, take me off  
This lusty rowfe to your owne health, and after  
Begin as much to each of ours, and if  
It doe not make you as merry as a Corporall  
Upon pay day, fay I'm no *Esculapius*,  
But a meere Mountebanke in the effects  
Of sprightly Wine.

*Wallens.* Kind Gentlemen, my thankes  
To all of you, and would my disposition  
Afford me licence, I should not forget  
The souldiers ceremonie, to begin  
Each of your happy wishes howsoever  
I will trench so farre on my melancholy,  
To drink this cup. To all your healths.

*Omnes.* Your Grace hath shewen us  
A too excessive curtesie.

*Wall.* Ile onely  
Repose a little, and if I find  
My sad distemper alter, Ile returne,  
And frolicke in your company.

*Newm.* I smell him :  
Hee has a plot upon us, hee'll steale hence,  
And shift a score or two of cups, and then  
Set fresh upon us, make us all as drunke,  
As rats in the *Canaries*.

*Leſte.* Wee'l attend your Grace.

*Wallens.* By no meanes,  
Let not my melancholy discompose  
Your thought of frolicke mirth : there's Colonel  
*Newman*,

Will in my absence take a cup or two  
For me : meane time bee merry, 'tis my charge :  
Remember to obſerve it.

*Ex. Wallens.*

*Leſte.* I'me sorry,  
Hee should bee thus distemper'd here. My Lord  
Let not our Generals sadneſſe rob us of  
Our late intended iollity : Colonell *Newman*  
You'd wont to bee all ayre : I hope, you are  
not

Turn'd earth o'th' fuddaine.

*Newm.* No faith, thank heaven, I feel no inclina-  
tion  
That favours of mortality : gentlemen  
Shal's have a catch.

*Omnes.* With all our hearts, good Colonell.

*New.* A military Madrigall, I learn'd it  
Of a right Impe of *Mars*, a red-fac'd Serjeant,  
At *Halberflat*.

*Leſte.* Will you begin.

*Newm.* Yes verily, but good Colonell  
Let not your voyce rebell, nor be exalted

Into a Calidonia tune, 'twill spoile  
Our ditty.

*A Catch.*

*Lefle.* My thankes, my Lords please you this  
cup  
Toth' happy Nuptials 'twixt young *Fredricke*,  
And the faire *Emilia*.

*Gordon.* *Egers* will be honour'd  
To have them celebrated here.

*Newm.* Doe me right good Colonell,  
You drinke it as 'twere scarbeere.

*Lefle.* *Captaine Butler.*

*Newm.* No whispering good Colonell *Lefle*,  
No whispering,  
You know what followes, but drinke off your cup  
Like a right Cavalier, this Neckar wine  
Has a strange vertue in't, it elevates  
Both flesh and spirit; a months means for a wench  
now.

*Lefle.* My Lord, I am  
So farre from giving you a fit requitall  
For your late courtesies, that as satisfaction,  
I must beg a new favour, one cup more,  
Let's all together drinke a full carouse,  
Unto our Generals health, and his revenge  
Upon the Emperour; you shall drinke no more,  
'T shall be your last cup, trust me.

*New.* I shall drink no more, marke that, pray fill  
up mine  
Till it run o're, I would be loath to have  
My last cup faulty.

*Lefle.* To his revenge.

*Ent. four Souldiers with Pistols as they are drinking,  
they shoot Tertzki, Kintzki, Illawe, Newman,  
they fall.*

*Tert.* Traytor,  
Inhospitable slave.

*dyes.*

*New.* I'm someting hot about the heart,  
A cup of your small wine to coole me, sure  
You grudg'd my liquor, and so broach'd me be-  
hind'e,  
To let out what I had put in before, pox of your  
pellets  
Say I: I care not for any other hurt they have  
done me,  
But that they have spoil'd my drinking.

*Dyes.*

*Lefle.* So, this was wel perform'd, drag in their  
bodies ;  
Now Country-men our taske is halfe perform'd,  
We have lop'd of the maine armes that did grow  
Unto this lofty Cedar, there remaines  
Nought but the trunke to cut from earth, and that  
Shall by our owne hands fall, these slaves shall not  
Have so much honour done them, as to triumph  
In our great Generals slaughter : As great *Julius*  
Fell by his much lov'd *Brutus*, who when justice,  
And his deare mothers cause, the Common-wealth,  
Commanded him to strike, with one home blow,  
Finisht brave *Cæfars* life ; so he by us  
Shall surely perish : Friendship must not fave,  
Him and his foule ambition from one grave.

*Exeunt.*

*Wallenstein folus.*

*Wallenf.* Sure I beheld them, or the ayre con-  
denf'd  
Into their lively figures ; in their shrowds,  
Pale and as meager, as they had convers'd

A yeere with the inhabitants of the earth,  
And drunke the dew of charnell houses : Shew'd  
*Albertus* and his lovely Bride ; they wav'd  
Their ghastly hands to me, as if in that  
Dumbe language they'd invited me to come,  
And visit them in their cold Urnes. To dye,  
Why 'tis mans nature, not his punishment ;  
With this condition we all enter life,  
To put it off agen ; 'tis but a garment,  
And cannot last for ever, both its fashion  
And stiffe will soon weare out ; why then should  
death,  
(If I were now creeping into my Marble)  
To me be terrible, since 'tis maine folly,  
To feare that which we no way can avoid :  
Nor is't much matter how we dye, by force,  
Or naturally checker'd with grisly wounds,  
Or in our beds, since all's but the same death still :  
Oh ! but to dye furcharg'd with mortall finnes,  
Such as can kill our everlasting beings,  
Our soules, and send them hence to bathe in floods  
Of living fire ; there, that's the frightfull mischiefe,  
The other's but a trifle ; I, who never  
Could feare the other, at the thought of this,  
Am one with death already ; my vast crimes,  
My horrid murders kill that conscience in me,  
Which makes me know my guilt, that conscience,  
Which as my shaddow followes me.

*Int. Leslie, Gordon, Butler.*

*Gordon.* Come softly,  
And if my stroake mifle, fecond me.

*Stabs Wallenstein in the backe.*

*Wallensf.* Ha ! 'twas no ghost, that was a mortall  
touch,

It came so home and heavily : base Traytor,  
 Who e're thou art, thou durst not see my face,  
 My looks would even have blasted thee :  
 Ha ! *Lefle, Gordon, Butler.*

*Lefle.* Yes 'Traytor-Duke, 'twas we, who cut thy soul .

From thy weake twist of life, we who glory  
 More in performing this brave act of justice,  
 Then had we gain'd the Empire thy ambition  
 Aspir'd to, thy base trecheries to *Cæsar*,  
 Are by us reveng'd.

*Gordon.* The Counts,  
 Thy bold confederate Rebels; by our hands  
 Sent to their ruine.

*Wallensf.* Thus coward Hare,  
 Prey on a dying Lyon, for thee *Lefle*,  
 Basely perfidious to me in thy faith,  
 Receive my last breath in a curse : you have  
 But plaid the Hang-men to performe heavens justice.  
 Forgive me Heaven my past offence : I dye,  
 Not for my ambition, but my cruelty.

*Dyes.*

*Lefle.* Let us convey the body in, and post  
 With all speed to *Vienna*, and give notice  
 Toth' Emperor of our proceedings ; thus every  
 Traytor shall,  
 Stead of a Crowne, meet his owne Funerall.

*F I N I S.*

# THE LADIES PRIVILEGE.

[ 1640. ]



THE  
LADIES  
Priviledge.

As it was Acted with good al-  
lowance at the Cock-pit in *Drury-lane*,  
And before their Majesties at  
*White-Hall* twice.

---

*By their MAIESTIES Servants.*

---

The A U T H O R *Henry Glapthorne.*

---

*Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.*

---

Imprinted at *London* by *F. Okes*, for *Francis Constable*, and are to be sold at his shops in Kings-street, at the signe of the Goat, and in Westminster-hall. 1640.





To the true Example of Heroicke Vertue, and Favourer of Arts, Sir FREDERICK CORNWALLIS.

SIR:

**Y**OU are so well acquainted with the Iustice of *Nobility*, that your owne *Fame* is your owne *History*: you are writ in that Sir. Nor need I study to expresse it in a larger Character, since it is texted already in a Volume, time (which is *Edax rerum*) cannot exterminate. Thinke not, worthiest Sir, this can in me be flattery: your worth admits none: nor dare I sell my selfe to such a slavery, as to beginne my service to You with that unmanly prostitution: You have alwayes affoorded me such

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

transcendent favours, that I should descend to ingratitude, should not I study a retribution; which though I cannot reach at, accept Sir, I beseech you, this Essay of gratitude from

*Your most obliged honourer,*

Hen : Glapthorne.



## The Perfons.

Trivulci, *Duke of Genoa.*

Doria, *Admirall of Genoa.*

Vitelli, *his Friend.*

Adorni *his Lieutenant.*

Bonivet, *a Kinsman to Trivulci.*

La<sup>c</sup>tantio, *a Genoese Lord.*

Sabelli, *Page to Doria.*

Frangipan, *nephew to Corimba.*

Senators, Officers of State.

Chrifea,

Eurione, } Neeces to *Trivulci.*

Corimba, *a Court Matron.*

Priest, Executioner, Virgins, Attendants.

The Scene Genoa.





## The Prologue.

**T**is worth my Feares, to see within this place  
Wits most accomplish'd Senate ; tis a grace  
Transcending our desert, though not our  
feare,  
Least what our Author writes should not appeare  
Fit for this Judging presence ; all the wayes  
He knowes that lead to the true throne of Playes  
Are rough uneasie pathes, such as to tread  
Would fright an active able Muse ; strike dead  
A weake and timerous travailer : for some  
Will give the play a pitious Martyrdome  
Ere it hath life ; yet have t' excite that flame,  
Only distrust in the new Authors name.  
Others for shortnesse force the Author run,  
And end his Play before his Plot be done.  
Some in an humorous squemishnesse will say,  
They only come to heare, not see the Play,  
Others to see it only, there have beene,  
And are good store, that come but to be seene :  
Not see nor heare the Play : How shall we then  
Please the so various appetites of men.  
It starts our Authors confidence, who by me  
Tels you thus much t' excuse the Comedy.  
You shall not here be feasted with the sight  
Of anticke shewes ; but Actions, such as might  
And have beene reall, and in such a phrase,  
As men should speake in : Ladies if you praise,  
At least allow his language and his plot,  
Your owne just Priviledge, his Muse hath got  
So full a wreath, that spight of Envies frowne  
Shall in his Brow sit as a lasting Crowne.



# The Ladies Priviledge:

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Act. I. Scena. I.

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Enter *Bonivet*, *Lactantio*, and *Vitelli*.

*Bonivet.*



S the newes certayne he is arriv'd ?

*Vit.* The Duke

Had sure intelligence, that the whole  
Fleet

Anchor'd last night without the Bay : and now  
For confirmation of it, the thick breath  
Of his saluting Cannon hangs in Clouds  
Over the Cittadell, and the glad noyse  
Of the applauding people, gratulate  
His entrance to the River.

*Bon.* The day rose  
So cheerefully, as if it meant to gild  
With unaccustom'd light, his fayles fwolne big

As pregnant mother with the pleasing ayre  
Of victory.

*Lac.* The rumour of the Fleet  
Has fild all *Italy* with wonder, how  
So small a number should in open fight  
Defeat the Turkish Navy ; and conclude  
The Generals skill and valour, the mayne cause  
Of the atchievement.

*Vit.* Hee has return'd as large  
Assurance of his worth, as when his force  
Back'd with succeffive fortune which attends  
His mighty resolution, over-threw  
The power of *Venice* in a fight ; which changed  
The Sea into a flame, and tooke me in't  
His fortunate Captive.

*Bon.* Sir, tis noble in you  
To acknowledge that as good, which might have  
bin  
Your eminent ruine ; stately buildings so  
Rise out of ancient structures which the rage  
Of eating time, or anger of the windes  
Had totter'd from the ground works : you may  
prove  
As fairely happy in the Generals love,  
As in the honqur which your name or Country  
Confer'd on your desert.

*Vit.* You speake the scope  
Of my intention, a perfect friend  
Includes both honour, Country, Family,  
And all that's deare and holy : such a friend  
As is my *Doria*, to whose fpacious merit  
Succeffion shall pay volumes, who was man  
Ere in the fsmooth field of his face, rough age  
Displayd his hairy Enfigne ; who has puld  
Bright honours wreath from her triumphant front  
In battailes when the trembling Sea being calme  
Did croud and thrust its waves into a storme  
To part the dreadfull fury.

*Lac.* The report

Of his Land services do stand on termes  
Of Competition with the multitude  
Of his Sea Victories.

*Vit.* Yet must subscribe  
To his Navall triumphs : though the Land  
Has seene him Conquerour, when the bodies  
      flayne  
Buried the ground they dy'd on, which did shake  
To view it selfe entomb'd by them, for whom  
It was ordain'd a Sepulchre, the Drums  
Were to his eares delightfull as the Lute :  
Pikes moving then in Forrest, seem'd as groves  
Of lofty Cedars stird by sportive winds,  
And when warres Quiresters, the whistling Fife,  
And furly Trumpet fung an army dirge,  
That fatall musicke wraps his sprightfull fence,  
Like joviall Hymnes at Nuptials.

*Bon.* You cannot exceed  
His praises duty, since his worth containes  
Honours most severall attributes.

*Ent. Frangipan.*

*Lac.* Signior *Frangipan*,  
What riding post on foot, whither in such haste ?

*Fran.* Very well met gentlemen, I scarce have  
breath  
To utter a wife word yet.

*Lac.* We do believe you Signior, and are in  
doubt  
When you'll have leasure for 't.

*Fran.* Heare you the newes,  
The General's arriv'd : farewell, he will not land  
Till I have had the maiden-head of his hand.

*Exit.*

*Bon.* Tis fuch another Parrat, he relates  
Things by tradition, as dogs barke : his newes

Still marches in the reare, yet he relates it  
As confidently, as if each tale he tells,  
Was to be straight inserted as an eight

*Ent. Doria, Adorni, & Sabelli.*

To the seven former wonders——But here comes  
one  
Will cut off the Fooles Character : renowned  
Generall  
Doe us the gratiouſe honour to permit us  
Salute the hand has fav'd our Country.

*Do.* Nobleſt friends,  
I am more victorious in your earely loves,  
Than in the Turkish Conquest ; though I remaine  
A Captive to your kindneſſe, my *Vitelli*,  
The ſolid earth, or a continued Rocke,  
May by ſome ſtrange eruptions of the wind,  
Be rent, and ſo diuided : but true friends  
Are adjuncts moft infeparable : I have  
Still worne thee here *Vitelli*, as a Jewell  
Fit for no other Cabinet : gentlemen  
Your welcome hands me thinks we ſhould em-  
brace,  
So as ſhips grapple in hot fight, nor part,  
Till our affectionate fury has diſcharg'd  
Vollies of joyfull courteſie.

*Ador.* This is fitter ceremony for them then to em-  
brace an enemy, who will not part on termes ſo eaſie :  
these gentlemen know better to cut a Caper, than a  
Cable, or board a Pinck in the Burdells, than a Pin-  
ace at ſea : I marvaile my Lord ſhould know fuch  
Milk-fops.

*Vit.* My Lord,  
You come t' instruct us Courtſhip, as y' ave taught  
Your foes to feare your valour : you appeare  
As if this were your Nuptiall day, on which  
You were to wed bright triumph ; but you can

As well Court peace in silkes, as raging warre  
In burnish'd steele, and touch the ravishing strings  
With as much cunning industry, as if  
*Mars* could like *Orpheus* strike the trembling  
Harp.

Signior *Adorni* welcome home, I hope  
Y' ave made a richer prize, then when my ship  
Struck to your mercy.

*Ador.* Yes, we are very like  
To make good prize indeed, when all the profit  
Goes to the State and heavy-headed Burgers,  
That lye and snort at home, and eate what we  
Sweat bloody drops for.

*Do.* Honest *Adorni*,  
His bluntnesse must excuse him gentlemen ;  
How harsh and rough soe're he seemes, his humour  
Will quickly vary, when I have bin tyr'd  
With toyle of warre ; the obseruations which  
His travailles have afforded him of men,  
Countries, and manners, lively set forth  
By his expresssive action, has begot  
Mirth in my drowsie soule : when y' are acquainted  
With his conceit of carriage ; you'll not affect  
A jovialler Companion,—See the Duke.

*Flourish. Enter Trivulci, Chrifea, Eurione,  
Corimba.*

*Tri.* My noble warrior,  
Peace now lookes lovely on us, since we enjoy  
The author of't in safety : rise my *Doria*,  
Let me embrace thos youthfull limbes which  
cloath  
· Warre in loves livery : thy honour'd father,  
When he return'd laden with Turkish spoyles,  
As trophies of his valour from the slaughter  
Of *Haly Baffa* at *Lepanto*, where  
The Christian name was hazzarded, arriv'd not

More welcome to the State ; beleeve me youth,  
 Hadst thou a mother living, to be proud  
 Of thy Nativity, unlesse she wept  
 For joy to see thee, could no way expresse  
 A more affectionate gladnesse : *Chrisaea,*  
*Eurione* welcome him homē, who cannot  
 Receive an equall grace to the just value  
 Of his deservings.

*Chri.* Your grace prepares us for that,  
 We did intend to ofter.

*Corin.* Yes truely did wee sir, this Generall is ill-bred, I warrant him, to slight a gentlewoman of my demeanor.

*Dor.* My gracious Lord,  
 To tender thanks, where tis a debt, not duty,  
 Befits an equall ; subjects ought to offer,  
 With the sincere devotion that our Priests  
 Doe prayers to Heaven, their hearts as sacrifices  
 To their deserving Princes, whose sole favours  
 Doe as the quickning lustre of the Sunne  
 Cherish inferiour spirits : yours have bin  
 Showr'd downe on me as elementall dew  
 On the parcht earth, which drinks it up, and cannot  
 Give heaven a retribution, yet my duty  
 Shall speak my willing thankfulnesse, and while  
 These armes can weild victorious steele, no danger  
 Shal fright me from that service which I owe  
 My Prince and Country : since men are not borne  
 For themselves onely ; but their life's a debt  
 To th' Common-wealth that bred 'hem.

*Tri.* Gentle warriour,  
 Thy fathers spirit swells thy soule, I reade it  
 In thy submissive loyalty ; lets in,  
 Tis just that those who caus'd the warres to cease,  
 Should have the early fruits of their owne peace.

*Flour.* *Ex. prater Corim. and Eurione.*

*Euri.* *Corimba,*  
 Have you employ'd a serious diligence yet

In giving Lord *Vitelli* secret notice  
Of my affection to him ?

*Corim.* Truely Madam,  
And as I hope to have a husband yet  
Ere I be fifty, I have beene so ta'ne up  
About my new device, I scarce have leisure  
To say my prayers sincerenly : Ladybird  
You looke not sprightly, ravishing, onely this star  
Was not well cut, nor well laid on, it wanted  
A little of my learned art : *Vitelli*  
Doubt him not Madam, he shall love you so :  
Tis pretty neat now ; I would not have a Lady  
That weares a glasie about her, have the least  
Pimple in her countenance discompos'd, it does  
Disgallant a whole beauty.

*Eur.* But *Corimba*  
What's this to me, thou maist as well tell tales  
Of love to one departing life, these toyes  
Relish with me as bitter pills with children,  
Wilt thou effect my businesse ?

*Cor.* I confesse  
I have beene very fortunate in bringing  
Couples together, though I neare could couple  
My selfe with any, your Ladyship could not  
Have chose a better agent.

*Enter Frangipan.*

*Fran.* Save you sweet Lady, save you, Aunt I  
have  
Lost all my mornings exercise at Tennis  
In seeking you, and yet was still in hazzard,  
Whether I should meet you ; I must request a little  
Helpe from your Art good Aunt, a patch, or two,  
To make me appeare more lovely, for my glasie  
Tells me I have a very scury face  
Without some ornament.

*Cori.* Tis a good innocent face, be not ashamed  
on't;  
Ile cut out one instantly ; nay I never  
Goe unprovided of materialls let me see,  
What forme is best for thee ; that somthing time-  
rous

A heart stuck neatly on thy face, will excite  
Thy heart to more audacity, good Madam  
Dost not become him prettily ? Cosen be sure  
You doe commend this fashion to all gentlemen,  
Wert but as common among them as Ladyes,  
My wit would be eternally made famous  
For the invention.

*Fran.* Wilt please you to dispatch Ant, i'me in  
haft,  
I've a whole staple of newes to vent.

*Corin.* Of what troe ?  
I would have my kindred more ridiculous  
To th' world than I am ; Cosen all your newes  
Is stale ; invent me rather some choice story,  
How true or false no matter, and declare it  
For newes, twill please farre better, and endeare  
Your judgement i'th' relation —

*Enter Doria, Chrisea, Sabelli.*

*Fran.* Noble Generall y'are happily encountr'd ;  
Have you seen my Aunt yet Signior, here she is, I  
have

Newes to informe you worth your knowledge.

*Dor.* Keep them  
Good Signior till some other time : *Eurione*  
We must implore your absence, we'd be private.

*Cor.* Why we have beene trusted  
With as good secrets : please your Lordship  
Accept this Crescent, you see my Cosen  
Is in the fashion ; let me lay it on,  
Infooth your face is, for a souldiers,

Too smooth, and polite ; this device will shew  
As't had a skar upon it, which is an honour  
To faces Military.

*Dor.* Good Madam gravity,  
Keep your devices for your Chamber Lords,  
That dance to Ladies shadowes ; pray be gone,  
We need not your society—*Sabelli*

*Exeunt.*

Put to the doore, and then be gone—*Chrisea*

*Exit.*

The modest Turtles which  
In view of other more lascivious Birds  
Exchange their innocent loves in timerous fighes,  
Do when alone most prittily convert  
Their chirps to billing ; and with feather'd armes  
Encompasse mutually their gawdy neckes.

*Chri.* You would inferre that we  
Should in their immitation spend this time  
Intended for a conference which concernes us  
Neerer then Complement.

*Dor.* Why my *Chrisea*,  
We may entwine as freely, since our loves  
Are not at age yet to conceive a finne,  
Thine being new borne, and mine too young to  
speake  
A lawleffe passion, for my services  
Pay me with priceleffe treasure of a kiffe,  
While from the balmy fountaynes of thy lips  
Distils a moisture precious as the Dew,  
The amorous bounty of the morne  
Cafts on the Roses cheeke : what wary distlance  
Do you observe ? speake, and enrich my eares  
With accents more harmonious then the Larks  
When she sings Hymns to Harvest.

*Chri.* Sure my Lord  
Y'ave studied Complement ; I thought the warre  
Had taught men resolution, and not language.

*Dor.* Oh you instruct me justly, I should rather  
 Have tane the modest Priviledge of your lip,  
 And then endeavor'd to repay the grace  
 With my extreamest eloquence.

*Chri.* You mistake me.

*Dor.* Remit my ignorance, and let me read  
 The mystery of thy language in thy lookes,  
 In which are lively Characters of love  
 Writ in the polish'd tablets of thy cheeke :  
 Which seeme to vary colours, like the Clouds  
 When they preface a störme ; and those bright eyes  
 Dart unaccustom'd beames, which shine as anger  
 Flash'd from their fiery motion.

*Chri,* You misconster  
 The intention of my lookes, I am not angry  
 Though much distemper'd.

*Dor.* At what, by whom ?  
 Lives there a creature so extreamly bad  
 Dares dis-compose your patience ? speake, reveale  
 The monster to me ; were he fenc'd with flames,  
 Or lock'd in Bulwarkes of congeited yce :  
 And all the fiends stood Centinels to guard  
 The passage, I would force it to his heart,  
 Through which the mounting violence of my rage  
 Should peirce like lightning.

*Chri.* I beleeve  
 That in some triviall quarrell to redeeme  
 My fame, should scandall touch it, you would fight  
 Perhaps to shew your valour : But I have  
 A taske to enjoyne me, which my feares posseſſe me,  
 You dare not venture to accept.

*Dor.* By truth  
 You wrong my faith and courage to suspect me  
 Of so extreame a Cowardize : have I stood the heat  
 Of Battailles till upon the mountainous piles  
 Of slaughter'd Carcasses, the soules which left em  
 Seem'd to ascend to Heaven : that your fufpition  
 Should taint my honour with this base revolt ?  
 This is not noble in you.

*Chr.* Doe not rage,  
When you shall heare it, you will then confesse  
Your confident error.

*Dor.* My loyalty will not  
Permit that strong rebellion in my breast,  
To doubt the meanest falsehood in a word  
Her voyce can utter, which should charme the  
world  
To a beliefe, some Cherubim has left  
Its roome in heaven, to carroll to the earth  
Celestiall Anthems, and I now beginne  
To question my owne frailty ; but by all  
Which we call good or holy, be't your will  
I should invade inevitable death,  
In its most ugly horrour, my obedience  
Shall like a carelesse Pilot cast this bark  
On that pale rocke of ruine.

*Chr.* Will you fweare this ?

*Dor.* Yes, invent  
A forme of oath so binding, that no Law  
Or power can dispense with : and ile seal't  
With my best blood : pray Madam tell me what  
The imposition is you judge so easilly,  
Will stagger my just truth, that I may flye  
On Loves light wings to act it.

*Chr.* Heare it then, and doe not,  
As you respect your oath, or love, request  
The cause of what I shall command.

*Dor.* Still Suspitions :  
My honour be my witnesse, which no action  
Shall violate, I will not.

*Chr.* Enough, that vow  
Cannot but be materiall, receive it,  
I must no longer love you.

*Dor.* That's no command : what did you say  
*Chrifea?*

*Chr.* I must no longer love you, and command  
you,  
Leave your affection to me.

*Dor.* Y'are very pleasant Lady.

*Chri.* You'll finde me very serious : nay more,  
I love another, and I doe enjoyne you,  
Since tis a man you may o're-rule, to affist me  
In my obtaining him, without whose love  
I'me resolute to perish.

*Dor.* Sure I dreame,  
Or some strange fuddaine death has chang'd his  
frame  
To immortality ; for were I flesh  
And shold heare this, certaine my violent rage  
Would pull me to some desperate act beyond  
The reach of fury ; these are words would infect  
Rose-colour'd patience ; Cleere and lovely front  
With loathsome leprosie, change flames to teares  
And with unusuall harshnesse of the sound  
Deafen the genius of the world.

*Chri.* Where's now  
The strength of soule you boasted, does the noyse  
Of the death speaking Cannon, not affright  
Your fetled resolution, and the voyce  
Of a weak woman shake your youthfull blood  
Into an ague : since you so ill beare this  
When you shall heare the man, whose love has  
stolne  
Your interest, you will rage more than unlimited  
fire,  
In populous Cities.

*Dor.* Sure tis she who speaks :  
I doe enjoy yet found untainted fence,  
Each faculty does with a peacefull harmony retaine  
Its proper Organ ; yet she did rehearse  
She must no longer love me : oh that word  
Transformes the soule of quiet into rage,  
Above distracted madnes : madam tell me,  
What place is this ? for you have led me  
Into a subtle Labyrinth, where I never  
Shall have fruition of my former freedome,  
But like an humble anchorite, that digs

With his owne nayles his grave, must live confin'd  
To the sad maze for ever.

*Chri.* Sir you cannot  
By most submisse and continued prayers  
Reclaime my affection, which stands fixt as Fate  
Vpon your friend *Vitelli*.

*Dor.* My friend *Vitelli*?

*Chri.* Sir, I [do] not use  
To jest my life away : *Vitelli* is  
The person, to obtaine whose pretious love  
I doe conjure you by all tyes of honour  
To employ your utmost diligence.

*Dor.* Can I bee  
So tame o'th' fuddaine ? has the feeble spirit  
Of some degenerate Coward frighted hence  
My resolution, which has given a Law  
To fate it selfe, that I must now become  
The stale to my owne ruine : oh *Chrifea*,  
Who wert so good that vertue would have figh'd  
At the unwelcome spectacle : had you  
Appeard but woman in a paſſion,  
Though of the flightest conſequence : oh doe not  
Abjure that Saint-like temper, it will be  
A change hereafter, burdenous to your foule :  
A finne to one, who all his life-time bleſſed  
With peace of conſcience, at his dying minute  
Falls into mortall enmyt with heaven,  
And perishes eternally.

*Chr.* My will  
Guides my determination, and you must  
In honour act your promise.

*Dor.* Yes, I will,  
Since you can urge it tho, but two  
Things pretious to me, and one cruell word  
Rob me of both ; my friend and her, *Chrifea*  
I have not left another figh to move,  
Nor teare to beg your pitty.

*Chri.* They are but vaine,  
You may as easily thinke to kiffe the starres,

'Cause they shine on you, as recall my vowes,  
 Which I will urge no further ; but wish you  
 Regard your honour : But farewell, I must  
 Be cruell e're to my owne love unjust.

*Ex.*

*Dor.* She's gone ; what vapour, which the flattering Sunne  
 Attract's to heaven, as to create a starre,  
 And throw it a fading meteor to the earth,  
 Has falne like me : I am not yet growne ripe  
 For perfect sorrow, but as a bubling brooke,  
 That sports and curles within its flowry Bankes,  
 Till the vast sea devoure it, onely falling  
 Into the abyffe of mischiefe ; passions surround  
 My intellectuall powers, only my heart,  
 Like to a rocky Island does advance  
 Above the fomy violence of the flood,  
 Its unmov'd head : love be my carefull guide,  
 Who failes 'gainst danger both of wind and tide.

*Ex.*

Actus Secundus.

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*Enter Bonivet, Lactantio, and Adorni.*

*Bon.* **T**Hanks good *Adorni*, we are much en-deer'd  
To your relation ; this rich corsick wine  
Erected our dull spirits, and you shall  
Command our service in as high and jocund  
A Nature.

*Ador.* Sir, although I am  
One that affects not the nice phrase of Court,  
Having bin nurs'd in warre, yet I can frame  
My selfe to imitation of what humour  
Shall there, or any where appeare to be  
Worthy my laughter.

*Bon.* You have explain'd your knowledge, we who  
breath  
Onely the aire of *Genoa*, and ne're tasted  
Forraigne behaviour, covet nothing more  
Than certaine knowledge of it, as 'tis proper to  
Complexions intellectuall to delight  
In novelties ; your Spaniard as you say,  
Is of a staid, serious, and haughty garbe :  
Acts all his words with shrugs and gestures, kiffes  
His hand away in kindnesse ; is of dyet  
Sparing, will pick his teeth as formally

After an Orenge, or a clove of Garlickie,  
Which is his ordinary morsell, as he'd fed  
On Partridges or Pheasant.

*Ador.* 'Tis his grace  
After his dinner Sir, and to confirme  
Their most officious gravity, a *Castilian*  
Was for some crime in *Paris* to be whipt  
In triumph through the streetes, and being admo-  
nished  
To be more swift of foote, so [to] avoyd  
The dreadfull lash the sooner, in scorne answer'd,  
He rather would be flead alive, than breake  
A Title of his gravity.

*Za.* Much good  
Doe it his patient shoulders : but *Adorni*,  
What thinke you of the *French* ?

*Ador.* Very ayry people, who participate  
More fire than earth ; yet generally good,  
And nobly disposition'd, something inclining

*Ent. Corim.*

To over-weening fancy——This Lady  
Tells my remembrance of a Comick scene,  
I once saw in their Theatre.

*Bon.* Adde it to  
Your former courtesies, and exprefse it.

*Ador.* Your entreaty  
Is a command, if this grave Lady please,  
To act the Lady I must court.

*Cor.* Why doe you thinke I cannot play the  
woman ? I have plaid a womans part about twenty,  
twenty yeares agoe in a Court Masque, and tho I  
say't as well as some o' them, & have bin courted too,  
But it is truth, I have a foolish quality as many more  
women are guilty of besides my selfe, I alwayes love  
them best, which flight me most, and scorne those

that doe court mee : look you Signior, if't be a lovers part you are to act :

Take a black spot or two, I can furnish you.

'Twill make your face more amorous, and appeare More gracious in your Mistris eyes.

*Ador.* Stand faire Lady.

*Cor.* Tis your part to stand faire sir ; doubt not my carriage—

O most rare man : sincerely, I shall love the *French*

The better while I live for this.

*Ador. Acts furiously.*

Nay pray sir ; gentlemen entreat the man To pacifie his wrath, tell him Ile love him, Rather than see him rage thus.

*Bon.* He would have just reasoun to be mad indeed then, but now The Mood is alter'd.

*Ador. acts ut antea.*

*Cor.* Excellently ravishing : this is of force To make the hardest hearted Lady love him : Can I intreat him but to teach my Cosen Some of his French, he will for ever be engal-lanted.

*Enter Eurione, and Frangipan.*

*Bon.* Beautious Cosen, Y'ave mist the quaintest sport ; honest *Adorni* You would endear this Lady to you, would you Please to react it.

*Ador.* Nay, if you make me common once, fare-well ; I am not for your company.

*Cor.* Pray fir a word or two ; here is a gentleman,  
Nay Nephew, though I say't a toward young man,  
Vouchsafe him your acquaintance.

*Ador.* Will he fight, is he fouldier ?

*Cor.* No truely fir, nor shall hee bee :  
I would be loath to have my onely Cosen  
Heated about the heart with lead ; he's dull  
Enough already : *Frangipan* come hither,  
This gentleman will for my sake teach thee *French*.

*Ador.* For your sake reverent Madam I shall  
do't :  
Sir 'please you walke, we will conferre on rudi-  
ments.

*Cor.* Come with him Coz : Sir, and you have  
occasion  
To use me in a pleasure, stands within  
The ability of my performance, pray command,  
You shall not be deny'd.

*Ador.* Come Signiors, will you walke ?      *Ex.*

*Eur.* Cosen *Bonivet*,  
I should be glad, after some minutes, to  
Enjoy your Company.

*Bon.* I shall attend your Ladyship.

*Eur.* *Corimba* what answer from *Vitelli* ? do I  
live ?  
Or in the killing rigour of his scorne  
Must I dye wretched.

*Cor.* Sincerely Madam,  
You are too timorous of your owne deserts,  
Or else you durst not doubt, that he, or any  
You being so neat your selfe, and dreft as neatly  
As any Lady in the Court, should hazzard  
The reputation of his wit, by flighting  
Such an accomplish'd beauty.

*Eur.* You talke,  
And play the cunning flatterer, to excuse  
Your negligence ; but know affections fire  
Once kindled by desire, and blowne by thought

Into a heat, expires a thousand fighes,  
Which as loves smoak, like incense flies to heaven,  
While the light fire with nimble wings doe soare  
To its owne spheare, true lovers hearts who  
cherish

The flame, till they to ashes burne, and perish.

*Cor.* Why Ladybird,  
Are you so paffionate, the gentleman  
Is a kind gentleman, has all that may  
Set forth a man ; for when I told him how  
Like a hurt Deare you wounded were with love,  
Life how he leapt for joy, as if the selfe  
Same arrow which struck you, had glanc'd on  
him,  
And as a token of his love, hee fent you  
A bleeding heart in a Cornelion, which  
Besrew me, most unfortunately I lost.

*Enter Chrisea.*

*Chri.* *Cornuba* fee  
If Generall *Doria* be within—*Eurione*

*Ex. Cor.*

I have beene seeking thee, how dost thou sister ?  
I must demand a question that concernes  
The safetey of your fame.

*Eur.* I rest  
Secure in mine owne innocence, and no malice  
Can forge an accusation which can blemish  
My meanest thought with scandall.

*Chri.* I beleeve,  
But know *Eurione* I am enform'd  
You doe affect *Vitelli*, and conjure you  
By the deare memory of our mother, tell me  
If the report be certaine.

*Eur.* Should I deny't,  
My love would muster thousand blushes up

To invade my guilty Cheeks, I must confesse  
I love him so, as modesty and truth  
Afford me warrant.

*Chri.* Tis ill done,  
And childishly so easily to impart  
The treasure of your liberty, to keeping  
Of a neglected stranger.

*Eur.* His owne worth  
Deserves as noble knowledge here, as many  
Who borrow titular glory from the dust  
Of their forgotten Ancestours.

*Chri.* You defend him  
Like a brave Championesse, as if you meant  
T' ingage your dearest pawne of life and honour  
In his protection.

*Eur.* Say I did, the even't,  
Though most strict justice would allow as law-  
full  
My honourable purpose.

*Chri.* Fie, you are  
Lead on too wildly by your fancy sister,  
It ill befits the greatnesse of your blood  
To seeke to mixe its pure streme with a poore  
Regardleffe River.

*Eur.* He appeares to me  
Broad in his owne dimensions as the sea,  
Cleare as a brooke, whose Christall lips salute  
Onely the freshest medowes: such a Creature  
That were some cunning painter to expresse  
An Angell cloath'd in humane shape, he might  
From his derive a patterne.

*Chri.* But suppose my fancy  
Should over-sway my judgement, to affect  
*Vitelli*; sure your manners would allow me,  
By willing resignation of your choyce,  
The priviledge of my birth-right.

*Eur.* Would you urge  
A claime so justly mine, because you view'd  
The light two yeares before me: no *Chrisea*.

Love's an unlimited passion, that admits  
No Ceremonious difference : this prerogative  
Should Queenes endevour, their unvalued Dow-  
ries

Are not of worth to purchase : and tho here  
As it befits me, I observe the distance  
Due to your birth ; yet in loves sacred Court,  
My place is high as yours, and there we may  
Walke hand in hand together.

*Chri.* Doe not flatter  
Your fancy with this vaine conceite : *Vitelli*  
Must be no more yours ; Know I have en-  
joyn'd  
The Generall *Doria* to engage his friend,  
To imbrace my proffer'd love to him.

*Eur.* You strive,  
Because you thinke my young and timerous flame  
Unapt t'incounter brave *Vitellis* heat ;  
As cunning Nurses doe with foward Babes,  
Fright them into an appetite : but fay  
All this were reall, thinke you *Doria* would  
So easilly be perswaded to renownce  
His proper interest, and inthrall his friend  
To an unwilling slavery ?

*Chri.* By truth  
He has impawn'd his honour to endeavor  
What I have utter'd, gentle Girle consider  
Loves unrefisted violence, and beleeve  
I would not have a rivall to usurpe  
A corner in the Kingdome of that heart  
Of which i'm soveraigne, so farewell deere soule,  
Consider ont.

*Exit.*

*Eur.* Consider ont, why this is such an act,  
Done by a cruell sister, as shall taint  
That holy name with such a blacke reproach  
That should a thousand pious Virgins weepe,  
Rivers of teares, their most immaculate drops

Would not wash white her scandall hapleffe girle,  
 That in loves tempests wert but lately tost ;  
 And now recoverd in a calme art lost.

*Enter Lactantia.*

*Lac<sup>t</sup>.* Madam the Duke intreats your instant company.

*Eur.* I shall attend his pleasure, good *Lactantio.*

If you can meet my Cosen *Bonivet*,  
 Desire him visite me.

*Exit.*

*Enter Doria.*

*Dor.* Noble *Lactantio*,  
 Y'are happily encounterd, I expected  
 My friend *Vitelli* here, this is his hour,  
 I wonder he is tardie.

*Lac<sup>t</sup>.* Your Lordship  
 Prevents the time with speed, or else *Vitelli*  
 Has some impediment by businesse, sir,

*Enter Vitelli.*

Y'are opportunely welcome to deliver  
 Your owne excuse, I was about to stretch  
 My invention for you.

*Vil.* Noble friend,  
 Your enemy had you ingagd your faith  
 To any personall meeting could expect you,  
 But at the minute, reason may dispense  
 Twixt us with such a nicety.

*Lac<sup>t</sup>.* Now your friends  
 Arriv'd, I must beg licence to depart,  
 I have some vrgent businesse.

*Dor.* Good *Lactantio* your time's your owne.  
*Laſt.* I kiffe your Lordships hand.

*Exit.*

*Vit.* Friend now wee're alone, I safely may  
Speake my conjecture, I have read your looks,  
And in their pensive Characters finde secret,  
Strange signes of sadnesse.

*Dor.* I am sad indeed,  
When my remembrance tells me I have only  
Verball assurance of your friendship.

*Vit.* Try me  
By any attempt, whose danger does surpassee  
The common path of daring, beet to snatch,  
A firy boult when it from heaven comes wrap'd  
In sheetes of lightning to afford true prooфе  
Of my affection, and with eager haste,  
Such as inspires a husband to enjoy  
His spouses virgine purity, ile runne  
To the atchievement.

*Dor.* These are but protests  
Such as be got by ceremony, proceed  
Not from intensive zeale, yet ile experience  
The truth of your affection by a triall  
Of such a noble and effective weight,  
Which if you bravely doe support, you'l stand  
As some tall Pyramid or Columne for  
Your owne memoriall to tell after-times  
The power and strength of friendship.

*Vit.* Pray nam't,  
And 'twere a burden would orepreffe the earth,  
Ile be the able *Atlas* to sustaine  
Heaven on my willing shoulders.

*Dor.* There is a Lady  
In whose each eye fits fire, & on her cheek  
Victorious beauty captive to her smiles  
Dances in lovely triumph, one who emblemes  
The glory of mortality in each looke,  
Contracts the orbe of lustre to a glance,

Brandishes beames, whose purity dispence,  
 Light more immaculate then the gorgeous east,  
 Weares when the prostrate *Indian* does adore  
 Its rising brightnesse, yet this wonder doates  
 On you with such inevitable fervor  
 That I in pitty of her sufferings come  
 T'intreate you love her.

*Vit.* Whom my Lord ?

*Dor.* You cannot

Appeare so strangely stupid not to acknowledge  
 Creations miracle, when I point out  
 Her very figure you as well may feeme,  
 When the bleake North does with congealing blasts  
 Binde up the crizzling streames in chaines of Ise,  
 Not to know Winter, ignorant of her  
 Who had she liv'd when superstitious mists  
 Shaded the world, more groves of gammes had  
 fam'd,  
 To her Divinest beauty, then to all  
 The race of idle deities ; tis *Chrisea*,  
 The faire *Chrisea* loves you.

*Vit.* The faire *Chrisea*, your Lordship's merry.

*Dor.* Doe you flight  
 What I deliver'd with that unfain'd zeale,  
 That penitents doe their prayers, I fay, *Chrisea*  
 A name whose every accent sweetlier sounds,  
 Then quires of *Syrens* fence bereaving notes,  
*Chrisea* loves you infinitely above  
 Expressive termes ; the Orators should strive  
 To paint her masculine fancy, and i'me bound  
 To pay this homage to her best content,  
 As to conjure you, by all sacred ties  
 Of honour, amity, and what else may serve  
 To inforce the indeerement with your noblest love  
 To gratifie her fancy.

*Vit.* No perfwasion

Can make me thinke this serious, good my Lord,  
 Doe not you love *Chrisea* ?

*Dor.* More then a babe

Does the kind Nurse that feedes it with her blood,

More then I doe my quiet, or the joyes  
Of ought but blest eternity ; *Vitelli*,  
No other argument can more convince,  
Suspition should it doubt my love : but this  
That to procure her peace, I have confinde  
The greatnesse of my paffion, and give up  
To thy dispose, a Iewell which the earth  
And sea should both unlade their hidden wealth,  
Should not have purchas'd from me.

*Vit.* These are arts to pufle my conceits, my Lord

I'me no such punie in the Craft of love,  
That I want braine to finde this drift, which is  
As obvious to me as your eyes : now you  
Are home return'd victorious, big with praise,  
Laden with titles that fit heavier on you  
Then your steele Corflet in hot fight contemne,  
Affinity with me, to whom y'ave heard  
The faire *Eurione* has resign'd her heart,  
And by this circumvention should I court  
At your entreaties her fister might pretend  
A righteous cause, for an unjust revolt,  
For were it otherwife, your temper could not  
Brooke your *Chriseas* change without a start  
Into a sudden fury.

*Dor.* This language  
I understand not, by my honour friend,  
This iteration may disperse your doubt,  
I doe agen conjure you by all right  
Friendship can challenge in you to affect  
*Chrisea* nobly ; shall I have your answer ?

*Vit.* Nay then my Lord,  
Since you are serious, freely I resume  
The priviledge of my liberty ; this body  
I doe confesse your captive, and t'has sufferd  
An honourable thraldome, but my minde  
Remaines unbounded as the ayre or fire,

Are from their spheares, *Eurione* has wone  
 By the subduing valor of her lookes,  
 That in a field of fancy, not of blood,  
 And ere another shall usurpe her right,  
 In the defence ile dye her willing martyr.

*Dor.* I judg'd what serious value  
 Your boasted friendship would retaine ith test,  
 Draw your bright weapon, know that I doe hate  
 Basenesse as much as cowardice : and since  
 You flight a Lady for whose pricelesse love  
 Kings might resigne their Crownes, and humbly fall  
 Like bare foot pilgrimes prostrate at the shrine  
 Of such a beauty, sure if in this sword,  
 Death has a residence your life shall finde it,  
 And not survive to boast the cruell triumph  
 Of her refusall.

*Vit.* Sir your sword  
 Cannot excite a trembling in my blood,  
 The glistring splendour cherishes my fight,  
 Like polish'd Chrystall, henceforth name of friend  
 Be no more known betwixt us then a dreame.  
 Thus I expire it, I may now regaine  
 My honour forfeited in the Generall cause  
 By this particular Combate.

*Dor.* Should my fate  
 Yield me the conquest, yet his death would not  
 Beget *Chriseas* quiet, but augment  
 Her grieve and hate against me : stay, forbeare,  
 I feele a palsie in my veines, and cannot  
 Manage this little instrument of death,  
 My finews put on infancy agen  
 And have no vigor in them, oh *Vitelli*,  
 I am so full of passion, I have scarce  
 Roome left to vent a sigh, a mine of lead  
 Hangs on my heart, and with its weight has crack'd  
 The feeble courage.

*Vit.* Noble soule, his grieve  
 Workes more compunction in me, than his sword  
 Did suddaine anger ; could I grant what you

Request, no brand-markt slave should fulfill  
Sooner his Masters most severe command,  
Than I would yours ; but this abrogates all lawes  
Of friendships duty : if y'ave vowd this act,  
You may as safely disanull the Oath,  
As should you in some desperate fury sweare  
To be your fathers murtherer.

*Dor.* Bid me first renounce  
My allegiance to my honour, sell my faith  
I owe my Native Country : my *Vitelli*  
I feele an humour in my braine, which strives  
For passage at mine eyes, wilt see me weepe ?  
Consider friend, denying my request  
Thou dost tndoe a Lady, who may claime  
The priviledge of all hearts : depriv'ft the world  
Of such a jemme, that should old nature strive  
To frame her second, it would quite exhaust  
Her glorious treasury, then in her ruine :  
My life and honour's forfeited, think this,  
And were thy heart obdurate as a rocke  
Of Adamant, this thought joyn'd with my teares  
Would sooner than the blood of Goats dissolve it  
To gentle softnesse.

*Vit.* Your eyes are moving advocates, they speake  
Such an o're-flowing Language, that my love  
Then in its owne cause a most partiall Judge,  
Allowes my mercy freedome to pronounce  
Sentence on your fide : you have prevail'd,  
Ile serve *Chrifea*, as her pleasure shall  
Dispose my will and fortune.

*Dor.* I beginne  
To feele my spirits quicken, and my blood  
Receive its noble temper ; deare *Vitelli*,  
Thy noblenesse does prompt thee to an act  
Shall write thy friendship higher in the lifts  
Of sacred amity, than mothers loves.  
Goe to my best *Chrifea*, she expects  
To know by thee the truth of my successe,  
Tell her I am more happy in her bliffe,

Than if I had enjoy'd her constant love :  
 So leave me love, I may perhaps transgresse  
 Man-hood agen, and shouldest thou see me weepe  
 Twice, thou wouldst judge my former flood of  
 teares  
 A feigned passion.

*Vit.* Your Genius guard you ; thus I apply  
 Balme to his wounds, while I doe bleeding dye.

*Ex.*

*Enter Bonivet.*

*Bon.* Noble Generall,  
 I come to gratulate the happy choyse  
 Y'ave made in faire *Chrifea*; she's a Lady,  
 That though she were a stranger to my blood,  
 My judgement would allow as rich a vertue  
 As ever glorifi'd the sexe.

*Dor.* 'Twould be  
 A sacrilegious error not to admit  
 Your Character for truth, but in our loves  
 A thoufand hidden causes doe produce  
 Alternate changes, my returne has fetled  
 My thoughts on new resolues, and I must suite  
 My affections to them.

*Bon.* How ? perhaps because  
 You are return'd triumphant with your bayes,  
 Growing upon your brow, you doe reject  
 The love before you fu'd for, tis not noble  
 So to abafe a Lady, whose bright fame,  
 Although untainted as a Christall rocke,  
 Must pafle a popular censure, if you, who  
 Did with such earnestnesse pretend her match  
 Should on the fuddaine scorne it.

*Dor.* I'me not bound  
 To give you reafons why ; but know my mind,  
 Which your contesting cannot alter's fixt  
 On what I have related.

*Bon.* I must then tell you  
You doe defame the opinion of that worth  
The world does credit in you : this affront,  
Should all her other friends fit idle gazers  
On her disgrace, should stirre me to attempt  
An ample satisfaction from your heart,  
Though you had multitudes of greater glories  
Heap'd on your head, or were defenc'd with legions  
To affright me from the adventure.

*Dor.* Sir, your courage  
Is juster than your quarrell, doe you think  
I weare a fword onely for ornament ;  
And though our yeares declare us equalls, yet  
My education was i'th' trade of warre.  
Tis my profession to infranchise foules  
From prisons of their flesh, and would be loath  
Cause you have interest in *Chriseas* blood,  
Your passion should betray you to the fury  
Of my incensed wrath.

*Bon.* All discourse  
Is tedious to me, sure the world's abus'd  
With report of your valour, men who commit  
Affronts they dare not answer, use excuse  
In moderation of them, I expected  
I should have met an adverfary of you,  
Of temper hot as lightning, and as bold  
As Lyons vext with hunger, and I finde you  
A tame degenerate Coward.

*Dor.* All respect  
Of love and pitty hence : Beare up, my steele

*fight.*

Has prickt your breast ; I would not have you dye  
*Chriseas* Martyr.

*Bon.* I've puld untimely ruine on mee, I'me  
hurt,  
I feare to mortall danger : Noble Generall,  
See me conducted to *Lactantios* house,

There I shall get a Surgeon.

*Dor.* Noble young man,  
Muster thy strongest spirits up : I am one  
Of Fortunes pastimes ; yesterday return'd,  
Advanc'd to heaven by the peoples breath,  
To day hurl'd downe into the abyse.of death.

*Ex.*

Actus Tertius.

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*Enter Chrisea, and Corimba.*

*Chr.* Come none yet from the Generall?  
*Cor.* No infooth Madam: I protest your  
sister

If shee continue in these fuddaine fits,  
Will so undoe her face, that all my art  
Can never rectifi't; shee weepes, as if  
Shee might as easilly be supply'd with eyes  
As with new dressings, ile be sworne, I tooke  
As hearty paines to cut a handsome heart;  
And though I fay't it was a pretty one  
As e're was made of Taffaty, to grace her Cheek,  
And never trust me if I lye to you,  
Her teares has wash'd her heart away.

*Chr.* Th' art still in these  
Impertinent discourses: what's the cause  
My sister is so prodigall of her grieve,  
To let thee see her vent it?

*Cor.* Why Madam, I have feene a Lady weepe,  
Besidess your sister, and have wept my selfe too,  
I never shall forget the time; I could  
Een cry agen to thinke on't; twas at the death  
Of your fine little Iewell: never Lady  
Nurst such a dainty puppy, but hee's gone,

And farewell he ; I will not give a rush  
 For any woman cannot use her eyes  
 With as much liberty as her tongue, these fooles,  
 These loving Ideots men for three forc'd drops  
 Will mollifie like wax, and be made apt  
 For any impression.

*Enter Vitelli.*

*Chr.* *Vitelli* you are wellcome, I suppose  
 Your businesse has been urgent, we expected  
 Your prefence sooner, howsoever now  
 Tis grateful hither.

*Cor.* My young Lady shall  
 Have notice of's arrivall, perhaps his sight  
 Will cheere her drooping spirits.

*Ex.*

*Vit.* Madam, my friend  
 The Generall, does by me tender his best  
 And truest service to you, he has sent me  
 Prompt, to fulfill the nicest poynt of duty  
 Your pleasure castes upou me.

*Chri.* Sir, the Generall is  
 So just in his proceeding, I must ever  
 Esteeme him truely Noble, though I should  
 Banish him my affection.

*Vit.* I could wish  
 The sweetnesse of your vertue would vouchsafe  
 To lay a reclamation of your love :  
 Had you but feene with what ambitious haste,  
 With what extreame perswasions he endeavour'd  
 The satisfaction of your will, you could not  
 Fancy a change from one so worthy.

*Chri.* No ? not to enjoy your selfe ?

*Vit.* Me Madam ;  
 No equall eye can parallell my poore  
 Regardlesse merit, with the glorious worth

Which does as farre transcend mine in desert,  
As't does in eminence of fortune.

*Chri.* Sir your mostesty  
Extenuates your owne worthinesse, to bestow  
A large addition on your friends, my judgement

Has ballanc'd both, and has concluded which  
Ought to be held most noble, I doe honour  
True constancy in men, pray tell me sir,  
For it concernes me neerely, did you ever  
Fervently love my fister ?

*Vit.* To include,  
(All strength of humane zeale) as *Doria* does  
Adore your excellent beauty, with a heat  
Holy as soules in deepest fancy  
Their sainted fellowes.

*Chri.* And can you extinguish  
So great a flame so easily, can entreates,  
So soone subdue your temper ? if your truth  
Be of this wavering quality, how shall I  
Receive assurance of it ?

*Vit.* The vow  
I made, my friend secures it, thinke not Madam  
That both my parents with perswasive prayers,  
Could have enforc'd me violate my faith  
To faire *Eurione*, but when my friend,  
My honor'd friend to whom I owe my life,  
As tenant to his bounty, did in teares,  
A souldiers teares whose every drop prevailes  
More then a captive princesse, plead the losse  
Of his owne life, my gratitude did vanquish  
Passion, and forc'd me tear even from my soule  
*Euriones* affection.

*Chri.* You are iust  
In your determination.

*Enter Eurione.*

*Vit.* Bleffe me friendship,  
 And with thy white wings overshade my heart,  
 Or here descends a Saint will dispossesse thee  
 Of the accustom'd shrine, a barke enclos'd,  
 Twixt two encountering tides is not more tost  
 Then I twixt striving passions, while a friend,  
 I cannot be a lover.

*Eur.* *Vitelli*  
 Am I in your opinion lost ? my sister  
 Relates so sad a wonder, that if truth,  
 I am undone for ever.

*Vit.* Harke she speakes too,  
 A tempting language ; such was our first mothers  
 voyce,  
 While she was innocent, deere Ladies would  
 I could divide my selfe, for being one,  
 I cannot on the Theater of my minde,  
 Act both a friend and lover, that two names  
 Of so intire affinity should occasion  
 So manifest a diffension, in a soule  
 That would be true yet is inforc'd, though loath,  
 To forfeit one, or to be false to both.

*Chri.* My expectation did not  
 [Pre]sage this softnesse in you, I had thought  
 You had come furnish'd with a full reslove  
 To act your friends request. . .

*Vit.* Yet I must needs  
 Speake in a cause so moving ; Madam thinke  
 How much more noble tis in you to save,  
 Then to destroy ; behold three bleeding hearts  
 Imploring pitty from you, mine, your sisters,  
 And your adorer *Dorias*, which one word  
 Of yours would ransome from approaching death,  
 Oh be not sparing of that breath, 'twill found  
 In the just eares of heaven more sweet then  
 prayers

Offerd by Cloyster'd virgins, oh resume  
Your native charity, and fulfill my suite,  
And in requitall of that sacred grant,  
Time shall depend like summer on your brow,  
And your whole life be one continued youth.  
Such were the springs in Paradise, and when  
You passe to be a sharer in heavens bliffe,  
Virgins and innocent lovers spoteleffe teares,  
Hardned to pearle by the stronge heate of fighes,  
Shall be your monument.

*Chri.* This whole discourse  
Should you enlarge it to a volumne, cannot  
Alter my meanest thought, I only wish you  
As you are noble to respect your honour:  
That's all my answser.

*Exit.*

*Eur.* But doe you meane  
*Vitelli,* to performe what *Doria* has enjoyn'd you.

*Vii.* I shall melt  
Into a willing pitty, if the flame  
Of friendship did not with its effectuall heat,  
Dry up loves moysture: deere Madam he  
That has commanded me this deathfull taske  
Claimes such a lawfull Interest in my life,  
That spight of my affection, I must yield  
To his resistleffe will: yet I will love you  
So far as honour gives me warrant, and  
Wish you the best of women, the best joyes  
Happineffe can impart to you farewell,  
'Tis a befitting gratitude to give  
That life a being; by whose guift I live.

*Exit.*

*Eur.* Sorrowes flow high; griefe unto griefe suc-  
ceed,  
Wounds are more dangerous which doe inward bleed.

*Exit.*

*Enter Adorni, and Frangipan.*

*Ador.* Come let not this dishearten you, your French  
 Is a thing easily gotten, and when you have it,  
 As hard to shake it off, runnes in your blood,  
 As 'twere your mother language, but there is  
 An observation farre more necessary  
 To improve your judgement, still let your discourse  
 Concerne the forraigne businesse, and be sure  
 To applaud out-landish fashions, and take off  
 From what is native, as if you shall heare  
 Any commend the *Genoa* garbe, or state  
 Answer in *France*, in *Naples*, or in *Spaine*,  
 No matter where, so it be farre enough  
 From hence, they are more politicke, more witty ;  
 Every way more deserving, this will speake  
 Infinitely judicious, when to praise  
 Our owne domesticke manners, is as if  
 A man should praze himselfe, and be accounted  
 A selfe conceited gul for 't.

*Fran.* Very good,  
 This is a rule Ile put in practice I,  
 Thanks to my inclination can speake ill  
 Of my owne father signior.

*Ador.* Signior ;  
 Still you betray your ignorance, why signior,  
 Mounfieur has a farre more airy and harmonious  
 sound,  
 There's musicke in the letters, still polish your  
 phrase  
 With particles of langaage, which till I've taught  
 you  
 Perfectly answer with a shrug or nod,  
 Or any forraigne gesture, such a silence  
 Will be esteem'd for gravity, and become you better

Then volubility of speech does some  
Whose tongues are gentlemen ushers to their wits,  
Still going before it, and when you doe speake,  
Let it not be, as now you doe of newes  
Abroach ten daies before, and quite drunke of ;  
But what affaires are acted then in *France*,  
What in the English Court and still remember  
T' extoll 'hem infinitely, and if any anfwer  
Comparatively with our owne a serious laughter,  
Will not become you ill, to shew how much  
You flight their error.

*Frah.* Better still, I like  
This flighting humour infinitely, but how  
If they should talke of our *Italian* dames,  
I'me bound to be their Champion, for I've heard  
Strangers report, and I hold their opinion,  
Our Curtezans excell all other Nations.

*Ador.* That shew'd those strangers judgements, and  
confirm'd  
What I would have you understand in *England*,  
Where publicke houfes are prohibited :  
There are the bravest Laffes, here some *Donfella*  
That was the last night yours, shall for two Ducats  
To morrow be a Saylers : when there  
Your Citizens wives, girles fresh as ayre, and whol-  
some

As pretious *Candy* wives will meet their Gamsters,  
At a convenient Taverne, rob their husbands  
Without a scruple, and supply their friends,  
While the good innocent Cuckolds pay a price  
For their owne horning.

*Fran.* Excellent, excellent  
*Genoa*, I doe defie thy costive girles,  
Ile henceforth love these English sparkes of gold :  
Would I were there : it should goe hard but I  
Would graft on their Aldermens Coxecombs.

*Ador.* Th' are grafted fast already fir, besides  
They ne're get Children, but their Hench boyes on  
Their Sergeants wives, after some City feast,

When the provoking spirit of White broath, and  
Custard enflames their blood : what *Genoa Bur-*  
*geffe*

Dares be so boldly courag'd : Ile tell you,  
And marke how base and sordid it appeares  
To have our Cellers stuff'd with Corfike Wines :  
Yet for this foolish sinne cald Temperance,  
Tantalize, and nere taste it, while your *Dutch*,  
Your noble-spirited *German* will carouse  
A score of Goblets to provoke this stomacke  
To's bread and Butter ; doe nothing but by dif-  
creete

Counsell of drinke, not match his daughter to  
A man he fees not drunke first, scarce fay's prayers  
Till he be full of liquor, which enflames  
The minde to generous actions.

*Fran.* I commend 'hem,  
And will be glad to imitate.

*Ador.* Your *English*  
Deserves as large applause, who to say truth,  
Out-drinks the *Dutch*, as is the common proverb,  
The Dutch-man drinks his buttons off, the *English*  
Doublet and all away, then marke their carriage :  
If two fall out and strike, and be by company  
Parted ; though one weares in his face the badge  
Of his dishonour, which excites him to  
As brave revenge, not daunts him : for he'll straight  
Call out his enemy to a single Duell,  
Scorning his life ; contemning the Lands lawes,  
Which doe forbid those combats, and ne're part  
Till one be slaine, and the survivour sure  
As death to hang for 't.

*Fran.* Excellent, I love a man that cares not for  
hanging.

*Ador.* Then to their further glory, which takes  
off  
All the disgrace of halter, they are fure  
Ere they be scarce cold, to be Chronicled  
In excellent new Ballads, which being fung

Ith' streets 'mong boyes and girles, Colliers, and Carmen,  
Are bought as great memorials of their fames,  
Which to perpetuate, they are commonly stuck up  
With as great triumph in the tipling houfes,  
As they were scutchions.

*Fran.* Better : yet I'de give  
A hundred Ducats to be chronicled  
In such a historicall Canto : who composes them ?

*Ador.* They have their speciall Poets for that purpose

Such as still drinke small Beere, and so are apt  
To spit out lamentable stiffe : then for their cloathes

They hate a cut domefticke, but imitate  
The French precisely gallants, weare their long  
Parisian Breeches, with five poynts at knees,  
Whose tagges concurring with their harmonious  
spurres

Afford rare musicke ; then have they Doublets  
So short ith' waste, they feeme as 'twere begot  
Vpon their Doublets by their Cloakes, which to fave  
stiffe

Are but a yeares growth longer than their skirts ;  
And all this magazine of device is furnish'd  
By your French Tayler : what Country man is  
yours ?

*Fran.* A Genoefe.

*Ador.* Fie, change him Monsieur,  
You have heard a Spanish Count's  
Lately arriv'd, without any advice, how'd you salute  
him ?

*Fran.* Thus fir, after our Italian fashion.

*Ador.* That's too vulgar ;  
You must accost him thus with a state face,  
As if your beard had beene turn'd up that morning  
By advice of all the Barbers in the City,  
As you had drest you in a Looking-glaſſe,  
Proper to none but the Dukes privy Counsellors :

Pronounce your *Befolas manos* with a grace,  
 As if you were the sonne and heire, apparant  
 To th' Adelantado of *Castile*.

*Enter Laclantio.*

*Lac.* *Adorni*, this is no time for mirth,  
 Your noble General has slain Lord *Bonivet*,  
 And for the act is a prisoner.

*Ador.* Dares the state bereave him of his liberty,  
 Without whose most unweareid valour,  
 It had beene betray'd to slavery?

*Lac.* You know Lord *Bonivets* alliance to the Duke.

*Ador.* Allyance, death a thousand *Bonivets*,  
 And Dukes and States, weigh not  
 A scruple poy'sd with his full worth.

*Lac.* He's to be tryed ith' morning without noyse,  
 For fear of mutiny, and tis suppos'd  
 That if some virgin Lady doe not claime  
 Her priviledge, and begge his life, he'll suffer.

*Fran.* If the maid that begges must be above fifteene,  
 Tis shrewdly doubted where she'll be found.

*Ador.* All our virgins ought, if they have vertue,  
 to contend  
 For such a glory ; but if all be fqueamish,  
 May all the daughters of our best Burgers runne  
 Away with souldiers, and become Sutlers wives.

*Fran.* Elfe when they have a masculine itch  
 upon 'hem,  
 And would taste man, may they be wed to Eunuchs.

*Lac.* Or elfe be forc'd to keepe their maiden-heads  
 Till they be musty and not marchantable  
 To younger brothers with additions of wealthy portions.

*Fran.* May they when they would strive to mend their faces to allure a fuitor, want paint and blacke-patches to stoppe the Crannies of their Cheekes ; may their Pomatum bee mixt with Hogs-grease, that they may be abominable even in the nose of Lewes : may the green-sicknesse raigne in their bloods, and may they be debar'd of oate-meale, and clay-wall, and fall to Rats-bane.

*Ador.* May their parents turne most precise pre-cifians,  
And forbide em the sight of plays, or may they never

Dance unlesse be to a bag-pipe or a Crowd.

*Fran.* May they want filkes for gownes, and if they seeke Supply from *Naples*, let them insteed be furnish'd With their Disease ; may Millaners breake and Feather men,

May my Aunt dye suddenly, and bury with her All her devises ; may there be no Earth Found to make looking-glasses, that they come to use of Kitchen-wenches, dresse their heads by the reflexion of a Paile of water, or in a pewter chamber vessell.

*Ador.* *Lactantio*, let's go wayte the Generall In prison, 'twould be base should we neglect him In his extremity.

*Exeunt.*

Enter *Doria*, and *Sabelli*.

*Dor.* Is it confirm'd hee's dead ?

*Sab.* The generall voyce Divulges so ith' City ; and the Duke Has sent an order which commands you forth I'th morning to your tryall : my deare Lord I hope the service you have done the State

Abroad, will here at home secure your life  
From the Lawes violent Rigour.

*Dor.* Yes poore boy,  
If thou mightst be thy masters judge *Sabelli*,  
I am at the period of my fate, and would not  
Have thee a sad spectator of my fall  
At home, whom thou so oft haft waited on  
Abroad in triumph, therefore gentle heart,  
Returne home to thy mother, and survive  
To serve a happier master.

*Sab.* My noble Lord  
Have I so often followed you, when death  
Attended on each step, when every hurt  
That scar'd your noble body, I have wish'd  
Imprinted on my flesh, and with my teares,  
Even drown'd the purple deluge of your wounds,  
That as my truth and loyalties reward,  
I must be turn'd away unkindly, when  
My last and justest service might declare  
My zeale to you my master ; Oh sir,  
You more afflict my innocence with these words,  
Then if sad truth had brought me the report  
Of my owne mothers funerall, and should you  
Enforce me leave you, the succeding care,  
And labour of my life should be consum'd  
In a perpetuall weeping.

*Dor.* Good *Sabelli*  
Cease this afflictung language, lest I grow  
As childish as thy selfe, and burst into teares  
To beare thee company.

*Sab.* Besides my Lord,  
When your blest soule does on immortall wings  
Arrive at heaven who shall attend it there,  
The Saints and Angels will esteeme themselves  
Worthy to be your fellowes, while my poore  
And humble Ghost would reckon it a blisse  
To waite on you, as carefully as when  
We liv'd on earth together, deere my Lord,  
Let me dy with you, death and I have beene

Play-fellowes these many yeares, he'l only bring me  
To rest as pleasing to my fense as sleepe  
After a tedious watching

*Dor.* This kinde passion  
Shakes my most masculine temper ; heere *Sabelli*  
Accept this Gold, these Iewells, as the last  
Gift of thy perishing Lord, thou shalt accept 'em ;  
If the law doe not passe upon my life,  
Ile send for thee agen, I prethee leave me,  
I would be private, and thy presence does  
Disturbe my serious thoughts.

*Sab.* Nay then tis time  
For me the wretched'ſt soule on earth to take  
My lasting farewell of you ; all the joyes  
Of bleſt eternity in ſtead of my  
Desertleſſe ſervice ; waite upon your life ;  
You ne're ſhall view your boy agen, for ſure  
If your light be extinguiſh'd, my weake flame  
Cannot continue burning ; give me licence  
To kiffe your honour'd hand, and to let fall  
A parting drop or two : and now farewell  
For ever noble Lord : that greefe appears moſt true,  
That's writ in blood as well as teares. [Adieu.]

*Exit.*

*Dor.* Poore boy ; I have not yet deferv'd ſo ill  
But my untimely fate excites ſome pity.

*Enter Adorni, Laſtantio, and Frangipan.*

*Adorni* thou art come to ſee the laſt  
And greatest of thy Generalls actions,  
Which like a cunning and well manag'd ſcene,  
Not till the period will diſclose the plot  
Of my lifes Tragedy.

*Ador.* Your life my Lord ;  
Death dare not venture to invade it, and  
The ſtate as foone will call the enemy

Into their City, as pretend the least  
 Danger to their supporting Columne, which  
 Should it but shake, it might dismantle their  
 Best Bulwarkes, burne their Navy, and surrender  
 Themselfes to present slavery.

*Lac*t*.* The Duke,  
 Though he did hold his kinsman deere, will value  
 The publique good before his private ruine.

*Fran.* Let the Duke doe his worst, and all the  
 state  
 Stand on *Pontilios*, I can fetch a Lady  
 Of excellent quality shall beg your Lordship,  
 Ile make her doo't.

*Ador.* Nay, should all fayle you sir,  
 Should the States angers, the Dukes partiall sen-  
 tence,  
 The peoples malice bandy to surprize  
 The treasure of your life ; know you have friends  
 Would fixe the heads of halfe the Towne upon  
 Their Lances poynts, ere your least drop of blood  
 Should be diminished.

*Dor.* Gentlemen, I thank you  
 For all your loves ; but know the shape of Death  
 Is not so ugly to me, but if justice  
 Contract me to the monster, I shall court it  
 As 'twere some beauteous Bride ; and thank the Axe  
 That like the Priest, unites me to a Spouse  
 That will not play the woman and revolt.  
 Come Gentlemen let's in, brave foules doe hate,  
 To be dejected by the force of Fate.

Actus Quartus.

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*Enter Chrisea, Eurione, Vitelli.*

*Chri.* I Am very sorry that his Fate has cast  
Such a disastrous chance upon his Life :  
But his desert will blunt the edge of justice,  
And mitigate the severity, which would  
Question the safety of his Life.

*Vit.* Tis in your mercy  
To dash the Lawes proceedings, gracious Madam,  
The Priviledge that our Country gives your Sexe,  
Can hope for no imployment, that will rayse  
A greater Trophee to your fame, then this  
To ransome him, whose constancy and truth  
Exceeds all boast of Stories.

*Eur.* You'l redeeme  
The opinion of your piety, which scandall,  
Should you omit this just and righteous taske,  
Would blast with blackest infamy.

*Chri.* You plead  
In your owne cause, not his, t'does not beseem  
My modesty to interpose my selfe  
In that which nought concernes me.

*Vit.* Is his life  
Of such a triviall value in your thoughts,  
That you esteem't not worthy your intreats,  
To fav't from killing, ruine, sacred love,

Thou miracle of Nature, and delight  
 Of all who know humanity with some  
 Religious arrow pierce her flinty breast,  
 Some pious shaft, on whose subduing point  
 Pitty and amorous softnesse gently fit,  
 Reduce this straying Schismatique to the first  
 Vnspotted purenesse of her constant faith,  
 And we will pay a thoufand clouds of fighes,  
 As incense to thy Altars.

*Eur.* Offer up  
 Miriads of virgin vowes and with our teares  
 Extinguish all irregular flames that taint  
 Thy holy fires.

*Vit.* Oh Madam  
 What heart so barbarous, does not at loves  
 smiles  
 Put off the native fiercenesse, beasts with beasts,  
 Observe his lawes ; the Lyon whose big breath  
 Affrights the trembling people of the woods,  
 Were his hoarfe accents to be understood,  
 They would appeare to be affections groves.  
 The Nightingale that on lascivious wings  
 Flies from the poplar to the trembling Beech,  
 And on each bough chaunts melancholy notes  
 Had he a humane utterance, would proclaime  
 Thoſe penſive straines, the muſicke of his love ;  
 And can yee be leſſe ſenſible of a power,  
 That is ſo great, then creatures bard the uſe  
 Of ſacred reaſon, and diſcourse ?

*Chri.* This is to ſeeke to pacifie the ſea  
 With teares ; *Vitelli* you miſtake, your friend  
 Values not at ſo deere a rate his life,  
 As to receive a being tributary  
 To my unask'd entreats, beſides I ſhould  
 Envy the ſtates prerogative, whose mercy  
 Is in remitting his unwilling fault,  
 But a becomming thankefulneſſe, and ſhould  
 Be cenzur'd, as too partiall to my owne  
 Affection ſhould I ſtrive to be his wife,

Whose hand is purpled with the innocent blood  
Of my late murdered kinsman.

*Eur.* This concernes  
As neerely me as you, but by just truth,  
Though I'me ingag'd by my particular choyce  
To my *Vitelli*, were I sure the Generall  
Would not contemne my offer, and so blast  
My future fame, I would disclaime all tyes  
Of former fancy; and implore his safetey.

*Vit.* This is a sweetnesse  
Which I cold wish you, what has begot  
This strange desertion of your faith, true love,  
Being once receiv'd into the soule converts  
Into its very essence, does become  
The same eternall substance, can you then  
Teare from the tender Cabinet of your brest  
Your very heart? this cruelty exceeds  
The depth of tyranny; but rest assur'd,  
If *Doria* suffer by your proud contempt,  
I'me freed then from my promise, and will  
sooner

Warne an empoysoning *Scorpion* in my armes,  
Then yeeld my meanest thought to you who are  
By evident circumstance, though not by fact,  
My friend the Generalls murdresse.

*Chri.* This *Vitelli*  
Is not a meanes to winne me to your friend,  
But more avert me from him, it inflames  
My minde with holier fire to Court your love;  
There is an evident beauty in your soule,  
Equall to truest honor, I will cherish  
This bravery in you, if your masculine fancy  
Engages you thus constant, to a friend,  
You'l be a loyall husband, fare you well,  
Be still thus noble, and be happy.

*Exit.*

*Eur.* My sister  
Has lost all fence of pitty; deere *Vitelli*,  
There is no wretchednesse oppressing earth

Equall to ours, love thus the Tyrant playes,  
Afflicting innocence by unusuall waies.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Doria as a prisoner, Lactantio, Adorni,  
to them Trivulci, Senators, Officers,  
and Attendants.*

*Akor.* Tis like your selfe my noble Lord, but  
fee  
The Duke apporoaching, let your soule expect  
An equall hearing.

*Offic.* Beare backe, roome for the Duke and  
Senate, what  
Cuckold's that would have his Coxcombe broake?  
beare backe there.

*Triv.* Cite in the prisoner.

*Offic.* Hee's here my Lord.

*Tri.* I'me sorry that  
You for whose head the grattitude of the state  
Decreed triumphant bayes should be enforc'd  
To stand here a delinquent, but the law  
Must as a st freight and uncorrupted streame  
Enjoy its usuall freedome, my Lords,  
We are not met here to arraigne a prisoner,  
Whose guilt does speake his sentence, but a  
person

Not only most unblemish'd in his fame,  
But one to whom our country owes its life:  
Who with his dearest blood has balm'd the  
wounds

Which mischieves giant-off-springs, rayfing warre,  
Cut in the bosome of the common-wealth.

*Sen.* We all confess his worth.

*Tri.* Yet this brave youth,  
This patron of our liberty, all his honours,  
His blood and titles, his defensives bayes

(That would have guarded his victorious front  
From blasts of lightning) laid aside, is come  
To tender satisfaction to the lawes,  
He has offended, and since judgement is  
The immediate act of Justice, it must passe  
To save impartiall censure on his life,  
As on the wretched'st malefactors ; for  
His former merits cannot take away  
His present fault ; for who ere is guilty  
Vnides the priviledge of his desert and blood ;  
For if great men offending passe unpunish'd,  
The common people who doe use to sinne,  
By their example fearelesse, will runne on  
Into licencious wickednesse.

*Sen.* Your grace delivers  
The intention of the state, no oracle  
Could have explain'd the meaning of our lawes  
With more integrity.

*Tri.* Yet my good Lords,  
I speake not this, that my particular vengeance,  
Because he slew my kinsman, has the leaft  
Ayme at his life, which I would strive to cherish  
As my owne health, or as the Cities peace,  
For Magistrates ought to behold their crimes,  
Not the committers, as the Poets faine  
Of wise *Tyrefias*, to want eyes, and only  
Have seeing understanding, for a judge  
Is guilty of the fault he does not punish,  
And if rewards and triumphs doe adorne  
Deserts tis just that shame and punishments  
Should wait on vices, and how much more  
worthy

The person is that acts them, so farre sharper  
Should be the penalty inflicted on him.

*Sen.* And when the law  
Vses its utmost rigor, tis the crime,  
And not the man it sentences.

*Tri.* In briefe We must  
Decline his merit, and forget

Our gratitude, and since his hand is dipt  
In civill blood, his life must expiat what  
His arme unfortunately committed.

*Dor.* My Lords,  
The services which I have done the state,  
Were but my naturall duty, I atchiev'd 'em  
To gaine me fame and glory, and you safety, and  
Should esteeme them Traytors to honour, if their inter-  
cession

Be a protection for my crimes, I meane not  
To plead to fave a dis-respected life,  
Cause I feare death, a sea incompaſſ'd rocke  
Is not leſſe timerous of the assaulting waves,  
Then I of the grimme monster, but there is  
A fame surviving which I would be loath,  
Should tell posterity I tamely yeelded  
My head to th' Axe, and dyed because my ſpirit  
Durſt not desire to live to quit this ſcandall,  
I hope what I can urge in my defence  
Shall have indifferent hearing.

*Tri.* Speake freely.

*Dor.* Know then my intention  
Is not by excuse to extenuate my fact,  
Which I confeſſe moſt horrid, and would pay  
A thouſand showers of ſorrow, could this hand  
Reedifie that goodly frame of flesh  
Which it demolifht, but my pricelefle fame,  
In whose deere caufe I flew him, will to justice  
Boldly proclaime, I did no more then what  
The truth I owe my reputation tells me,  
Was right in poynt of honour.

*Tri.* But the law  
Does diſallow it as unjust, and that  
Muſt be your judge, and not that idle breath  
Which you abuſively terme honor.

*Dor.* Your lawes cannot without partiality pro-  
nounce  
Judgement againſt me, for they doe acquit  
That man of guilt that to defend his life

Is forc'd to slay his enemy; my act  
Carries the same condition, since my fame,  
Whose safety urg'd me to kill him, is my life,  
My immortall life, as farre transcending this  
As the soule does the body, for the sword,  
Returnes that to its primitive matter dust,  
And there it rests forgotten, but a wound  
Strucke upon reputation, leaves a brand,  
So selfe diffusive is dishonors guilt,  
Even to posterity, and does revive  
After t' has sufferd martyrdome.

*Sen.* Yet this

Cannot excuse your fact, for civill reason  
Allowes a reparation for the losse  
Of fame, but gives no man a lawfull licence  
To snatch the priviledge from the hands of  
justice,  
Which would dispose it equally.

*Dor.* This strictneffe

Destroys all right of manhood, since a coward  
May fearefully relying on this sufferage  
Of Law affront even valor's selfe, consider  
That the most cunning Pilot cannot steere  
Mans brittle vessell 'twixt these dangerous Rocks  
Of law and honor safely, fayle by this,  
And on that suffer shipwracke, for suppose  
I had with patience borne this scandalous  
name  
Of a degenerate coward, I not only  
Had nip'd the budding valor of my youth,  
As with a killing frost, but left a shame  
Inherent to our familly, disgrac'd  
My noble fathers memory, defam'd  
Nay cowarded my Ancestors, whose dust,  
Would 'a broke through the Marbles, to re-  
venge  
To me this fatall infamy.

*Ador.* Well urg'd, and resolutely.

*Dor.* Nay more, your selves

That hate the deed being done, would have detected

The doer worse had it not beene perform'd  
Withdrawne my chardge ith' army ; as from one  
Protested for a coward, I might then  
Have abjur'd the trade of warre, in which I have  
beene nurs'd,

Yet for preserving this unvalued jemme  
Of pretious honour that hangs on my soule,  
Like a well polish'd Iewell in the eare,  
Of the exactest beauty, must I suffer  
The laws sterne rigor.

*Tri.* Sir I should refute

With circumstance your wrong opinion, but in  
briefe,

Religious conscience, utterly disclaims  
An act so barbarous to take man's life,  
Is to destroy Heavens Image, and if those  
Are held as Traytors, and the law inflicts  
Severest tortures on them, who deface  
The stamps of Princes in their coyne, can they  
Appeare, as guiltlesse whose rude hands disgrace  
The great Creators Image, and commit  
Treason 'gainst awfull nature; Oh my Lord  
Collect your ferious temper, and put off  
The overweening fantasies of youth,  
Consider what a vaine deluding breath  
Is reputation, if compar'd with life,  
Thinke that an idle, or detracting word  
May by a faire submision (which our lawes  
Of honor doe require it will enforce)  
Be wash'd away, but the red guilt of blood  
Sticks as a blacke infection to the soule,  
That like an *A*Ethiop cannot be wash'd white,  
Thinke upon this, and know I must with grieve  
Pronounce your fatall sentence.—

*A shout within. Enter Corimba and Frangipan.*

*Fran.* Doe you heare Generall, Ile tell you newes,  
you were in ieopardy to have had your little weafon  
slit ; but I pronounce  
The happy word, be safe ; this peece of beauty  
By my perswasions does intend to take  
The edge of law off, and become your wife,  
True and inseparabla.

*Cor.* With reverence to this presence, my good  
Lords,  
Know that I come not urg'd by heate of youth.

*Fran.* Tis true Ile bear her witnesse.

*Cor.* Or any wanton or unchaſt desire  
To beg this gentleman for my husband, neither  
To raife my ſelfe a fortune by the match,  
But mov'd in charity, and provok'd in minde,  
With pitty to behold a man ſo proper,  
Brought to an end untimely, by a death  
So scandalous to honour as the Axe,  
I come to crave our priviledge, and deſire him  
For my moft lawfull husband.

*Tri.* Gentle mayd  
You piety does prompt you to an act  
That ſhall engage your country to erect .  
A ſtatue to your memory, though I could not  
Dispence with justice, yet ſince there's a meanes  
Without the lawes infringement, to preſerve him,  
I doe rejoyce as much as if my fonne  
Had ſcap'd apparent danger : goe on and proſper  
In your deſigne.

*Dor.* Doe you thinke  
Because I pleaded for my honours life,  
I doate ſo much upon this idle breath,  
As to preſerv't with infamy, diſpoſe  
This womaniſh priviledge to ſubmiſſive ſlaves,

Know that I hate a being that depends  
Upon another's bounty more then death,  
At which my soule does, like an Eagle stretch  
Its silver wings, and ore the monsters head  
Will make flight at heaven ; pray sir proceed  
To judgement suddenly, delay begets  
More tortors in me then your sentence.

*Cor.* What doe you meane sir, pray let me understand you  
Better, looke upon me, I am no woman to be flighted.

*Fra.* She's not ashamed to shew her face, marry her Uncle, that I may call you so.

*Sen.* To wed this figure, is a farre greater punishment then Death.

*Ador.* Nere stand on tearmes, but marry her, and free your selfe, and trust to me, you shall not want a mistresse has better colours in her face.

*Dor.* *Corimba,*  
I'me much engag'd to your officious haste,  
And pay you many thankes, conceive not that  
I doe contemne your person or dislike  
The meannesse of your match, for were your beauty

Created for a miracle, and adorn'd  
With the addition of a fortune ampler,  
Then that perfection, I should crave a licence  
To tell your modesty I am prepar'd  
Rather for death then Nuptials, and no strength  
Of prayers and beauty, shall have power to tempt me

From my fixt resolution.

*Tri.* This is madnesse  
Not courage *Doria.*

*Cor.* Sir I must tell you  
You know not how to use a woman rightly,  
Perhaps tis bashfulnesse, take courage sir,  
I have reserv'd my deere virginity  
This fifty yeares for such a pious purpose,

*The Ladies Priviledge.*      145

And should you flight me now, I should forswear

Good purposes hereafter : gentlemen perfwade him,  
Sure he cannot chuse but melt  
At your entreaties.

*Tri.* Will you then pull your ruine on ; that seeks

Thus easily to flye from you ; Iustice calls  
On me to give your sentence——new interruptions

*Recorders.* Enter Vitelli, and Sabelli, as a Lady.  
Virgins.

It is the voyce of musicke, and presages  
An Omen as harmonious as its notes,  
Approach faire troops of Virgins, here's subiect,  
Fit for your maiden pity.

*Cor.* Tis time for mee to take my farewell, these may bee beauties, perhaps my Lady may bee one, adiew sir ; you may be offer'd worse.

*Ex. Cor. and Fran.*

*Sab.* My honour'd Lord,  
The charity I owe my native country,  
That in the ruine of this brave young man,  
Would suffer infinitly, has forc'd us strive  
With earely zeale first to present our duties  
For his redemption, 'mong ten thousand Virgins  
That would attempt it, and my true affection  
Has wonne this favour from my fellowes, that  
To me they yield their interest, which I claime  
As my desir'd prerogative.

*Tri.* Tis an act  
The State will thanke you for ; unvaile your selfe,  
That we may know to whom we owe our gratitude,

A most excelling beauty, such an eye  
 Would tempt religious coldneffe to a flame,  
 Thaw Ages chilly frost, at such a cheeke  
 The Spring might take a patterne to create,  
 A moft accomplish'd freshnesse ; in her looks,  
 Are modest signes of innocence, such as Saints  
 Weare in their liveliest counterfeits : *Doria*, here  
 A Lady begs you, whom if you refufe,  
 The times would blacke you with the hatefull title  
 Of your owne wilfull murther ; take her to you  
 And live a fortunate husband.

*Dor.* Noble maid,  
 My mifery is fo extreame a finne,  
 It cannot meet your bounty without breach  
 Of vowes ; which should I violate, would pull  
 Eternall torments on me ; keep your beauty  
 For one whose soule, free as the ayre he breaths,  
 Can yield a mutuall fancy to your flame,  
 And not destroy his honour, for your goodnesse  
 Since my expir'd date, cannot yield you thanks  
 Worthy the boundleffe merit of your love,  
 If there can be a gratitude after death  
 Expref'd by prayers, my soule in heaven shall  
 pay it  
 To your kind charity.

*Sab.* Oh my Lord,  
 I did expect this anfwer, my poore worth  
 Cannot deferve your value ; yet there is  
 A constant purity in my thoughts, that intend  
 you  
 So much of Bliffe, that had your safety no  
 Dependance on my fuit, it would be deem'd  
 Moft cruell to contemne me, I have lov'd you  
 These many yeares ; wish'd you as many glories  
 As I have number'd dayes, have vow'd I never  
 Will marry any man, but your bleft felfe my Lord,  
 Should you neglect the justneffe of my request,  
 Besides the danger waiting on your life,  
 A thoufand Virgins, whose unfpotted prayers

Like hosts of guardian Angels, would have borne  
You on their wings to heaven, will for my sake  
Convert their zeale to curses, and in teares  
Of anguish drowne your memory.

*Vit.* Why friend, this is  
Such an o're-weening passion, as does question  
The foundnesse of your judgement, fills the world  
With a conceit you dye ; because your feares  
Dare not accept of life : Besides your Mistris,  
To whom you would so strictly keepe your faith,  
Does so much scorne your constancy, that no  
Entreats could move her pitty undertake  
This honourable imployment.

*Tri.* Doe it with speedy diligence.

*Dor.* Her causelesse frailty  
Shall more confirme my truth :  
My Noble Lord pronounce  
My happy fentence, 'twill be welcome to me  
As charming harmony, and fwell my brest  
With more than humane pleasure.

*Enter Priest & Executioner.*

*Tri.* Are you come ? approach,  
Behold this Executioner, and this Priest,  
This is to wed you to destruction, that  
To this rich Mine of purity : your choyse  
May accept either : if you fixe on this,  
Besides your owne redemption, you enjoy  
A Lady, who may clayme as many hearts  
As she has vertuous thoughts ; but leane to that,  
Your Spring returnes unpittyed, to the rude  
Armes of perpetuall winter, that will freeze you  
To a ne're melting Ificle, be fuddaine,  
And wife in your election.

*Dor.* Tis but vaine :  
A Saint may sooner be o're-come to fell  
His native Piety : come thou grim man,

Thou art to me more lovely then the face of perfect  
Beauty : Do thy office, it will free me  
From these perplexities.

*Sab.* Well my Lord,  
Since I'me unworthy to enjoy in life  
Your faire society, my soule shall haft  
To waite on you to death, there is no blisse  
Without your presence, since you will not have  
Mercy on your owne life, by your example  
Ile be as harsh to mine, Ile goe  
Before you to the other world,  
And be your lov'd Ghosts Harbenger.

*Tri.* Hold, hold the Lady—

*Sab.* Let no hand presume  
To feize me, for the meanest touch that shall  
Endeavour to prevent my will  
Shall urge my speedier ruine : Good my Lord,  
Shall I have answere ? I would fayne be going  
On my long journy.

*Dor.* I'me confounded  
In my imagination, I must yield,  
You have enforc'd a benefit upon me, I  
Can hardly thank you for, yet I will try  
To love you as my wife ; that I were lost  
In Clouds of black forgetfulnesse.

*Tri.* My Lord,  
Your pardon's seal'd as foone as by the Priest  
You are conjoyn'd in marriage : Ile not leave you  
Till't be solemniz'd, Hymen light thy Pine,  
Deaths tapers fade at the cleare flame of thine.

*Exeunt.*

*The end of the fourth Act.*

Actus Quintus.

---

*Enter Trivulci, Doria, Sabelli, Adorni, Priest and Virgins.*

*Tri.* **I**S the Priest prepar'd  
For his Hymne after Nuptialls, and the  
virgins

Ready to gratulate the Bride, and Bridegroomme  
With the appoynted dance ?

*Aar.* The Priest I thinke  
Has the song perfect, but it is a question  
Among the wifest, whether in the City  
There be seven Virgins to be found to furnish  
The dance as't should be ; but you must accept them

*Recorders.*

With all their faults ; this musicke speaks their  
enterance.

*Enter Virgins.*

*Song.*

**T**Riumphe appeare, Hymen invites  
Thee to wait upon this feast,  
Mixe thy joyes with his delights,  
'Tis the Generall is chiefe guest.

*Bid the Drumme not leave to teach,  
The Souldiers fainting heart to beate,  
Nor warres loud musicke Canon cease,  
Breasts with deathfull fire to heate.*

*Thy waving Ensignes in the aire display,  
The Generall lives, tis triumphes Holyday.*

*Come bright vertues that reside  
In heaven, as in your proper spheare,  
Though all contain'd in the faire bride,  
Chasfity doe thou first appear,  
With Temperance and innocent grace,  
Rose-colourd Modesty and truth,  
Dance harmlesse measures in this place,  
With health, and a perpetuall youth:  
And all your Virgin Trophies bring away,  
To grace these Nuptialls, Triumphs Holyday.*

### *A Dance.*

*Tri.* You have our hearty thanks, and we shal  
study

To give you faire requitall ; come my Lord  
Erect your drowfie spirits, let your soule  
Dance ayry measures in your jocund breast ;  
This is a day on which each Bridegroome ought  
To weare no earth about him ; ayre and fire  
Are *Hymens* proper elements, your mirth  
Ought to infuse into your frolickе guests,  
An humour apt for revelling and sport :  
Your disposition is more dull, than if  
You were to be chiefe mourner at a Coarse  
For shame shake off this sadneffe.

*Ador.* It becomes you  
To say truth scurvily, I doe not like it,  
You looke as if yad lost some victorie,

Of which your hope had an assurance : Shall I tell  
your Lordship  
A very pleasant story ?

*Enter Vitelli.*

*Dor.* It must be,  
If it be delightfull to me, a discourse  
Of some quicke meanes to free me from this cruell  
Oppressive weight of flesh, which does entombe  
My martyr'd soule, that like to sulphury fire  
Hid in a Mountains entrayles, strives to burst  
The prison, and flye upwards, it must needs  
Be a sad wedding, when the Bridegroome weares  
His Nuptiall livery on his eyes in teares.

*Vit.* Friend, this is  
A passion too effeminate for a heart  
Endu'd with manly courage ; things past helpe  
Should be past thought, your sadnesse casts a Cloud  
Upon the lustre of this Ladyes looks,  
You make her dimme the brightnesse of her eyes  
With unbecoming teares, if you continue  
This strange distraction.

*Sab.* Alas my Lord,  
Let me participate your cause of sorrow,  
And be a willing partner in your griefe,  
Which like a violent Current that o're-flowes  
The neighbouring fields and medowes in its rage,  
Into two streames divided, smoothly runnes,  
Kissing with calme lips the imprisoning banks,  
Would, though too mighty for you, when my soule  
Should vent a part of it, be milde, and passe  
Away without disturbance of your peace,  
Which to procure I would even burst my heart  
With sighes devoted to your quiet, and  
Become a loving fountaine by my teares  
Shed without intermission.

*Dor.* Gentle Lady,

I am at such an enmity with fate,  
Makes me incapable of ought but grieve,  
But I shall study to declare how much

*Enter Eurione, Chrisea, Corim. Laet. & Bon.*

I am indebted to your care—good heaven  
Send downe some Angell to protect my heart,  
Or my religion will scarce stay my hand,  
For acting wilfull violence on my life,  
I have suckt poyson from her eyes, that will  
Like to juyce of Hemlocke drowne my soule  
In a forgetfull Lethargy, or oppresse  
My temperate faculties with madnesse.

*Tri.* Cosen y'are welcome, know this vertuous  
Lady

Who has redeem'd the Generall.

*Chri.* Sir,  
Ime come to gratulate your beauteous bride,  
And wish you joyes immortall.

*Sab.* I hope Madam,  
My innocence has gi'n you no offence,  
That you refuse me, being a stranger to you,  
The Ceremonious wishes, which pertaine  
To new made Brides, and onely doe conferre them  
Vpon my Lord.

*Chri.* Your happiness already  
Is so superlative, I cannot thinke  
A new addition to it, you enjoy  
The very summe of fortune in your match,  
To such a noble and illustrious husband.  
I can no longer hold my passion in,  
These walls of flesh  
Are not of strength sufficient to contayne  
My big fwolne heart: My Lords behold a creature  
So infinitely wretched, I deserve not  
The meanest shew of pitty, who have, like

A silly merchant, trifled away a jemme,  
The darling of the quarry, lost a love  
By my too foolish nicenesse, to regaine  
Whose forfeiture I would lay downe my life :  
But he is gone for ever, and I left  
A pittious spectacle for the reproach  
And scorne of wiser women.

*Eur.* Is this possible ?  
Was all her passion to *Vitelli* feign'd ?  
My hopes recover life agen.

*Tri.* Why *Chrisea*,  
Whence springs this passionate fury ?

*Chri.* Oh my Lord,  
When you shall heare it, you will sigh for me,  
And shed a charitable teare, at thought  
Of my unkinde disaster : fir my Justice  
Cannot accuse your constancy, which stood  
In the first tryall of your love, as fast  
And spotlesse as an Alablafter rocke,  
That had it but persisted in that height  
Of honourable loyalty, your glory  
Had been advanc'd to heaven, as the fix't starre,  
To guid all lovers through the rough  
Seas of affection.

*Vit.* This taxation  
Cannot be just from you, who did enforce  
The sad revolt upon him.

*Dor.* Is there in heaven  
No friendly boult left that will strike this frame  
Into the center, and set free a wretch  
(So overgrowne with misery) from life,  
That death would be a comfort above health,  
Or any worldly blessing, may time blot  
My name out of his Booke, that such a Prodigy  
May not affright succeffion, nor sticke  
Like an orefspreading Leprosie upon  
The beautious face of manhood.

*Chri.* Oh my Lord,

Each griefe of which y'are sensible, is mine,  
 And not your torment, every figh you breath  
 Is an afflicting motion, expir'd  
 By my vext spirit, and if you could weepe,  
 Each drop would be my blood, who am the spring  
 Of the whole flood of sorrow ; oh forgive  
 The too exceeding honor of my love,  
 I would have had you for your perfect truth  
 So glorious ; your loyalty should not  
 For preseration of your fame, have needed  
 To adopt a statue for its heire, or builded  
 A monumentall pyramid, but love  
 Is oftentimes loves undoing.

*Tri.* This is such  
 A cunning labyrinth of sorrow, that  
 No clew can lead them out of.

*Dor.* It would be  
 A great affront to misery, should there live  
 A person halfe so wretched to out-dare  
 The strength of my affliction, me thinkes  
 Ime like some aged mountaine that has stood  
 In the seas watry bosome, thousand shocks  
 Of threatening tempests, yet by th' flattering waves,  
 That cling and curle about his stony limbes,  
 Is undermind and ruind, I have scap'd  
 Warres killing dangers, and by peacefull love,  
 Suffer a strange subversion, Oh *Chrisea*,  
 While I have reason left that can distinguish  
 Things with a coole and undistracted fence,  
 Let's argue mildly the unhappy cause  
 Of our undoings.

*Eur.* Truely fister,  
 'Twas a suspiciois rashnesse, I could wish  
 You never had attempted.

*Chri.* My Lord,  
 Humane condition alwaies censures things  
 By their event, my aimes have had successe  
 So strangely haplesse, that will blast the truth  
 Of their intentions purity, I never

Harbor'd the least suspicion of your faith,  
Which I did strive to perfect, by the test,  
As richest gold refind, and purg'd from droffe  
Of other baser metals, and besides  
The triall of your constancy, I meant  
To found *Vitellies* depth; upon whose love  
My sister doted, so that I was loath  
To see her cast the treasure of her heart  
Upon a stranger, of whose constancy  
She had too small assurance.

*Tri.* Gentle Cosen,  
Your good intents encounter'd bad successe,  
But I admire, since you must needs have notice  
Of his disaster, that the law would passe  
Upon his life, you did not to prevent  
All other virgin intercessors haste  
To pay the early tribute of your love.

*Chri.* My wretched fate  
With a too quicke prevention has o'rethrowne  
The justnesse of my purpose, I relied  
So much upon his noblenesse, I thought  
The ugly horror of a thousand deaths  
Could not have mov'd his temper, and besides,  
Knowing his mighty courage, I permitted  
The law proceed upon him, that hereafter  
He might be sure no merit can appease  
Offended justice, otherwise I could  
Easilly have stop'd this mischife.

*Enter Bonivet.*

*Tri.* How *Chrifea?* I understand you not.

*Chri.* Lady, to quit all scruple that I doe not  
    wish

Yours and your Lords succeeding happinesse, Ile  
    offer  
Something as an oblation that shall adde  
Peace to your nuptiall garland (see my Lord)

My Cosen *Bonivet* lives.

*Tri.* Lives? *Lactantio* did not you informe us  
That he was dead, and you had caus'd his body  
To be prepar'd for funerall? which occasioned  
The Generalls fuddaine tryall, because our custome  
Does not permit the corpes to be entonib'd,  
Before the murderer have his sentence, sir you shall  
know

What tis to mocke the state thus.

*Lac7.* Good my Lord  
Heare but my just excuse, I am so much  
The faire *Chriseas* beauty's by such ties  
Oblig'd to serve her, that I choose to hazzard  
The anger of the state ere her displeasure,  
And doe submit me to your gracious censure.

*Chri.* I must confirm't,  
Sir it was I who caus'd him to conceale  
My Cosen *Bonivet*, for the causes which  
I did declare before, and now my selfe  
Having receiv'd a satisfying proofe  
Of his affection, came resolv'd to cleare  
These misty errors, but my cruell fate  
Has like a fuddaine storme which has beate downe  
A goodly field of standing Corne even ripe  
For the laborious fickle, crush'd my hopes  
In one sad minute into nothing.

*Sab.* My Lord I owe  
Such an obedient duty to your peace,  
That though my heart does wish to waite on yours  
For ever; since I see betwixt this Lady  
And you such firme apperances of love,  
If the law please to allow it, I resigne  
My interest to her and be fortunate  
To see you two live happy.

*Vit.* Since the marriage  
Has not arriv'd to consummating act,  
I doe beleive this may be done.

*Tri.* Doe not delude  
Your favour with vaine hopes, the law cannot

Dispense with the strict Cannon, tis impossible  
You should be separated.

*Dor.* This happineffe  
Was too extremely good to be confirm'd  
To such a wretch as I am : I am like  
One that did dreame of a huge masse of wealth,  
And catching at it, grasp'd the fleeting ayre,  
And waking grieves at the delusion.

*Sab.* Sir  
Resume your antient quiet, the formall lawe  
Shall not oppose your peace, Ile disanull  
The marriage easily, and most noble Lord  
Pardon your humble servant.

*Dor.* Sure this is  
Some apparition to confirme my faith,  
Speake, art thou my *Sabelli*.

*Vit.* Yes tis he,  
Fate would not suffer two such noble foules  
To be so disunited, gentle boy,  
Thy duty to thy Master will continue,  
Thy name in story, as the great example  
Of loyalty in fervants.

*Sab.* 'Twas the zeale  
I ought in duty to my Masters life,  
Hath put me on the attempt, which if he pardon,  
I'me fully fatisfied.

*Dor.* My joyes  
Does with a fuddain extasie opprefse  
My fraile mortallity, and I should sinke,  
Wert not for my supporters, my *Sabelli*,  
Thou haft restor'd two lovers to their bliffe,  
Whose gratitude shall pay to thy desert  
The tribute of their hearts : Deare Madam, now  
I hope your scrupulous doubts will remaine free  
From any new fufpition.

*Chri.* Since I have scap'd the danger past, be-  
leeve ile avoyd  
The like hereafter ; my Lord please you confirme  
My choyse ; and let my fister be dispos'd  
To good *Vitelli*, he deserves her.

*Tri.* Your wishes are fulfild, Cosen *Bonivet* welcome to life

*Agen*; you and the Generall must be friends.

*Dor.* Your goodnesse will pardon my misfortune ?

*Bon.* And desire to be esteem'd your fervant.

*Enter Frangipan.*

*Fran.* With your leave gentlemen : Madam I have such newes to tell you, as will tickle your understanding, to beleeve the Generall is married ; and more, Signior *Doria*, Lord *Bonivet* lives ; That's lucky newes for you.

*Dor.* He's here, good Signior *Frangipan*.

*Fran.* My newes has ever the worst lucke ; I must resolve to leave it off.

*Ador.* But fir I have some fuddaine newes to tell you :

The thousand Ducats you contracted to pay me,  
When you could understand the French as perfectly  
As my selfe ; by all these Lords indifferent judge-  
ment is

Due on this very minute.

*Fran.* This is newes indeed ; you do not mean to make a gul of me, a figo for a thousand Ducats : as I am a gentleman I know not French for any thing, not for an Affe : good your grace let mee not be abus'd.

*Cor.* 'Twas I my Lord who made the bargaine  
with him,

The mony is not due untill my Cozen  
Have French as perfect as himselfe.

*Dor.* He has, ile beare him witnesse ; for *Adorni*  
Speakes not one true French word.

*Fran.* How not one true French Word ?

*Ador.* No not a word, you must disburse.

*Fran.* Tutor, ile tell you newes,  
You made a foole of mee,  
I could abuse him horribly,

If I durst for feare of beating.

*Ador.* My Lord

If he will undertake warres,

Ile quit my bargayne.

*Fran.* Ile pay it trible first, the name of warre  
Has brought an age on me.

*Tri.* You two agree that : Cozens I rejoyce  
To see this happy period of your loves.  
Let's backe unto the Temple, that the Priest  
May by his sacred power unite your hearts.  
Lead to the Temple.

*Exeunt.*



## The Epilogue.

*Frangipan.*

**G**Entlemen, Ile tell you Newes, the Play is done,  
And he that writ it betwixt hope and Feare  
Stands pensive in the Tyring-house to heare  
Your Censures of his Play: Good Gentlemen  
Let it be kind, or otherwise his Pen  
Will write but dully, for he needs must lacke  
If you disprayset the quickning Spirit of Sacke  
To inflame his Genius, which you'le ever find  
Devoted to you, if your Votes be kind.

*FINIS.*



# P O E M S

[Published 1639]



# POËMS,

BY

HENRY GLAPTHORN.

---

*Sustineamque Comam metuentem frigora Myrtum,  
Atque ita sollicito multus Amante legar.*

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LONDON,

Printed by *Richard Bishop*, for *Daniel Pakeman*; and  
are to be sold at his Shop, at the *Rain-bow*,  
near the Inner Temple Gate.

1639.





TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE,  
*JEROME*, Earle of  
PORTLAND.

My Lord,

**D**edications, from some Writers are meere Customes; from others Complements; but from mee neither: my Muse being yet too young to be authorized by Custome, to intrude upon a Patron, (this being the earliest flight of her ambition:) and my Reason too old to suffer mee to be guilty of Complement to one so furnished with all Reality and Worth as is your Lordship. My motive, Sir, to this audacious error is only the pretence of my respective dutie; and for that cause, will (I hope)

## The Epistle Dedicatore.

*merit an indulgent pardon. What you shall  
here find set down, were the Maiden-Studies  
of a Muse, which aspires to no other Fame  
than your allowance: nor can my selfe  
atchieve a greater quiet to my soule, nor ayme  
a higher glorie, than to see my selfe by your  
free acceptance of this triviall Sacrifice  
rank'd amongst*

*The humbleſt honourers of*

*your Name and Family:*

HENRY GLAPTHORNE.



Vpon the Duke of York his  
Birth-night at Richmond.

To the PRINCE, and the rest of his  
MAIESTIES Children.

**B**Leffings furround this Presence : To begin  
Our votes to You without a praier, were  
fin  
'Gainst our religious loyalty : could our  
care  
And zeal transform our very souls to praier ;  
'Twere a just tribute due to You, who are  
The best of Princes ; each of You a Starre  
That gilds our Brittish Orb with rayes more bright  
Than was in Paradise the worlds first light.  
Hark ! whence this fuddain harmony ! the Spheares  
Strive to divulge their duties ; there appeares  
A generall joy in Heav'n ; this night has hurld,  
In stead of darknesse, gladnesse ore the world ;  
Has calm'd the sea, on which the Tritons play,  
And Syrens sing, for joy ; not to betray.  
But why this triumph ? 'Twas because this night,  
Sweet Prince, Your Birth did beautifie the light ;

Adjudge a second Columne to sustaine  
The glorious building of your Fathers raigne,  
To be our seconde Hope, the cause that we  
Doe pay our vowes to this Solemnitie,  
In wishes, which a Mother might befit,  
Or a full Lover in his zeal of wit.

*May all Your lives be one continued Youth,  
Attended on by health, mirth, beautie, truth.*

*May You live free from dangers, nay from fears,  
And grow in graces as You do in years :  
Shoot up like infant-Cedars, straight and even,  
Till Your brave Heads aspire to neighbour Heaven ;  
While wee, with a most humble flame inspir'd,  
Live to behold Your worth, and to admirèt.*





Entertainment to the *Prince Elector*  
at Mr. *Osbaston's.*

Protect me my best Stars ! A fuddain fear  
 Seifes my faculties ; there's someting here  
 Surely includes divinely now I see  
 A power inferiour scarce to Majestie ;  
 Claimes my Prerogative ; which, sinc to You,  
 To Whom the place is consecrate by vow,  
 I do resign with freedome ; blest Delight  
 For this shall change her Tempe, and invite  
 The jocund Graces hither, to erect  
 Their Pallace here, Mirth being th' Architect :  
 Favonian winds shall with as mild a breath  
 As is expir'd by spotlesse babes in death,  
 Here one continued summer still display,  
 Making this seem a new *Arabia*.  
 But whence affuse I this Prophetick rage ?  
 Rapt with whose sacred furie, I presage  
 This happy Omen ? Tis your smiles inspire  
 (Gracious and Noble) with *Aetheriall fire* .  
 My frosty soule (so as Promethian heat  
 Gave the cold clay warmth, masculine and great).  
 Thus for my selfe. The places Genius now  
 For your Inviter, who by me does vow  
 His heart your humble Sacrifice ; since Heaven

Accepts a graine of Incense, that is given  
With a true zeale, better than pounds of Gumms,  
Or Alters smoking with fat Hecatombs  
From fain'd Devotion : He does hope Your eyes  
Will dart a beame to fire his Sacrifice ;  
Whose quickning lustre, like the Sun may bring  
Upon the place and him, a constant Spring.





To *Lucinda*, upon the first sight  
of her Beautie.

**E**Ncountring her, I thought the morning Star  
Had left the *Nabatheans*, till on her  
My wondring eyes with a more perfect sight  
Gazing, beheld, that *Venus* was but bright,  
Shee glorious. To venture to compare  
Her cheeks to Lillies, Sun-beams to her hair,  
Were to allow her mortall : far from me  
Be so much sin 'gainst beauties Deitie.  
Tell the wild Indian that with prostrate brest  
Adores the Sun-rise in the gorgeous East,  
His labour's lost ; tis needlessse any more  
To fish for Pearle or Diamond on their shore :  
Nor Pearls, nor Diamonds, Rubies, or the rest  
Of Metaphors, by which are oft exprest  
Our common beauties, nere can hope to be  
Grac'd, by being us'd as an Hyperbolie  
In her delineation. 'Twas the light  
Of her bright eyes depriv'd mine of the sight  
They once enjoy'd : those fools who sought to make  
A Star of *Berenices* haire, might take  
Hers for a Planet, fix it, and ne're fear  
To dazzle Phœbus lustre in the sphear.



*Lucinda describ'd.*

There's not an eye that views *Lucinda's* face,  
 But wondring at the perfect grace  
 That does within that modell rest,  
 Esteems her most transcendently above  
 The power of Fancie, Art, or Love,  
 Truly to be exprest.

To say each golden tresse that does adorne  
 Her glorious Forehead might bee worne  
 By *Juno* or by beauties Queene,  
 Were to prophane her sacred threds ; for they  
 Could not such precious Locks display  
 On the *Idalian* Greene.

They are then gorgeous ornaments, and bee  
 The upper branches of that tree  
 Which easilly does men intice,  
 Beleeving it the tree of life, to say  
 That they have found a ready way  
 To th' long lost Paradice.

Her Iv'rie Forehead curious Nature hath  
 Created for the milkie path ;  
 By which the covetous gazers seek  
 To find a paflage by her tempting eyes  
 Without their soules intire surprize  
 To th' Apples in her cheek.

Those funs of brightnesse which so farre out-shine  
Humanitie, that their divine  
Lustre perswades us, 'tis no sin  
To think each as a Seraphin does stand  
To guard that blest forbidden Land,  
And the faire fruit within.

Of which her lips like fwelling Grapes appeare,  
The sweetest children of the yeare,  
In Natures crimson liv'rie dreft,  
And by her balmie breath, to ripenesse brought  
They smile, then blush, as if they sought  
Strait softly to be prest.

Then (as two full Pomegranates) lower growes  
Her breasts ; such wouders sure as those  
Will force nice mis-believe to know  
That miracles as yet unceaf'd remaine,  
Since there doth flourish in each veine  
Violets on stalks of Snow.

But these (though true descriptions) are so farr  
Beneath her worth, I have a Warr  
Within my penſive ſoule, to fee  
So many wondrouſ rare Perfections dwell  
In one, yet find no Parallel  
In ſpacious Poetrie.



To *Lucinda* departing.

O H ! stay *Lucinda*, and let flie  
A thousand loves from thy bright eye,  
By which inspir'd I will expresse  
Thy beauties, my faire Shepheardeſſe.

Thy Cheek, loves Tempe, where does grow  
Warめ Roses in soft beds of Snow.  
This wonder (Dearest) is to tell  
The world, th' art Beauties miracle.

The envious Panther, at thy breath,  
Excelling his, does figh to death ;  
And at the lustre of thine eye  
Stars wink, are buried in the Skie.

The amorous Thorne (that does intwine  
In pricklie armes the Eglantine,)  
When thou thy brightneſſe doſt display,  
Blossomes, and makes even Winter May.

The wanton Syrens that beguile  
With flatt'ring accents, at thy ſmile  
Chaunt layes as harmleſſe as the Dove,  
Or Red-breſt when ſhe courts her Love.

But all theſe glories could not fire  
My frostie ſoule with big deſire ;  
The Caufe that made *Lucinda* mine  
Could not be humane, ſhee's divine.



To *Lucinda* weeping.

WEEP not Lucindæ, 'lesse you meane  
 To purge the world from filth, as cleane  
 As are your thoughts : too rich a prize  
 For earth, is such a sacrifice.

Such tears as yours, suppose young May  
 Does to the flowers each morning pay.  
 Such tears must sure all eyes intice  
 To think your Eyes Loves Paradice.

Oh ! they have emptied Natures Store,  
 Made Snow, and emulous Chrystall poore :  
 Your tears may justly claim pretence  
 To be the balme of Innocence.

But least such Gemmes should be confin'd  
 To earth ; behold the amorous wind  
 Catching them, fixes every one  
 In heaven, a Constellation.

But since (my dearest) thou wilt weep,  
 Thy tears for holier uses keep ;  
 When plagues upon the earth are hurld,  
 Let fall one drop, 'twill save the world.



*To Lucinda. A New-years Gift.*

D Raw that black vail, (my fair one) do not shrowd  
 Those eyes in silken mifts, or in a cloud  
 Of waving Curle : be mercifull, appear  
 Like thy bright self, and bring the infant Year  
 Into the world ; old Time her Mother's run  
 Into so dull a Lethargie ; the Sun  
 Is frozen in his couch, and cannot rise  
 Til thaw'd by th' temp'rare vertue of thine eies,  
 Thoſe ſoft and gentle Stars, whose pure and clear  
 Rayes, from the Chaos would have forc'd the year.  
 Up then, Illuſtrious Beautie, gild the day ;  
 Change Januarie into youthfull May.  
 See the cold earth does Winters liv'rie shift,  
 Off'ring the fresh Spring as your New-years Gift ;  
 While the pale Couſlip does the Primrose call  
 To wait on You at this new Festivall,  
 Created by your beams : the Winds invite  
 The nimble winged meſſengers of light,  
 The early Lark, and chirping Thrush to tune  
 Their notes as chearfully, as when in June  
 They softly whisper to the azure ſkie  
 Of a clear day, a beauteous Augurie.  
 How trivial is a Poets force ! I can'  
 Teach birds t'admire you, the rich Ocean  
 Tender its mines of Pearl, the Earth salute  
 Thee with its choiſest metals, flowrs and fruit.  
 Impose a tribute on the Sun, force Stars  
 T'adore you more than erring Mariners  
 Do them in Tempeſts. But when I impart

An off'ring on the Alter of my heart  
To thy commanding Deity, I can pay  
Nought but a wreath of Mirtle or of Bay,  
A Poets humble sacrifice ; unleffe  
My wishes (which realitie exprefse,  
Though unperform'd) may guiltleſly aspire  
To die the Martyrs of your sacred fire.  
May all the happineſſe Heav'n can conferre  
Be acted on your lives faire Theater :  
May you be chaſt as beautifull ; mischance  
Never diſturbe your peace, not in a trance :  
May you live long, and healthfull : may no page  
Of your lives volume, have a line for Age  
To write his gaſtly name in ; but when Time  
Grows old and ſickly on you, and does clime  
With eager feet, your hill of youth, may all  
His ſteps be ſlip'rie, may he backward fall  
Beyond his fates recoverie, till hee bring  
Your fading minutes back into the ſpring  
Of strength and beauty, 'till your cheek does wear  
The fame bright luſtre that adorns this year.

Which I doe wiſh the power of gentle Fate  
May to my Love and yours make fortunate.



To Sleep, upon *Lucinda*  
layd to rest.

H Ence ugly Image of grim death ; how dare  
Thy fawcie boldnesse venture on this faire  
Epitome of heaven ? Dost think that shee  
Participates of fraile mortalitie  
In such a drowsie passion ? (Foole) go stretch  
Thy remisse wings ore some poore aguish wretch,  
Some with'red Hag, whom for her youths loose sin,  
Just heaven has destin'd to be kept within  
The prison of her bed ; from her be gone :  
The light can suffer no privation.  
Wert thou not stupid, deafe ? didst thou not heare  
When shee enrich'd her pillow, how each Spheare  
Striv'd to expresse its dutie, which shoulde bee  
Prime Quirister, in whistling harmonie  
To th' Citizens in Heaven, who at that call  
Invited Saints to chant a Madrigall  
Devoted to her silent rest ? The Ayre  
Grew clear and pleasing, every cloud so fayre ;  
Heav'n's forehead wore no wrinkles, violent floods  
Kiss'd the smooth pebbles, and the woods  
With their Inhabitants conjoyn'd in this,  
T' afford her senses a sweet Exstasis.  
Didst thou not see how every glorious Star  
With their pale Mistris Moon, to wait on her,  
Officiously contracted their dim light  
To Tapers, that at opening of her sight  
They might new gild their Rayes. The Indian which

Had nere been poor, had he not first been rich,  
Dives for unvalued Pearle, and fears to rise  
Till he can borrow lustre from her Eyes  
To polish his dull Merchandise. Oh shee !  
The Abstract of all which wild Poetrie  
In its loose raptures taught, wherein her rest  
Invites the Winds (as when the Phoenix nest  
Is by their flavour fir'd) to mix their breaths  
With hers, so precious, that (abortive Death's  
First child) dull Sleep, like to the Nightman, must  
By stealth injoy it : see the parched Dust  
Turns to *Affyrian* odors, and does skip  
Like an enamor'd Fairie to her Lip,  
Where *Venus* Roses grow. Rest safe, my Sweet,  
Till Sylvans wake, and till the Muses greet  
Thee with their choifest harmonie ; till night  
Acknowledge all that it injoyes of light,  
To thee the Queen of Splendor, whose bright Rayes  
Renewes in mee the more than Halcion dayes  
Love in its Primitive purenesse wore. Then rise,  
And let mine draw new Influence from thine Eyes.



To *Lucinda* : inviting her from  
her Chamber.

**W**HAT means this absence (fair One) ? What sad  
doom  
Impose you on your self, that one poor Room  
Includes your glorious Beautie ? Is the Ayr  
Lesse wholesome here, the Skie lesse clear, lesse fair ?  
Or to inrich that, have you tane a pride  
Meaning t' impov'rish all the Rooms beside ?  
The little Birds that by the Window flie  
Wanting your prefence, straight fall down and die :  
And I, who easly could have fixt your Name  
A Planet in the Firmament of Fame ;  
Who could have dreft your head with Lightning, and  
Hung at each Hair a Starrie Diamond ;  
Who could have sent the cunning Boy to seek  
His last lost Arrow in your polish'd Cheek ;  
Who could have raif'd a Mount upon your Lip,  
On which (like Fairies) all the Loves should trip,  
And added to your Breath such a perfume,  
As ever spending, never should confume :  
Who could have fetcht the Indies (both) to deck  
This well-form'd Iv'rie Pallace of your Neck ;  
And like a cunning Painter, have exprest  
The Worlds perfections in your Globe-like Breſt :  
Praising each Feature so, till every part  
Appear your Face, and Conquer'd every heart.  
I for a wreath of Willow cast away  
My flowry Chaplet of the greener Bay :

Dipping my Pen in tears, what ere it be  
That I would write, it proves an Elegie.  
You must expell this Sadnesse : You, whose light  
Eclipses that pale Virgin of the Night,  
The solitary Moon, whose every Ray  
Transcends the clearest lustre of the Day :  
You in whose eyes fit flames, which can beget  
Themselves a living Spheer in every Wit :  
You that are All Women can be, and more  
Than Youth and Beauty ere discloſ'd before :  
Who doe reſemble Heav'n ſo neer, You'd want  
Onely the Name (not Nature) of a Saint.  
You with a ſmile, can like the West-wind bring  
An unexpelteſt Summer on the Spring ;  
And with one Beame, or comfortable Glance  
Rauish my foule into ſo high a trance,  
That Your bright Head ſhall hit the Stars, and flie  
To Heaven o' th' ſwift wings of my Poesie :  
While I, with equall feare and hope poſſeſt,  
Tender my Heart your Sacrifice, and reſt

*Your Servant.*



To *Lucinda.* He being in Prison.

**R**eceive these lines from your imprison'd Friend,  
As the last Farewell which his hand must  
send  
To greet your Eyes from which mine borrow'd  
light  
To guide my wandring Fancie to the sight  
Of Mortals wonder, in your Essence : Love  
First darted Raies from those bright Stars to move  
Me to admire your Beautie : But agen  
To make old Nature proud, as when my Pen  
Flowd with mellifluous Epithites, to shew  
The glorious shape shee fully did bestow  
On your unequal'd Frame. To say your haire  
Are nets of Gold, whose Tramels might infnare  
The King of gods ; or that your Iv'rie brests  
Are Balls of Camphire, sweeter than the nests  
Where the *Arabian Phenix* does desire  
To burne her selfe ; (as I have done, in fire  
More precious than her Funerall flames) would add  
New griefs, so powerfull as would force mee mad  
(Were I of stronger temper). Since I've lost  
Those rarities bought with the pricelesse Cost  
Of my unvalued Libertie : which now  
I must forgoe for ever ; from the Vow  
You made before the Hierarchie of Heaven  
(Which now I summon witnessies how even  
My Love has been) I free you ; If you heare  
That wilfully I perish'd, one poor teare

(I aske no more) shed, and my Soule, when Death  
Has rob'd my carcasie of its loathed breath,  
Shall pray, that you hereafter may posseſſe  
A Friend that lov'd your Memorie no leſſe  
Than I, who ſpight of Fortune will be bleſt  
That once I was term'd Yours; though now I reſt  
Forfaken.—





To *Lucinda*, revolted from him.

Was I who made thee Beauteous before ;  
 You might have fate regardlesse at your dore,  
 Or past the Streets (as other Women doe)  
 Without salutes, or being congee'd to :  
 When now each eye that fees thee, does admire  
 To view a mortall Creature to aspire  
 So neer the Heav'ly Essence ; every tongue  
 (Since I set out thy Excellence among  
 Men of ingenuous Spirits) strives to raise  
 Thy Name beyond the name of Praife.  
 Nature did well (I must confesse) to frame  
 Thee of her choifest Matter ; for the fame  
 You stand indebted to her, and 'tis fit  
 You should acknowledge thankfulnesse for it.  
 The Orient Pearl new taken from the shell  
 Though 't be as precious in it self, to sell,  
 Cannot so fitting and commodious bee  
 As when 'tis polishd by a Lapidarie.  
 The glistring Diamond shines not to the sight  
 Till by the Mill and Cutter 'tis made bright ;  
 You had as much implicite Beautie (true)  
 As now you have, when first I did you view ;  
 But like a Diamond clouded ore with Drosie,  
 It gave small lustre, cause unknown it was :  
 I polish'd it by giving it a Name ;  
 Beautie's regardlesse, till adorn'd by Fame.  
 But Oh the Faith of Women ! Can there be  
 Evasions found for such Apostacie

As is in you ? what Penance can abridge  
Such an Impietie, such dire Sacrilege  
'Gainst Love's imperiall Godhead, to resist,  
Contemn his Orgies, which by me his Priest  
He did enjoyn, by his own powerfull Name  
You should observe with a religious Flame ?  
And you had vow'd to do it, swore that I  
Should offer up to his great Deitie  
Your heart ; which Love himself would not despise  
(But beg for such a welcome Sacrifice,  
More precious than the sweet *Panchayan* Gumms,  
The Phoenix Pile, or fuming Hecatombs).  
But as a vapour which the flatt'ring Sun  
Attracts to th' pure Ayrs middle Region,  
Under pretence to give a new Starre birth,  
And throwes a fading Meteor to the Earth ;  
So fell your Heart from Love's unspotted Throne  
By your intemp'rate violation  
Of Vows to me ; in which if you perfist,  
Mercie will blot you from her candid List,  
As a prodigious Monster, and firme Truth  
Blush at a perjurie so black in Youth,  
So white as yours : at which the Rose-cheek'd Morne  
Might once have borrow'd lustre, and unshorne  
Apollo brightnesse : Oh ! why should there rest  
Such falsehood, such unkindnesse in a Brest  
Whose superficiall figure does outgoe  
In whitnesse Lillies, or untrodden Snow ?  
Ingratefull Woman ! what unbore offence  
Can give a specious Shadow, a Pretence  
To thy unhallow'd falsehood ? what strange Cause  
Thy fuddain change, this alteration drawes ?  
Perhaps now I have set thy Beautie forth,  
With all the Attributes expressing Worth,  
That when I did but speak of thee, or write  
Fancie and Love daunc'd in each Epithite.  
Some other Suitor, who to please your eares,  
Purchases Raptures, which his dull brain bears  
As Parrots what is taught them, who can speak

But by tradition has surpriz'd your weak  
 Imagination ; and does proudly boast  
 In gaining that which me most labour cost.  
 Or else perhaps your over-curious eye  
 Has spy'd some new unknown deformitie  
 In me ; or 't may be possible you think  
 (Which is most likely) that the Muses drink  
 Is quite exhausted ; that my wearie Quill  
 Wants moisture to explain your Praises still,  
 In that full way, that over-liberall strain  
 My Genius us'd at first your Love to gain.  
 If this be it, I'll fill the *Daphnean* Quire  
 With a fresh Chaunter, snatch bright *Phœbus* Lyre  
 From his swift Fingers, and once more rehearſe  
 Thy worth in such a strange mellifluous Verse,  
 That sweet *Propertius* shall his *Cynthia* tell  
 Thy Praises do her Lustre far excell ;  
*Gabius* shall weep that his *Lycoris* name  
 Is now surpaſſ'd by thy immortall Fame :  
 And (my great Master) *Ovid* shall confesse  
*Corynna's* shining Beauſtie to be leſſe  
 Than thine : since he, for his *Corynna's* sake  
 Did only three Books of Loves choice Art make ;  
 But I for thine will ſuch Conceits devife,  
 That after no Invention ſhall arife.  
 Yeeld then, and let us ryot in the Sweets  
 That in Youth, Love, and glorious Beauty meets ;  
 That all the gods may envie to behold  
 Us over-doe their Fables : *Danae's* Gold  
 Be counted Drosſe, and *Læda's* Swan appear  
 Black as a Crow, when whiter Thou art there.  
 First ſhall my Lips with an unvalued Kiffe  
 Suck from (thoſe fragrant Mountainets of bliffe)  
 Thy melting Lips, more sweetneſſe than the Bees  
 Extract from Roses, or *Hyblaean* Trees,  
 When to the Ayr their tender wings they yeeld,  
 And with their mouths depopulate the field.  
 And then descending to thy Iv'rie Neck  
 My wandring Fancie ſhall my dull Lips check,

That they ore-slipt thy Cheek ; thence they shall flye  
With hot propension to thy flaming Eye ;  
Thence to that smooth, that polish'd plain of Snow,  
On which thy Brefts (those Hils of wonder) grow,  
Where little Cupids daunce, and do contend  
Which of them first shall venture to descend  
To the Elifian Vallies, that doe lie  
'Twixt them and their rich Mine of puritie,  
Thy slender Waste. What does remain below,  
'Tis fit that none but you and I should know,  
When like a ven'rous well refolved man  
I sail through your unfathom'd Ocean  
To Loves safe Harbour ; I'm too modest (Sweet)  
With wide expressions of our Loves to greet  
Thy willing eares, sinc I for my part meane  
In Action, not in Words to be obfoene.





V Nclose those Eye-lids, and out-shine  
     The brightnesse of the breaking day ;  
 The light they cover is divine,  
     Why should it fade so soone away ?  
 Stars vanish so, and day appeares,  
 The Sun's so drown'd i' th' morning's teares.

Oh ! let not sadness cloud this Beautie,  
     Which if you lose you'll nere recover ;  
 It is not Love's, but Sorrowes dutie  
     To die so soon for a dead Lover.  
 Banish, oh ! banish grieve, and then  
 Our Joyes will bring our Hopes agen.



*Epithalamium.*

The Joyes of Youth, and what the Spring  
Of Health, Strength, Happiness can bring,  
Wait upon this Noble paire.  
Lady, may you still be faire  
As earliest Light, and stil enjoy  
Beauty which Age cannot destroy.

May you bee fruitfull as the Day ;  
Never Sigh but when you Pray ;  
Know no Grief, but what may bee  
To temper your Felicitie.

And You my Lord, may truest Fame  
Still attend on your great Name.  
Live both of you espouf'd to Peace,  
And with your years, let Love increase.

Goe late to Heav'n, but comming thither,  
Shine there, two glorious Starres together.



### *Epithalamium.*

THE holy Priest had joyn'd their Hands, and now  
 Night grew propitious to their bridall Vow ;  
 Majestick *Juno*, and young *Hymen* flies  
 To light their Pines at the fair Virgins eyes ;  
 The little Graces amorously did skip  
 With the small *Cupids* from each Lip to Lip ;  
*Venus* her self was present, and untide  
 Her Virgin Zone, when loe on either side  
 Stood as her Hand-maids, Chastitie and Truth,  
 With that immaculate guider of her Youth,  
 Rose-colour'd Modeftie ; these did undrefse  
 The beauteous Maid, who now in readinefse,  
 The nuptiall Tapors waving 'bout her Head,  
 Made poor her Garments and enrich'd her Bed.

While the fresh Bridegroome, like the lusty Spring,  
 Did to the holy Bride-bed with him bring  
 Attending masc'line Vertues ; down he laid  
 His fnowie Limbs by a far whiter Maid.  
 There Kiffes link'd their Minds ; as they imbrace,  
 A Quire of Angels flew about the place,  
 Singing all Bliffe unto this Pair for ever,  
 May they in Love and Union still perfever.



Upon a Gentleman playing  
on the Lute.

**S**Trange miracle ! Who's this that wears  
The native Liv'rie of the Sphears ;  
Transforming all our fense to Ears ?

Surely it cannot bee a fin  
To think there is, or may have bin  
On Earth a heavenly Seraphin.

That granted, certain 't must bee hee ;  
In any else there cannot bee,  
Such a Cœlestiall Harmonie.

VVhen glorious He with swift purfute  
Touch't the soft Cordage of his Lute,  
The Genius of the World was mute.

*Amphion* so his hand let fall,  
When at th' enchantment of his call  
Stones danc'd to build the *Theban* Wall.

*Arion* sure, when he began  
To charme th' attentive Ocean,  
VVas but an Embleme of this Man,

Whose numerous Fingers, whiter farre  
Than *Venus* Swans or *Ermines* are,  
VVag'd with the amorous strings a Warre ;

But such a Warre as did invite  
The Sense of Hearing, and the Sight  
To riot in a full delight.

For as his Touch kept equall pace,  
His looks did move with such a grace ;  
VVe read his Musick in his Face.

Live Noble Youth, let Heav'n infpire  
Thee with its owne eternall Fire,  
VVhile all that hear thee doe admire.





*Love.*

**L**ove's a Child, and ought to be  
Won with smiles : his Deitie  
Is cloath'd in *Panthers* skins which hide  
Those parts which kill, if but esp'y'd ;

Hates Wars, but such as mildly led  
By *Venus* are to pleasures Bed; ;  
There do soft imbraces fight,  
Kisses combate with delight.

Amorous looks, and sighs discover  
What befits a timerous Lover.  
But who ere to Love doth yeld,  
*Mars* his Speer, nor *Pallas* shield

Can save from ruine ; for *Loves* Fire  
Once enkindled by desire,  
Blown by thoughts impetuous blasts,  
It for ever burning lasts.

The Sphear to which it strives to flie  
Are humane hearts that seek to die ;  
These (like fuell) *Loves* fire cherish,  
Till they to ashes burne and perish.



## To a reviv'd Vacation Play.

### *Prologue.*

IT is a dead Vacation ; yet we see  
 (Which glads our souls) a wel-set Company  
 Adorn our Benches : We did scarce expect  
 So full an Audience in this long neglect  
 Of Court and Citie Gentry, that transfer  
 In Terme their Visits to our Theater.  
 The Countrey Gentlemen come but to Town  
 For their own bus'nesse fake, to carry down  
 A fad *Sub-pæna*, or a fearfull Writ  
 For their poor neighbour, not for love of Wit.  
 Their comely Madams too come up to see  
 New Fashions, or to buy some Raritie  
 For their young Son and Heir, and only stay  
 Till by their Sheepshearing they'r call'd away.  
 The Courtiers too are absent, who had wont  
 To buy your Wares on trust, they'r gone to hunt  
 The nimble Buck i'th' Countrey ; and conceive,  
 They give you Int'rest, if you but receive  
 A haunch of Ven'son, or if they supplie  
 Your Wives trim Churching with a Red-Deer Pie.  
 Few Gentlemen are now in Town, but those  
 Who in your Books remain uncroff'd for Clothes,  
 Who, when you ask them money, are so slack  
 To pay 't ; their answer is, What do you lack ?  
 You are our daily and most constand Guests,  
 Whom neither Countrey bus'nesse nor the Gefts  
 Can ravish from the Citie ; tis your care

To keep your Shops, 'leffe when to take the Ayr  
You walke abroad, as you have done to day,  
To bring your Wives and Daughters to a Play.  
How fond are thos men then that think it fit  
T'arraigne the Citie of defect of Wit ?  
When we do know, you love both wit & sport,  
Especially when you've vacation for't.  
And now we hope you've leisure in the Citie  
To give the World cause to suspect you witty.  
We would intreat you then put off awhile  
That formall brow you wear when you beguile  
Young Chapmen with bad Wares ; pray do not look  
On us, as on the Debtors in your Book,  
With a shrewd countenance ; what we act to day  
Was for your sakes ; (some think) a pretty Play ;  
Nay wee our selves almost presume it good  
Because we hope it will be understood  
By your capacious Brains, which know to get  
Wealth, and for that cause we can't doubt your Wit ;  
At least we dare not, since wee'r bound to say  
All those are witty come to see our Play.



For *Ezekiel Fen* at his first Acting  
a Mans Part.

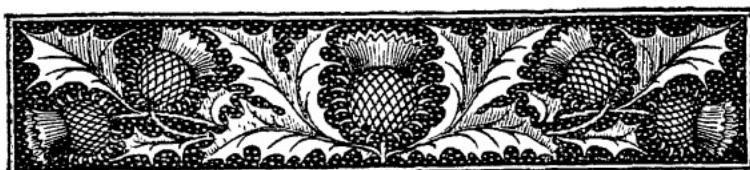
*P R O L O G V E.*

**S**UPPOSE a Merchant when he lanches forth  
An untry'd Vessell, doubtful of its worth,  
Dare not adventure on that infant Peece  
The glorious fetching of a golden Fleece  
From the remot'st Indies. 'Tis so with mee,  
Whose Innocence and timerous Modestie  
Does blush at my own shadow, prone to feare  
Each wave a Billow that arises here ;  
The Company's my Merchant, nor dare they  
Expose my weak frame on so rough a Sea,  
'Lesse you (their skilfull Pilots) please to stear  
By mild direction of your Eye and Ear  
Their new rigg'd Bark. This is their hopes and mine  
Promise my selfe ; if you like North-stars shine,  
I like a daring, and adventrous Man,  
Seeking new paths i' th' angry Ocean,  
In threatning Tempests when the surges rise  
And give salt kisses to the neighb'ring Skies,  
When blusstring *Boreas* with impetuous breath  
Gives the spread Sailes a wound to let in Death,  
Cracks the tall Mast, forcing the Ship (though loth)  
On its carv'd Prow to wear a Crown of froth ;  
Will face all perils boldly, to attain  
Harbour in safety ; then set forth againe.



To Mr. *Charles Cotton.*

**Y**Ou that are he, you that are only he,  
Who are what every noble Soule should be,  
The Abstract of Mankind, who truely can  
Contract Wits spacious Orb into a span ;  
Have stock enough of goodnesse to restore  
What erring Nature ever lost before.  
'Tis not the greatnesse of your Name or Blood  
Makes mee adore you, 'tis because you'r good.  
The Wits *Mæcenas* can without a storme  
Of triviall words, even actuate and inform  
With spritly soule that matter which would lie  
Lost like a lumpe, without a memorie  
Or life t'ingender Wit.. Think there can bee  
In mee (dear Sir) no seeds of Flatterie.  
Rapt with an holy Zeal, I needs must sing  
Your ample Worth ; and when I touch a string  
Of my *Phœbeian* Lyre, chaste *Daphne* shall  
Tender her Bayes to deck the Festivall :  
Devoted to your merit, *Bacchus* then  
Shall with his richeſt Nectar-fwelling Pen  
Indue me with ſuch Wine, as I do think  
At leaſt I wiſh, that you this night may drink ;  
Pure blood of the rich *Spaniſh* Grape which may  
Make you immortall, and atchieve the Bay  
Poets by drinking ayme at. May there bee  
In your carouſes, Wit and Companie  
Fit for your dear enjoying ; may the wealth  
Of noble Wine enrich you with a Health  
Great as my wiſhes ; while forgotten I  
By your Commands, banish'd that Company  
I ſo admire, in my *Archaick* bed  
Sighe like a Girle, whose precious Maidenhead  
Is ravish'd from her ; till your future view  
Banish that pensive ſadneſſe, and renew  
The happineſſe of



### To my Friend, Advice.

IN Natures Annals, Man's the perfect Story,  
 And you of man had been the perfect glory,  
 Had not the error of your giddie youth  
 Sold the Inheritance of that noble truth  
 Entail'd on glorious manhood ; you who are  
 In your desires so much irregular,  
 That your Ambition is to have your May,  
 Your flower of Youth spent in the fruitleffe play  
 Of gaining Female favours. In your blood  
 Live flames, (which felt) yet are not understood ;  
 Continuall *Aetnaes* in your veines nere ceafe  
 To burne, yet doe by burning even increase.  
 What pleasure find you in a foolish Kiffe,  
 Or wanton look, that you do place your blisse,  
 Your minds Elizium in an amorous glance,  
 Or Priapeian night-work, fuch a trance,  
 A dreame, a nothing ? Can that be the summe  
 Of joy that you should aime at ; to become  
 For that an Idiot ; to enthrall your heart  
 To one whom nature made your weaker part,  
 Your houſhold servant ; to adore her haire,  
 Make of her face an Idol, which though faire,  
 Is but a painted Sepulche within  
 Containing rotten ashes of black fin,  
 Reliques of foule corruption ! oh ! reclaime  
 Thoſe fordid thoughts, and let a nobler aime  
 Be your minds Object, be the finall Cause  
 Of your youths Actions ; Let not Cupids Laws

Govern you wholly : For your female Creatures,  
Inchanting Divels clad in humane features,  
Earth's needfull evils ; Women, they whose name  
Divided, does most perfectly proclaime  
Their bad Condition ; they, whose Beauty must  
Be to men fire-brands to enkindle Lust ;  
They are that sweet and undigested meat  
That does confume all thofe that dare to eat  
The too delicious Banquet ; Bels that sings ;  
One tune at Weddings and at Buryings ;  
Serpents whose cunning carriage can intice  
Another Adam out of Paradice.

They'r all extremely good, or fraught with evils :  
If good, best Saints ; if bad, the worst of Divels.  
Pardon mee (sacred Woman-hood) that I  
Who've raif'd your Beautie to a Deitie,  
Who know you good and vertuous, that you can  
Excell in worth as well as feature, Man ;  
That I shoud for the love I bear this Youth,  
Injure the innocence of your matchleffe truth :  
'Tis to reclaime his follies : Let him see  
How bad the worst of your frail Sexe can bee.  
Ile expiate this crime hereafter, pay  
To your chaift thoughts my own yet Virgin Bay ;  
How much am I your friend then, that dare chuse  
To hazzard the fresh honour of my Muse  
For your dear fake ; that with one loving breath  
Giving you life, betray my selfe to death ?  
But this is friendships dutie, and I must  
Rather to you than to my self be just.  
Oh ! Noble Youth, when you with judgment shall  
Read all the Texts not held Canonicall  
In womens Legends, when you shall behold  
In Times successive Volume, what's inrol'd  
Concerning them, how many leaves are spent  
Upon their Lives, and each a Monument  
Speaking the mischieves that of old did rife  
From the intemperate glances of their eyes :  
And when Times Herald Fame shall usher in

Those whom Antiquitie brands for that sin :  
 Bring *Helen* forth and the lascivious Boy  
 Wrapt in the flames (themselves did cause) of  
*Troy* ;

When faire incestuous *Myrrha* you shall see  
 Groaning within the entrails of a Tree ;  
 View wanton *Lais*, who so oft did sell  
 Her beauteous youth, a horrid Fiend in Hell ;  
 Or *Tyrian Dido* with big rage possest,  
 Opening the white dores of her Love-sick brest  
 To let in wilfull death ; Or when you shall  
 Read modern Stories more Authenticall  
 Then Poetry has taught : You shall survey  
 Those Monsters, *Nero* and *Caligula*,  
 Naked and trembling ; then with guilty feare  
 Infatiate *Messalina* shall appear ;  
 Then the two Queens of Naples, who in Name  
 Were parallels as well as in their fame,  
 Whose appetites could never be withstood  
 Till their owne bloods quench'd their own heate of  
 blood.

When you have seen these, turn your eyes and look  
 On that fair paper, that unspotted Book,  
 Where happier Stories flourish : and behold  
 Inscrib'd in Characters of purest Gold  
 Those glorious Names that Fame records to bee  
 Th' immaculate Champions of blest Chaftitie ;  
 Selfe-murdred *Lucrece*, 'twill a Saint expresse,  
 And damne foule Tarquin for's lasciviousnesse.  
 Chaft *Arethusa* there diplayes her Beams,  
 That shine, though drown'd in lustful *Alphey's* streams.  
*Daphne*, that *Phœbus* hot pursuit did shun,  
 Looks brighter now than the lascivious Sun.  
 But vain are all examples : since even we,  
 By Reason's Mistris, wise Philosophie,  
 In Ethicks are instructed that we must  
 Think each thing wicked which we know unjust :  
 And what more dire injustice can there be  
 Than to ourselues a want of Charitie ?

But I'm too serious now, and must excuse  
The over-bold instructions of my Muse :  
I know, dear friend, you're so maturely wise,  
You can see vice, though cloth'd in the disguise  
Of virtue ; and tis needless then to preach  
Doctrine to you, who abler are to teach  
Than be instructed : but my Pen does move  
Only by true directions of my love,  
From which if you receive the least offence,  
I must appeale to th' Court of Innocence  
From your harsh Censure ; since what I have said  
Was not to chide you, Friend, but to perfwade.





Virtue's reward is Honour, and though you  
 Wear no more Titles than descend as due  
 From your brave Ancestors, yet to your Blood  
 Tis an addition (Sir) to be thought Good.  
 You, whose demeanor bears that equall port,  
 You've won the love, not envie of the Court ;  
 That can observe the forme and Laws of State,  
 Gaining mens emulation, not their hate ;  
 That with a nobler temper can decide  
 The diff'rence 'twixt formalitie and pride,  
 That your indifferent actions are as far  
 From b'ing too common, as too singular,  
 So that with glorious freedome you direct  
 Your Will to what it ought most to affect.  
 You in whose Nature (as two Suns) arise  
 The Attributes of Bountefull and Wise.  
 You that are Valiant, (as Fames eldest Child  
 Honour) yet teach even Valour to be mild.  
 You that (in brief) with certain judgment can  
 Be perfect Courtier, yet be perfect Man.  
 'Tis no Poetick flatt'ry that does raiſe  
 My eager Muse up to this height of Praife.  
 Big with an holy and Prophetick rage,  
 In Fame's great Book, I in an ample Page  
 Wil fix the Annals of your Worth, which shall  
 When other Names are held Apocryphall,  
 In that eternall Volume be annext  
 A faire Appendix to that glorious Text.  
 But now (Great Sir) 'tis time that I excuse  
 The too audacious errours of my Muse,

And by my humble wishes strive to win  
A full remission for its daring sin.  
May you enjoy what ever Strength and Health  
Can yeeld of pleasure ; or unbounded Wealth  
Can without riot purchase : may you bee  
As free from others envie, as y' are free  
From its desert : and may (which long since  
You had) grow great i' th' favour of your Prince.  
May not mischance invade your souls blest peace ;  
But may it even as it consumes, increase.  
And when decrepid age shall flowly creep  
Over your Youth, and to eternall Sleep  
Confine your eye-lids ; may you then expire  
Blest as a Martyr that does Court the Fire.

Poets are Prophets Sir, and things indeed  
Happen, when they but wish they may succeed.





Vpon the right Honourable  
 RICHARD Earle of *Portland*  
*late Lord High Treasurer*  
 of ENGLAND.

*ELEGIE.*

H Ow dul's my Faith ! 'twould puzzle my belief  
 That there could be room left on earth for  
 grief,  
 Did not the Worlds great Genius seem to powre  
 Its very eyes out in a plenteous showre,  
 As if it meant its moysture should create  
 Another Deluge, spight of pow'rfull Fate.  
 The Stars are mournfull grown, and do conspire  
 With unaccustom'd tears to quench their fire.  
 The Sun himselfe looks heavie, and puts on  
 (In spight of Light) a sad privation,  
 Since Noble *PORTLAND'S* fall, whose glorious  
 breath  
 Was too too precious to bee stolne by Death.  
 Grim Tyrant hold thy hand, if thou'l't employ  
 Thy unrefisted Shafts, let them destroy  
 Only those petty subjects, whom their Fate  
 Never produc'd for Pillars of the State ;  
 The Kingdome well may spare them, and their losse

Would rather be a blessing than a croffe.  
 There's multitudes that only seek to bee  
 The ends, not raisers of their Familie,  
 To whom thy Darts (their Patrimony spent)  
 Would be most welcome Cures of Discontent.  
 Ambitious Furie ! 'Tis thy only aime  
 To vanquish those fame true born sons of Fame  
 That rise by noble merit ; such was hee  
 To whom my Muse does pay this *Elegie*.  
 He who though plac'd in Honors highest seat  
 Striv'd rather to be counted Good than Great.  
 Into whose Esence (all conceiv'd) that State  
 Did its own soule even transubstantiate :  
 Such were his Counsels, so supremely wise,  
 They alwaies conquerd where they did advise.  
 His Judgement too so strong, and so mature,  
 What ere it promis'd, seem'd to be secure :  
 Yet 'twas with such a moderation mixt,  
 That as on Law, so 'twas on Conscience fixt.  
 All's actions were so even, they nere did force  
 The great mans Envie, nor the poor mans Curse.  
 Such was his Life, so temperate and just,  
 It nere knew Malice, nor commerc'd with Lust.  
 What fuddain trance furrounds me ? what ex-  
 treme  
 Passion confines my senses to a Dreame ?  
 I feele a lazie humour slowly creep  
 Over my Fancie, charming it to sleep,  
 Or rather, that (entranc'd) it might supply  
 Great *PORTLAND'S* Herse with a fit *Elegie*.  
 Now a Poetick furie brings mee on  
 To mount to Fames eternall Mansion,  
 Where upon Marble Seats I did behold  
 Those glorious Worthies so renound of old  
 For prudent Counsels, who were held the health,  
 The very life and foule o' th' Common-wealth.  
 There the mellifluous *Cicero* did shine  
 Bright with the spoiles of vanquish'd *Cataline* ;  
 And as his Motto, ore his Throne there hung,

*Arms yeeld to Arts ; let swords give place to  
th' Tongue.*

There Roman *Fabius* fate, who wrought the fall  
(By his delays) of Punick *Hannibal*.

'Mongst other forraigne Statefmen, there appears  
Those of our Nation, who for many years  
Did in ambiguous Fortunes frown and smile  
Uphold the Fate and Glory of this Isle.

There that great Marshall *Pembroke* did sustaine.  
The reeling Pillars of third *Henries* Raigne,  
And [did] of this our English heaven advance  
Himselfe the *Atlas* 'gainst invading *France*.

(After a numerous Companie) in his Pall,  
And other holy Robes, Fame did install  
Illustrious *Morton*, that compof'd the Jarre  
Betwixt the House of *York* and *Lancaster*.

There *Sackvile*, *Cecill*, *Egerton*, were plac'd,  
On whom as I stood gazing, Fame in haft  
Approaching, did command them to prepare  
For *PORTLAND'S* welcome to that Theater  
Of ever-living Honour ; and to mee,

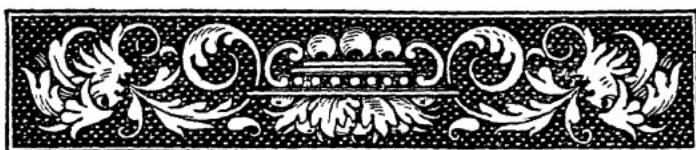
Goe sing (quoth shee) this Worthies *Elegie*.

Straight (as the Mufes Priest) I did obey  
And 'gan to touch my Instrument, when they  
Leaving their Thrones, with an unanimous voice  
Welcom'd the Sage Lord, and did give him choice  
Which Seat he would accept ; but modest hee,

Repaid their Courtesie with Courtesie,  
Till Fame herfelf installd him, and did give  
His merit this Inſcription, which ſhall live  
As his great Name, unraz'd : *Here PORTLAND*  
*lies*,

*That was as truly Iuft as hee was wife ;  
Cautious, yet full of Councell ; Mild, yet free  
From ſeeking idle Popularitie :  
To Good men gentle, to the Bad ſevere ;  
Lov'd Virtue for its ſelfe, and not for Feare.*

This Fame inſcrib'd and this ſhall deck his Herfe,  
While there is Time, or memorie of Verse.



On Sir *Robert Ayton*, late Secretarie  
to her *Majestie.*

*E L E G I E.*

T<sub>E</sub>ares are all Great mens Obsequies, when they  
Break from the glorious prison of their Clay ;  
A thousand fluent eyes their losses mourns,  
As if they meant to drowne them in their Urnes.  
If then this sorrow customarie bee,  
How many eyes should bee wept out for thee ?  
Admired *Ayton* ! every mournfull breath  
Lamenting thine should figh itself to death,  
As proud to wait on thy pure Soul, which fled  
To heaven so swiftly ; none did think thee dead,  
Till the loud Bell (Deaths Trumpet) did proclaime  
Thy flight to immortalitie ; then Fame  
Herselfe put on Griefs Liverie, and fung  
Thy weighty losse, till shee had lost her tongue  
In that sad use, as if shee meant to have  
A Tombe for all her Storie in thy Grave.  
Thou, who when living, Truths example stood,  
To teach Great men to be Great and Good ;  
Nay, to be Wife and Learnd, to act each part  
Of their Lives Scene, with Vertue and with Art,  
Which thou mad'st Vertues Hand-maid, and with skil  
Manag'd thy Greatnesse, without Greatnesse ill.  
But Sorrow does distract me, and my Zeal  
Of Grief for thee does (with the practice) steal

Away my Muses Faculties, and now  
Deaths Embleme (*Cypresse*) hangs upon my Brow  
Heavie as thy cold Marble ; else ere this,  
My pregnant Muse, big with an Extasis  
Of Wonder, had endeavour'd to set forth  
The unexpressive glorie of thy Worth :  
It had displaid thy Learning, which was such,  
That it (in justice) may compare with much  
Admired *Barclay*, or be said to fide  
With Wit-excelling *Buchanan*, (the pride  
And glorie of thy Nation) 'Twas so known  
To both the Kingdomes, each would gladly own  
Thee as their Off-spring, but ours (grieving) must  
Only be happy to preserve thy dust :  
Which as if Fame had meant it should inherit  
The glorie due unto thy living Merit,  
This unaccustom'd Honour to it brings,  
To mix with sacred ashes of our Kings.

Good, is in Subiects Kingly, and in thee  
All Graces strive to make an Unitie  
Of pious goodneffe ; many flames so meet,  
And curle into one Pyramid, then greet  
Their subtle Spheare ; in *Aytons* equall Brest  
Dwels all that could for Vertue be exprest.

So that the brightnesse of his Lives just glory  
Shall shame the Bad, be to the good a Story.



Vpon the Noble Colonell-Generall  
*Burroughs*, slaine at the Isle of *Ree*.

*ELEGIE.*

A Dmired BURROUGHS ! though to deck thy Herse  
 Thy Merits challenge a Tenth Muses Verse ;  
 Though, if thy Valour just reward should have,  
*Mars* should turne Poet, write thy Epitaph :  
 Yet let not thy blest soule (Heroick Spirit)  
 That now in heavens great Armie does inherit  
 The Civick Garland, Laurell, and enjoys  
 More glorious triumphs than the Romish toyes  
 Us'd to grace happie Conquests with, despise  
 This, though no Hecatombe, yet a Sacrifice,  
 Which the well-wishes of a bleeding heart  
 Offers as Fun'rall flames to thy desert.

To say thou wert Wife, Valiant, and the rest  
 Of those good Attributes thy Worth exprest  
 T' include in it, were nothing ; 'twere more fit  
 That some sweet Genius, some *Ovidian* Wit  
 Should studie for new Epithites t' expresse  
 Thee as thou wert then living, that's no lesse  
 Than Master of those Gifts, which here related  
 Would make old Nature proud she had created  
 A work of so much wonder, that pale Death  
 Has lodg'd thee now (Illustrious Soule) beneath  
 A pile of Marble, whose hard entrails weep  
 O're thy cold ashes ; and since yron-sleep  
 Has closed thy eye-lids, let thy silent Grave  
 Retain with thee this for thy Epitaph :

*Here lies a Colonell, slaine by fatall Shot ;  
 Who lost his Reg'ment, and a Kingdome got.*



Vpon the right Honourable, the  
Lady *Elisabeth Rich.*

*E L E G I E.*

WHY looks the day so dull? why doesn't appear  
As if it were contracted to a Tear?  
Or rather had put off essentiall Light,  
To shrowd its Lustre in eternall night?  
The Clouds are drowsie, as they meant to sleep,  
Or rather pregnant (with salt Dew) to weep.  
'Tis past the Morning now, Day needs not powre  
Its precious moysture on each amorous Flowre;  
The Violets want not liquid pearls t'adorne  
Their azure ears, nor from the beauteous Morne  
Does the pale Couslip or the Primrose seek  
A Christall Gemm to hang upon its Cheek;  
Their pride does wither, they hang down their heads,  
As if they would intombe them in their beds.  
The Sun-aspiring Lark under his Wing  
Hanging his head, seems now to figh, not sing.  
What should portend this sadnes? why should mirth  
Seem thus o'th' fuddain to bee fled from Earth?  
No Comet has appear'd of late, no Star  
With blazing brightnesse threatned Death or War.  
The cause then of this fuddain change must be  
Beyond the reach of wise *Astrologie.*  
(My Fancie has't.) This alteration falls  
Only at Beauties, Vertues Funeralls.  
These are no common Obsequies, since Shee

(Illustrious Ladie) is enforc'd to bee  
The Cause of these lamented Rites, by proud  
Imperious Death confin'd into a Shrowd :  
Shee that was so superlatively Good,  
Her Vertue was her Honour more than Blood :  
Whose Innocence and Love was all her Care :  
Who was as purely Chast as Shee was Fayre :  
So full of noble Carriage, that her Life  
May be the Figure of a perfect Wife,  
Look here you curious Great Ones, here doth ly  
A Glassie for you to dres your Actions by.  
'Twas not the name of *Ca'ndish*, so ally'd  
To Worth, that could in her beget least Pride ;  
Nor did shee boast her Title, being led  
A glorious Bride to hopefull *Rich* his Bed.

*Gentle as Summer Evenings, or as Ayre,*  
*In its first native Puritie ; and Faire*  
*As was the Beams of the Created Light,*  
*Before it ever had convers'd with Night ;*  
*Humble as Vot'ries, that in Prayer expire ;*  
*And Chast as those who never knew Desire*  
*Was this Religious Dame, who nere can die,*  
*Since her own Fame has writ her Elegie.*



Vpon the death of his Sister,  
Mrs. *Priscilla Glapthorne.*

*E L E G I E.*

H Appie *Arabians*, when your *Phœnix* dies  
In a sweet pile of fragrant Spiceries !  
Out of the Ashes of her Myrrh-burn'd Mother,  
(That you may still have one) springs up another.  
Unhappie we ! Since 'tis your *Phœnix* nature,  
Why could not ours, our only matchleſſe Creature  
Injoy that right ? Why from the Mothers Urne  
Did not another *Phœnix* straight returne ?  
Oh ! there's a reason ; 'twas cause Natures Store  
All spent on her, is now become too poore  
To frame her equall, so that on her Herse  
My trembling hand shall hang this Fun'rall Verſe.

*Vertue and Beautie, none can boast to have,*  
*They are both buried in her silent Grave ;*  
*Who was Loves, Truths, Beautie, and Vertues*  
*Pride ;*  
*With her Love, Truth, Beautie and Virtue dy'd.*



Vpon the death of Mrs. *Sufanna Osbalston.*

*E L E G I E.*

I Pree thee leave me, Grief ; if thou wilt stay  
Within my panting Breft, shew mee the way  
To present death ; or force my eyes to shed  
So large a flood of Tears, as may bee spred  
Like a transparent Christall Sheet upon  
Her Grave, that so no other worthless Stone  
Aspire t' adorne her Monument. Oh Shee !  
Who was what ev'ry loyall Wife should bee :  
Shee in whose living Character was writ  
A modest Sweetnesse cloath'd in harmlesse Wit :  
Not like those ayrie Dames that only strive  
To keep their Faces, not their Fames alive :  
That prey upon their Husbands wealth, consume  
Whole Signories in Painting and Perfume :  
That only make an Idol of their Will,  
And hate all Good, 'cause they account it Ill.  
No, shee was pleasing, void of least Offence ;  
Was fully Wife, yet full of Innocence.  
But oh ! how I undoe my selfe ! I now  
Must pull my Lawrell from my wrinkled Brow,  
And wreath'd in deathfull Cypreffe, fadly call  
My Muse to wait upon her Funerall.  
Light thy sick Tapers, pensive Muse, and come

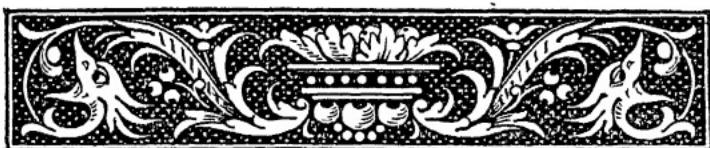
To wait her Death, and thine owne Martyrdome ;  
 For never be invok'd to write (by mee),  
 When hers is writ, another *Elegie*.

Now in that silent Tenement of Death,  
 The Church, go sing in a soft Swan-like breath,  
 A *Requiem* to thy memory ; and there  
 Drowne ev'ry word thou utter'ſt with a Teare :  
 But let them be ſuch Tears as may expreſſe  
 Not Sorrow, but a joyful Extasie.

And You (dear Sir) in whom there doth survive  
 So much of her, ſhee needs muſt reſt alive  
 In your yet bleeding memory ; You that know  
 How much each tributarie Grace did owe  
 To her unmatch'd Perfections ; how that ſhee  
 Was Vertues, Beauties juſt Epitome :  
 How that her Eyes were Sphears in which did move  
 The equall orbs of Chaſtitie and Love :  
 Her Cheeks two fields of purity, where grew  
 The Rose and Lilie, mixt i' th' muſtuall hue  
 Of Smiles and Bluſhes ; how each outward part  
 Did ſpeak the richer luſtre of her Heart,  
 Her Minds intensive glory. When you think  
 Juſtly on this, her Grave no more muſt drink  
 Your frequent Tears ; but fraught with noble Mirth,  
 You'll ſoon deuelt your Soul of all that's Earth  
 About it : ſay, 'twas justice to tranfere  
 From this dull Region ſuſh a matchleſs Starre,  
 And fix 't i' th' Christall Heav'n ; you'll then con-  
 feſſe

Your conſtant Love to her appear'd far leſſe  
 In Griefe than Joy ; for forrow ſpent for this  
 Her happiness, is envie to her bliſſe,  
 Not charitie t' her memory ; yet my Verſe  
 Shall hang a laſting Hatchment on her Herſe,  
 My Lawrell deck her Urne, in which does lie  
 As much as of Mortalitie could die.

You Sir, who then beſt knew her perfect Life  
 Ought to rejoyce, not grieve for your dead Wife.



# S Y L V I A.

A

## F R A G M E N T .

**A**S DAMON thus did 'plaine,  
Behold a Cloud (out of the foami-  
Maine)

'Gan to arise, and over-looke the Earth,  
Scorning the Sea (from whence it took its birth)  
As dull and pond'rous ; still it mounts up higher  
With azure Wings, as if it meant t' aspire,  
Spight of commanding Natures free Consent,  
To place 'bove Ayr the watry Element ;  
Whose vain ambition, from his calid Sphear,  
When nimble Fire, the chiefe and supreme Peere  
Of Elements, beheld ; his fervent Ire  
Increaf'd his furie, adding Fire to Fire,  
Making him hotter than the eighth degree,  
Which is prescrib'd him by Philosophie ;  
And calling to his accident, the Heat  
That by him fate upon a brazen Seat ;  
Which flam'd like Ætna, when *Typheus* breath  
Threatens to blow up the *Sicilian* earth.  
He bad him quell that over daring Foe,  
Who still made hast to his own overthrow.  
Heat strait obeyd ; and wrapping up in Smoke  
His horrid Flames, a speedy passage took

Into the fierie Regions, and with force  
 Of rayes more ardent than the Sun's bright Horse  
 When they ore-turn'd their Masters purple Carr,  
 And drownd in *Po*, the ventrous Waggoner,  
 Drew up the willing Cloud, that striv'd to flie,  
 With *Icarus* to its owne Tragedie.

Just as a Load-starre, whose attracting force  
 Does cause the Iron leave its native Course,  
 And mount to it; so did Heats pow'rfull might  
 Inforce the following Cloud till it had quite  
 Paif'd the first Kingdome, and was upward gone  
 Into the pure Ayrs middle Region;  
 Then back with speed, the Heat 'gan homeward  
 fare

And left the Cloud to th' mercy of the Ayre;  
 Whose subtle bodie being light and drie,  
 Could not indure the Clouds moist qualitie.  
 (Clouds, and all heavie Meteors, Rain, and Snow,  
 Haile, and the like, are Bodies mixt, that grow  
 Out of the Earth, and watry Element,  
 Which by their nature pond'rous, still are bent  
 Down to the Center, but the Ayre and Fire  
 Of more pure substance, seek to force them higher  
 Towards the Sphear, that in their downfall thence  
 They may triumph, and shew their Eminence  
 Over those duller bodies; but the natures  
 Of these two groffe, yet fully simble Creatures  
 Will not permit ascension, they attract  
 Therefore these Meteors upwards, which compact  
 Of humid Vapours, needs must seek to bow  
 Downwards again): Our Cloud then which was  
 now

Left by its hot Conductor, straight was cast  
 By the enraged Ayr with greater haft,  
 To kisse the Center (than a *Parthian Bow*  
 Can shoot an Arrow, or a Morter throw  
 Deathful Granado's): in its way it strook  
 Upon the Firmament, and there b'ing broke,  
 Its wat'ry substance did obscure the Plaine

And gawdie Heaven with Clouds, which fought again

To joyn in one, and fill the buxome Ayre,  
Just as you've seen a Painter on a faire  
White Table drop some little spots of Black,  
Which running here and there, at length does make  
One Colour in the Grownd-work ; or as when  
Two num'rous Hosts of wel-resolved men  
Meet in the Field, and with the murd'rous Smoak  
Of their Death-sending Muskets, strive to choak  
Their bloody facts from view of lightfome day,  
The Sulphure flying many a sev'rall way,  
At last does meet, and dim the Christall Sky :  
So did this Cloud, now many, by and by  
One Cloud agen ; which when the Rose-cheek'd  
Sun

(Who had but halfe his daily labour run)  
Saw from his shining Chariot, on hee speeds,  
Driving amain his Nectar-glutted Steeds  
Through the dark Welkin, now he 'gins to call  
On *Pirois*, now on *Aethon*, then lets fall  
His angry Whip upon their sweaty backs,  
Now pullsthe Raines hard, which again he flacks,  
That they might have more free and open Course  
T'expell the Cloud, which scorning the Suns force,  
With pitchie mists did so obscure his light,  
That day seem'd turn'd into *Cimmerian* Night.  
Then straight the Cloud out of its watrie Store  
Showr'd as if godly *Pyrrhus* age once more  
Had been approaching, when blew *Proteus* drove  
His flocks to see the Mountains, Fishes clave  
Unto the Elmes, before a notedfeat  
For harmlesse Turtles. All the Winds did meet  
In hostile opposition ; *Auster* fought  
With *Lybs*, and he with *Boreas*, who from out  
His rapid throat cast gusts, and did display  
His wings as wide, as when *Orythia*  
Was by him ravish't : Thunder from the Skie  
Like to lowd musick, made a Harmonie :

With the Winds whistling shrilnesse, Seas did roare  
Rising in frothie Mountaines, that the Shore  
Trembled for feare, lest the impetuous Waves  
Should passe their Limits, and become the Graves  
To the adjoyning Meadows : And our Swaine  
*Damon*, who erst in Tears began to plaine  
His *Kala's* losse, now let that falt dew fall,  
To solemnize his poor Flocks Funerall.  
For loe, big-swelling with the late-falne Raine  
*Tyber* broke ore his Banks, and ran amaine  
Into the Meadowes, where our Shepheards kept  
Their Woolly Charge, which prefently was swept  
Down by the greedy River, as wee see  
A Towne beleagur'd by its Enemie,  
When by an on-slaught 'tis surpriz'd and tane,  
Both old and young are by the Martiall Traine  
Of the Victorious Souldiers murdred : so  
Dealt the enraged River ; to and fro  
It ran, and bore down all ; the tender Lambs  
That then were sucking of their milkie Dams,  
Ere they could waile their deaths with one sad  
bleat,  
Were swallow'd up, yet hanging on the Teat.  
Nor did the Flocks horn'd-Leaders brazen Bell  
Serve him for ought, unleesse to ring a knell  
To the Folds drowning ; 'twas in vain to strive,  
For the poor Shepheards now to save alive  
Themselfes was all their studie ; to a Wood,  
Whose top had long a mark to Sea-men stood,  
They trembling fled, when straight the Cloudy Skie  
'Gan to clear up, and *Phæbus* lightfomely  
Agen to shine ; the Muses of this Grove  
To chaunt their sylvan Madrigalls, and move  
The Stones to listen, and the loftie Trees  
To bow their dewie heads ; the busie Bees  
Leaving the hollow Oaks which the late Rain  
Had forc'd 'em enter, now began again  
Their little thighs with juyce of Thyme to fill ;  
But the amazed Shepheards trembling still,

Could scarce give credit to their wondring eyes,  
(Such pow'r has feare if throughly it surprize  
Our soule and fences) they beheld the Wood  
As 't had been water, thought each splash a flood,  
And every drop that from the boughs did fall  
They thought a tear shed for their Funerall.  
In this amazement standing ; to their sight  
An object was presented, naked quite,  
Save that her snowie Smock did compasse in  
Its white embraces, her far whiter Skin.  
They saw bound to an Oak so rare a Creature  
As seem'd to be the work on which old Nature  
Had spent her best Materialls.

Not *Cytherea*, when shee naked rose  
From the Seas wat'ry bosome, did disclose  
Halfe of her Beauties ; nor the nimble Maid,  
To whose swift Feet so many Suitors paid  
Their heads as tribute ; nor the Wood-nymphs  
    Queen  
When shee was bathing by *Aetheon* seen,  
Showd like to her ; by whom *Pigmalion* might  
Have tane a Patterne, and have fram'd a right  
Modell of Beautie : her attractive Haire,  
Bright as the Sun-beams, drew th' inamour'd Ayr  
Gently to wast it ; and her Pearls of Sight,  
Though drown'd in Tears, cast forth a glitt'ring  
    light,  
That through dark Sorrow shin'd ; the winged  
    Boy  
Leaving his Mothers Fountains, came t' injoy  
Those Christal Wels, whose pure drops could redreffe  
Sooner than Nectar, hot Loves thirstinesse.  
The Naiades, and tripping Fairie Elves  
Repin'd to see in their owne Woods, themselves  
So farre surpaff'd in Beautie ; and the Grove  
Thinking 't had been *Sylvanus* fairest Love,  
Brought thither all his Off-spring, with pretence  
To doe his Gods belov'd Nymph reverence.

First did the Thorne most amorously begin  
 To twine about her, yet nere prick'd her skin ;  
 Then aged Palmes, and Victor-crowning Bayes  
 Halfe-withered (at her Eyes all-quickning Rayes)  
 Came and renew'd their freshnesse ; and the Yew  
 Unkind to wearie Passengers, at view  
 Of her, lost all his poyson ; and the Tree  
 Whence *Venus* Minion in his Infancie  
 Was by the Wood-nymph taken, did presume  
 To borrow sweetnesse from her breaths perfume ;  
 Here did the Cedar meet the stately Pine,  
 And it the Cypresse, seeking to intwine  
 Their bushie tops, which Arbour-wife did run  
 To shade her Face, and robb the am'rous Sun  
 Of his desired Kiffes ; all the Wood  
 At view of her, as much amazed stood,  
 As when the *Oegrin* Harpists cunning hand  
 Gave life to Mountains, forc'd *Panchaya* stand  
 Shaking her Balmie Tresses. Had the deep  
 Sighs shee expir'd not shewd that life did keep  
 In her a happie refidence, the Swaines  
 Would have imagin'd that her azure Veines,  
 Her Iv'rie Neck, and swelling Brests, the rest  
 Of her Dimensions, not to be exprest,  
 T' have been *Diana's* Statue, there erected  
 To be ador'd ; but when they had respected  
 Her sighs, and saw her living as sh' ad been  
 Some Sylvan Goddeffe, or the Nymph whose green  
 Scepter commands the Forrests ; they ask'd grace  
 For off'ring entrance to that sacred place.  
 The bashfull Virgin, from her weeping eyes  
 Shot glitt'ring Rayes hot Loves Incendiaries,  
 Teaching Daises Tapor a more glorious Shine  
 Than Diamonds give to Jet, when they intwine.  
 At them the frozen Waggoner might thaw  
 His Chariot axel'd with congealed Snow ;  
 And the slow moving North-star having felt  
 Their temp'rature heat, his Ificles would melt,  
 And being affrighted at the sight of men,

Call'd up the blood into her Cheeks agen  
Which fear had made depart thence ; blushing red,  
As does *Aurora* when shee leaves the Bed  
Of old *Tytonius* ; faine she would have got  
Into the Wood, tooke *Daphne* from the hot  
Pursuit of lustfull *Cynthius* ; the Oak  
She oft besought to lend its Bark to cloak  
Her from their view, but when shee saw how vain  
Her wishes were, shee then began amain  
To beat her Breasts, and from her radiant eyes  
To send a shoure, whose drops were of more price  
Than those which conquer'd *Danae* : As shee thought  
With plaints and grievous sighs to have besought  
The Shepheards to unbind her ; from the thick  
Of the green Wood, came running toward her, quick  
As some *Numidian* Lyon from his Den,  
(Half-starv'd with hunger) to his prey, three men  
Three Monsters rather, clad in Weeds of haire,  
Save that their Legs, and Armes, and Necks all bare,  
Look'd rougher than their Garments ; to the Maid  
Then bent their cruell steps, who humbly praid  
The Heavens for pitie ; on the Villains went  
Towards the Oak with a most damn'd intent  
To ravish her ; the Trees that by her stood  
Began lament ; the light Nymphs of the Wood  
Implor'd the chast *Diana* to defend  
Her wretched Votrefie ; and the Birds did rend  
The Ayr with dismall screetches : *Phylomell*  
In mourning accents fram'd her voice to tell  
The Vengeance due to Ravishers : the Fire  
That burn'd their entrails, blown by foul desire,  
Made their eyes sparkle, yeelding horrid light  
Unto their fact, whose blacknesse did affright  
The blushing Sun, who hid his golden head  
And seem'd to suffer an Eclipse through dread  
Of that dark deed ; and now they did begin  
With sacrilegious hands to touch that skin,  
Which soft as *Lydian* Silk, did even intice  
Love there to build his choicest Paradice.

When the enraged Shepheards, who beheld  
 Their monstrous purpose, with stern fury fild,  
 Ran to her succour ; as a Bear, whose young  
 Is stolne away, or as a Wolfe among  
 A flock of Sheep, when by the Pastors care  
 Hee's hindred of his prey ; just so did fare  
 The disappointed Letchers ; and with cries  
 Whose hideous sound lent thunder to the skyes,  
 They rush'd upon the Shepheards, who prepar'd  
 For all encounters, stood upon their guard,  
 And with their hooks, which sometimes us'd to catch  
 The tender Lambs and bleating Ewes, they watch  
 To meet their blows, and strength with strength repel ;  
 All strook together, yet not one blow fell  
 In vain to th' ground ; the sweat and purple blood  
 That trickled from them, dim'd their sights, yet stood  
 The fight in equall ballance ; now the Swaines,  
 And then the Wood-men had the odds ; their paines  
 Seem'd not to make 'em wearie ; these did fight  
 Spur'd on by lust, and these in justice right.  
 Now 'gan they grapple, and with all their force  
 Striv'd to o'rethrow each other ; no remorse  
 Of their own harms, could move their angrie minds  
 To come to parley : furie when it blinds  
 Our soules, is such a passion ; not the rage  
 Of hungrie Indian Lyons, when they wage  
 With rav'ngus Leopards battell for their prey,  
 Was like to theirs : fierce Beasts and Tygers may  
 Be held as mild ; the *Brittish* Mastiffes fight  
 With his couragious *Irish* opposite ;  
 The Dragon arm'd with plates of strongest Male,  
 Against *Loves* Bird ; the Sword-fish and the Whale  
 Were models of this Combate : till at length,  
 Might overcame, Vertue gave place to Strength :  
 The Shepheards breathlesse were ; their angrie foes  
 Wax'd more couragious, and did seek to close  
 With their half-vanquish'd enemies : as a Steed  
 Who having run with over-hastie speed  
 Most of his Race, does ere it fully end,

Tire ; so the Shepheards who did rashly spend  
Their spirits at the entrance of the Fray,  
Ere it was done, had none to spend, yet they  
With courage held the Fight up, till by force  
Mastred, they fell, each with a wounded Corse  
Striking the earth now when they could no more  
Strike their inhumane foes. The savage Bore  
That in revenge wrathfull *Ditynna* sent  
To spoile the *Chaledonian* Continent,  
When he had drawn the valiant *Dardans* blood,  
Could not triumph more ; they insulting stood  
Like to so many Goshawks ore their prey,  
Ore the poor Swains ; what then could *Sylvia*,  
(So hight the Nymph) expect, but present death,  
Or ravishment ? which to prevent, her breath  
She fought to stop with her gold tramell haire,  
But when it came into her lips, it there  
Amorously hung, spight of her force, to fuck  
Myriads of melting kisises ; see the luck  
Heavens had ordain'd to save her ; with her cries  
And with the late-fought Combats Echoing noise,  
Drawn to the place, arriv'd an armed Knight,  
Who to avoid the fearfull tempests might,  
Had tane the Woods for shelter, just as they  
With barbarous outcries were about to flay  
The honest Shepheards, whom when he did view  
In that apparent peril, straight he flew  
Upon the lustfull butchers, and his Sword  
Dealt deathfull dole amongst 'em ; they afford  
Him blowes for blowes, and dangerous fight main-  
tain  
Till his strong hand victoriously had slain  
The fiercest of them ; then the other paire,  
Like to a stone that through the subtle Ayre  
Flies from a forcing fling, so fast they fled  
Into the wood ; the Shepheards almost dead  
With wounds and bruises, joyfully did rise  
To thank their Saviour, who had cast his eyes  
Up to the Tree where lovely *Sylvia* stood,

Bound, like the *Tyrian* Damfell when the flood  
 Sent up a Whale to eat her. This strange fight  
 So full of wonder, fill'd the courteous Knight  
 With admiration, and desire to know,  
 Both who shee was, and who had u'ld her so.  
 And hasting forward to the holy tree,  
 He gently 'gan to loose her bands ; but shee  
 Who in the *Idea* of her frighted thought  
 Saw nothing but her Foes, imagin'd nought  
 But present Rape, gave up her Virgin breath  
 From whence shee had it, and enrich'd foul Death  
 With the most precious flavour : not the Boy  
 Now turn'd a Flow'r whom *Phœbus* did destroy  
 With his Sledg-casting ; nor *Orithia's* faire  
 Sister, sweet *Procris*, whom the name of Ayre  
 Brought to her ruine ; nor *Ioves* beam-burn'd Love  
 In death appear'd so amorous. As a Dove  
 Truf'd by a Falcon gently takes the stroke  
 Of Death, so did shee. The broad spreading Oak  
 Erst proud of its faire Captive, sadly now  
 Began lament, and mournfully to bow  
 His aged head, to kisse her liveliest Corse ;  
 The Wood-nymphs mournfull plaints did even en-  
 force  
 The neighb'ring Rocks to weep ; our Shepheards  
 tears  
 Watred the earth : in her sad death, appeares  
 His *Kala's* losse to *Damon*, so that hee  
 Wept both for hers, and *Kala's* Tragedie.  
 But all their woes were nothing to the plight  
 Of sorrow seizing on the gentle Knight,  
 When hee beheld her perish ; that his grieve  
 Made him forget to tender quick relieve  
 Unto her fainting ; yet at last he ran  
 Unto a neighb'ring fountaine, and began  
 To catch the glyding water, which did meet  
 His labouring hands, thence leapt into her sweet  
 Though dying face, shee only in a fwound,  
 And not quite dead ; the saving water found

Means to recure her, (for 'tis sure the nature  
 Of fuddain traunces, which posseſſe a Creature  
 Only when Feare does call from every part  
 The lively blood to aid the fainting heart,  
 Agen to vanish, when the blood is call'd  
 By ſome quick motion to the parts appall'd  
 For want of it ; Shee therefore in this guife  
 Handled, unſeald (forthwith) her death-clof'd eyes.  
 As the tranſplendent Guider of the Day  
 Obscur'd by clouds, more brightly does display  
 When h'ath orecome them, his all-piercing light ;  
 So did the blazing Comets of her fight  
 Dart now more lucid clearnesse, every beame  
 Of it deserving to have been a Theame  
 For all the Poets. Not the *Cyprian* Rose  
 Or silver Lillie, what can we ſuppoſe,  
 Was like her Cheeks ? Hyperboles muſt needs  
 Fail to exprefſe that which it ſelſe exceeds  
 All Metaphors : in them the bluſhing Red  
 Striv'd to appeare, and back unwilling fled  
 To give that place to the more pow'rfull White :  
 Judge but what fulneſſe of ſincere delight  
 Rapt the late fearfull Knight when he did fee  
 Her live agen ; hee haſted to the tree,  
 And kindly chear'd her tim'rous heart ; the Maid  
 Could Scarce beleeve her ears or eyes, which paid  
 Joy a moſt welcome tribute ; to unbind  
 Her cords he haſted, while the moſſie rinde  
 Of the broad spreading tree did ſtrive to cleave  
 To her fair ſkin, as if't had rather leave  
 Its mother Oak than her ; beneath the ſhade  
 Of a thick Fig-tree ſhe before had laid  
 Her light filk garments, which the ſhepheards  
 brought  
 To cloath her with ; the loving veftures fought  
 To flie unto her bodie ; ſoon as ſhee  
 Had put them on, with bluſhing modeſtie  
 She thank'd the noble Champion and the Swains,  
 Who for her fake had undergone ſuch pains

As merited requitall ; but a look  
From her sweet self both Knight and Shepheards  
    took  
As a reward sufficient ; they would faine  
Have ask'd her name, but durst not ; how shee  
    came  
To be distrest so ; but left shee should chance  
With thought of it to fall into a Trance  
Agen, they would not crave 't ; She humbly prayed  
The Knight and Shepheards, she might be conveyd  
By them home to her Fathers house, that stood  
Under the covert of that lucklesse Wood  
Where shee had run such danger : Straight way  
    they  
Leaving the cursed Villaines corps a prey  
To meager Wolves, the leavie Grove forsook ;  
Shee being their Guid, a beaten Path they took  
Into a Meadow, where the Fowers did strive  
With eager motion, which should first revive  
From their late drowning, that they so might meet  
With dewie lips the beauteous Virgins feet.

*Cætera defunct.*

F I N I S.

POEMS IN MEMORY OF  
THOMAS BEEDOME

[Published 1641]





On the death and Poems, of his most  
deare friend, Master *Thomas Beedome.*(1).

WHY did thy muse display her eaglets wing,  
And make a flight at heaven? why did shee  
fing,  
Like to the earely Larke, when she begunne,  
Glad carolls in the eare o' the listning Sunne.  
Till heavens inhabitants did even confpire,  
To snatch thee as a chanter to their quire,  
But glorious *Beedome*, ere he left the earth,  
Did give to fame a Monument, a birth.  
To such a living fancy, as in spight  
Of fate, shall like a precious ray of light,  
Dwell 'bout his urne, where all the muses fit,  
Wayling the losse of his emergent wit.  
And weeping ore his ashes till their eyes,  
Instead of teares, shed mournfull Elegies.  
Peneian Daphne, there her armes displayes,  
As if she would intombe him in her bayes.  
And she who Phœbus hot purfuit did shunne,  
Imbraces the old ashes of his sonne.  
There a bright troope of Virgins that from farre,  
Appeare, resembling every one a starre,  
Drown'd in a see of pearle, doe sadly rise,  
From his lov'd urne, each one without their eyes.  
Wept out, or burning left there, as they'd meant,

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(1) Prefixed to *Poems Divine, and Humane.* By *Thomas Beedome.* Lond. 1641.

Those lights for tapers to his Monument.  
Where shall we find at such a time a soule,  
That could in flowing numbers even controule,  
Arts nimblest currents, and most swiftly glide,  
Without least noyse, admir'd before espide.  
So have I seene a gentle streame, with sweet,  
And fluent motion, softly hast to meet,  
Its mother Ocean, and inrich her store,  
With a more gratefull tribute then before.  
A thousand violent torrents paid, whose waves,  
Though lowder, brought lesse musicke to their graves,  
His life was all one harmony, and in's death,  
Numerous, and full of sweetnesse was his breath,  
Expanded like the Swans concluding layes,  
In lasting accents, that shall speake his prayse,  
While Feather-footed time does swiftly passe,  
Or has a sand left in his plenteous glasse,  
This is my vote, which to thy Booke shall be  
A just applause, to thee an Elegie.





*In obitum Lachrymabilem,  
Thomas Beedome, nuper defuncti, et in  
præclara ingenii sui Monumenta  
jam primum edita. (1)*

**S**iccine crideli cecidisti morte peremptus ?  
Siccine in extremos, jussus es ire rogos ?  
Et vix ingressus teneros lanuginis annos ;  
Corruis ante diem, blande *Bedome*, tuum.  
Quid iuvat, ut tremulis cecinisti docta Camænis  
Carmina ? Threiciæ digna legenda lyræ ?  
Quidve quod auricomum cinxisset pennula frontem ?  
Vmbraffetque tuas laurus amica genas ;  
Omnia cum nostri fint hæc monumenta doloris :  
Quantaque virtus erat, tantus eritque dolor.  
Sic in Erithreo pretiosam littore concham  
Cum perdat ; Lachrymis prostruit Indus humum.  
Sicque super tumulum plorantia lumina salfis  
Opprimimus fluviis : noxque fit atra dies ;  
Cur tamen irriguis guttas soluamus ocellis ?  
Curve fluit gemitus noster ab ore citus,  
Tene per altithroni sequerentur gaudia luctus ?  
Tene per astriferam quæreret unda domum !  
Non petit assiduos sanctorum mansio planctus ;  
Convenit haud liquidis flamifer ignis aquis.

---

(1) Prefixed to *Beedome's Poems*, 1641.

Non opus interea est tantam deflere ruinam  
Opprimet et tantum multa ruina virum  
I nunc magnificos ja<sup>c</sup>tato tyranne triumphos,  
Mors, et depictis pende trophæa tholis,  
Quam fragiles ictus contemptibileisque sagittæ  
Sunt, nec vulneribus lœdis ut ante tuis  
Dulciloquis volutans juvenis super æthera scriptis  
Vivit in aurato nomen opusque libro.  
Atque triumphales redimunt sua tempora vitæ ;  
Vi<sup>c</sup>tor ade<sup>s</sup> mortis, fama perennis erit.  
Vivit enim certi Immutato pectore amici  
Nec potuit tumulo nobiliore frui.

WHITEHALL, AND OTHER POEMS

(Published 1643).



# White-Hall.

*A Poem.*

Written 1642.

WITH

## E L E G I E S ON

The Right Honourable FRANCIS Earl  
of BEDFORD.

And Henry Earle of *Manchester*, Lord Privy  
Seale : both deceased during this present  
Session of Parliament.

WITH

An Anniversarie on the timelesse death of Mrs.  
*Anne Kirk*, wife to the truly Noble *Geo. Kirk*,  
Gentleman of the Robes and of his Majesties  
Bed Chamber, drowned unfortunatly passing  
London Bridge, *July 6, 1641.*

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The Authour *Hen. Glapthorne.*

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London, printed for *Francis Constable*, 1643.





To my noble Friend and Gossip, Capaine *Richard Lovelace.*

Sir,

THave so long beeene in your debt, that I was almost desperate in my selfe of making you painment, till this fancy by ravishing from you a new Curtesie in its patronage, promised me it would satisfie part of my former engagements to you. Wonder not to see it invade you thus on the fudden: Gratitude is aeriall, and like that Element, nimble in its motion and performance; though I would not have this of mine of a French disposition, to charge hotly and retreat unforunately: there may appeare something in this, that may maintaine the field courageously against Envy, nay come off with honour; if you, Sir, please to rest satisfied, that it marches under your Ensignes, which are the desires of

Your true honourer

*Hen. Glapthorne.*





# White-Hall.



Hat Earthquake's this ? that with such fury  
shakes  
My lofty Turrets from their Base ? and  
makes  
My marble pillars totter, as they meant  
To sink into the Centre ? the event  
Of theſe ſtrange terrores certainly muſt be  
Sad prefaces to th' book of mifery,  
Which now is opend in me ; every page  
Of which is able to affright the age  
To heare it read, make Nature mourn and keep  
My Obit, nay the worlds great Genius weep.  
How vaine are humane glories ? why ſhould men  
Repine to meet a diſſolution, when  
Even in an instant, ſuch vast frames as I,  
Castles, and ſtateliest marble fabricks die ?  
Nay Monarchies, ſuch as have ſeen (the light  
Of the whole world) the Sun rife faire and bright,  
And ſet within their limits, quickly have  
Had all their greatneſſe shrowded in the grave  
Of that ſterne tyrant Deftiny, who flings  
His various ſtormes on Kingdomes, nay on Kings,  
Who though they heavens immediate figures be,

Cannot evade this sad fatality :  
 When like loud thunder violent, or the North,  
 Its sudden tempest hideously breaks forth,  
 As 't has on me, who have for many yeares  
 Out-shin'd the state and lustre of my Peeres.  
 Great Hampton Court, faire Greenwich, Richmond  
 and

The pleasant None-such ; that I seem'd to stand  
 Equall with *Lo'uure*, or that work of all  
 So much admir'd Spaines costly Scuriall :  
 Who since that prince of Prelates, *Woolsey*, laid  
 My firme foundations, have as Empresse fwaid  
 O're all the British pallaces, and beene  
 The constant Residence o' th' King and Queene,  
 That with their prefence royall, did adorne  
 My well-built Fabrick : As continued Morne  
 Had dwelt about my cheeks, whose every ray  
 Appear'd sufficient to create new day  
 Forth of the Chaos ; As if t' had begunne  
 Here to doe Homage to the Easterne Sunne,  
 Which never more shall red with blushes rife,  
 To see himselfe out-shin'd by th' orient Eyes,  
 Of those pure Constellations : that still went  
 About me, made me feeme a firmament  
 Of moving starres : and unexampled I  
 Was held the seat where Earth's best Deity  
 Joy'd to reside. As I had beene the summe  
 Of pleasure, the worlds sole Eliseum.  
 Then were the times, when in my infant pride,  
 Great *Henry* (who my buildings dignified  
 First with that supreme honour) did resort  
 Hither, entituling me his Soveraigne Court.  
 When he his conquering Ensignes did advance,  
 Over the bowels of insulting France :  
 When *Turwin* trembled at his fierce Alarmes,  
 Where *Maximilian* his Emperiall Armes,  
 The Roman Eagles bravely did display  
 Without dishonour, taking Englands pay.  
 When conquerd *Tournay* fent his spoiles to adorne

My walls for such Illustrious trophies borne.  
Then who like me was happy when that King  
To me did all his mighty triumphs bring.  
That Honours owne brow could not boast more  
    Bayes

More wreathes of Palme, then in those happy dayes  
Grew to my temples : And when silken peace  
Had ty'd wars furly rage up ; what encrease  
Of blessings flow'd about me then ? as Thames  
In its curl'd waves, had swallowd the foure names  
Of those sweet Rivers that did once surround  
Eden, and I had beene that happy ground  
Pregnant with Aromatick Balme and spice,  
The first created, long lost Paradise.  
Then did the worthies of that famous Age,  
Make me the constant, the continued stage  
Where they did act their Revels, Mirth, and Sport,  
Being the harmlesse Genii of the Court :  
When tilts and tournaments did to the life  
Imitate without blood-shed, wars hot strife.  
Then gentle Love did all his Cupids armie,  
To wound the Ladies (such wounds cause no  
    harme)  
And strike the stubborne and more marble hearts  
O th' gallant Heroes with his flaming Darts.  
And when that King had run his mortall race,  
The thronging stars striving to make him place  
Among their weaker fires : his hopefull sonne  
*Edward* (whose vertues all affections wonne)  
That little Eye of Nature, the Delight  
O th' Kingdome, by his bloods undoubted right,  
Wielding this Scepter, did confirme to me  
The former charter of my Soveraignty.  
So did his Sister *Mary*, though her raigne,  
(Cause fraught with trouble) scarcely did maintaine  
Me in my wonted ornaments, when she,  
Who was the very soule of Majesty,  
That virgin Queene, whose unexampled glory,  
Gives truth to fame, and miracle to story ;

In whose pure frame, as in their sphears were set  
The starres of *Tudor* and *Plantaginet*.

*Eliza*, rul'd, then I began to weare  
A dresse of Excellence, more rich, more cleare,  
And full of wonder, then Fames bountie coud  
Ere clothe her brazen pillars in. I stood  
The envy of all Nations ; then in me  
All blessings strived to make an unity.  
Then from the whole world, I did tribute take  
Brought into me by that great Neptune, *Drake*,  
Who furrow'd up the threatening Oceans face,  
(And swift as billows doe each other chace)  
Pursued the steps of honour through the maine,  
Rifling the treasures of scarce known *New Spain* :  
Whose Mines and Towns he ransackt, and ran on  
(Big with a noble brave Ambition)  
Through all opposing dangers, till he hurl'd  
As twere a girdle 'bout the spacious world.  
Then did I groan under the unvalued weight  
Of spoils cast on me in that Eighty Eight ;  
When that fame huge Armado did invade  
The British Seas with terrour, and displayd  
(In forme of a vast Crescent on the flood)  
Itselfe as if t'had beene a tall growne wood :  
Till our small Navy did it selfe advance,  
(Resolv'd to stand the utmost storme of chance)  
Against that monstrous Fleet, that even defide  
Heaven in its infinite ambitious pride,  
And boldly led on by that Son of Fame,  
Our valiant Admirall, noble *Nottingham*,  
Gave them fierce battell ; then in fire did flie  
Like thunderbolts in lightning from the skie  
The deathfull bullets, splitting with their stroak,  
The knotty ribs of their tough Biscaine Oak :  
Cracking their Masts, and with their sulphurous  
breath  
Giving their Ships fresh wounds to let in death :  
Which as they funk cast forth a purple flood,  
And drownd in water, drownd the waves with blood.

The waves that by th' forc'd motion wrought so high,  
 As they had meant to hang teares i'th' Suns hot Eye,  
 Who in a maze obfcur'd his golden light,  
 While clouds of smoak transform'd the day to night.  
 The affrighted Mirmaids flockt in sholes to see  
 That dissolution of Mortality.

And as it were in pitty did instead  
 Of their false Charms, chant requiems to the dead.  
 The seas blew Sexton, *Triton*, making graves,  
 Did work so heard he sweat amidst the waves :  
 And *Proteus* now a constant visage weares  
 Of sorrow, shedding pearles in stead of teares.  
 Then what was rich and precious in that Fleet,  
 With it the joyfull Conquerours did greet  
 Me at their home retурне from these brave broyles,  
 As I had been the temple where the spoyles  
 Of that renouned sea fight ought to be  
 Hung up as Trophees to white victory :  
 Nor were all these all triumphs that did fall,  
 During this reigne, on me (then blest White-Hall)  
 A thousand ornaments my rooms did gaine,  
 Fetcht from the richest Cities of proud *Spaine*.  
 When that same joy of manhood whom his fate  
 Did afterwards render unfortunate,  
 Illustrious *Effex* with auspicious sailes,  
 Set forth to th' conquest of Herculean *Cales*.  
 Where great *Alcides* fixt his pillars, and  
 Writ *Non plus ultra* to the then knowne Land :  
 That City glorying in the Indian ore  
 As low as earth humbled her head before  
 That conquering Earle, while her tall towers and  
 spires  
 Burnt (as 'twere Martyrs) in those hideous fires  
 Themselfes made for themselves, till their huge frames  
 Consum'd to ashes in their own bright flames.  
 Then did I flourish, then my spacious rooms  
 Were hung with Arras, nay with Persian looms.  
 Then did my walls drest in rich colours vie  
 With Roman Pallaces for Imag'ry :

Mosaick paintings (though I'm now forlorne)  
Did then my costly gilded roofs adorne.  
Statues of Parian Marble such as might  
The amorous *Pigmalion* invite  
To laugh at his dull workmanship, did grace  
My walks and gardens : then in every place  
The wheat crownd Ceres (with her head unshorne)  
Freely advanc'd her plenty bearing horne ;  
The most delicious viands in full state  
Serv'd to my tables in huge antick Plate :  
While plump *Lyæus* wifh green Ivie crownd,  
Danc'd up to th' eyes in precious wine, a round  
Through my large Lobbies : then thosse sons of chine  
And pith, the Guard carowfd black Jacks of wine  
In stead of singe beare ; then did they eat  
Without controule that emperor of meat,  
The lusty chine of Beefe ; while I did seeme  
With magazines of plenty still to teeme  
Without least feare of barranneffe : the spring  
To me her beauties did as offrings bring,  
The glorious summer and rich Autumne paid,  
Their blessings as my tribute : while this maid  
Was my imperiall mistriffe winter's breath,  
Had not the force to freeze my youth to death :  
Which then like the Arabian yeere was seen,  
With gorgeous face still flourishing and green.  
No civill broile or forraigne feare did fright  
Me from my daily practise of delight ;  
Iustice was then return'd agen to earth,  
Thosse blisfull times gave no sinister birth  
To fowle oppreßions ; then within my frame  
Nere had been heard that so detested name  
Of a Monopoly ; nor by Patent made  
Lawfull, were iniuries to every trade ;  
But each one then did under his own vine,  
Eat his bread freely and carouse his wine ;  
Which knew no Medium, then 'twixt thosse extreams  
Of white and claret ; then the common theams,  
Of the glad people were full of joy and praise,

Of those superlatively happy dayes.  
There were no clamors heard within my gates,  
Of men iniustly rob'd of their estates  
By powerfull Favourites : no faction then  
Reignd, lesse an emulation amongst men  
Who should doe worthiest things. As in a hive  
The Bees small pallace, where each one does strive  
Which shall most honey to the store-house bring,  
Deflouring those chaste Virgins of the spring  
The azure violets, that hang downe their heads,  
While they suck all their sweetnesse from their beds :  
With which their thighes fulfil'd, they nimblly flie  
(Carrying that victim of their industry)  
Into the common dwelling, where they sing  
Triumphant peans to their ayrey King :  
So 'twas in me, each striv'd who should excell  
Others in acting the States businesse well,  
Who could most frequent by th' worlds eye be seen  
Ready in service to that virgin Queene.  
No tumults then, attempted were by th' rude  
And many-headed beast, the Multitude :  
(To whom the present times seeme ever worst,  
Praising the past they never knew) they durst  
Not then in mutinous troops have past by me,  
As if they meant to fright bright Majesty  
Out of my bosome ; then there was no strife  
Ith' Common-wealth about religion rife.  
But all was peace and justice, which then grew  
Together like the Gemini. 'I knew  
No gawdy fashions then from giddy *France*  
Brought hither sinc to be the Courts mischance,  
Sick of that forraigne pride, whose various dresse  
Has ushered in effeminate wantonnesse.  
The Lords then in their native habit went,  
Which was as comely as magnificent.  
The Ladies then their genuine beauties ware,  
Ignorant of the imposture of false haire :  
Nor did they their owne red and white attaint  
With that foule treason against Nature, paint :

But each one striv'd with cunning art to finde  
 New wayes of vertue to adorne their mind.  
 Such was my fate, so temperate and just,  
 It ne'r knew riot, nor convers'd with lust.  
 Nor did my glories, when that virgins breath  
 Expiring seemd to bring the Island death,  
 End or diminish. A new starre brake forth,  
 As bright and quickning from the boisterous North,  
 Darting its cheerfull influence through my rooms,  
 Which did from mournfull solitary tombs  
 Resume their pristine lustre : when great *James*  
 Had past the Twede to view imperiall Thames,  
 Whose swans, in stead of their own dirgies sing  
 Triumphant welcomes to the long wishd King ,  
 Whose each look was a starre, and every smile  
 The Sun that quickned, with new life, this Isle.  
 This *James* who the two Kingdomes did unite,  
 As happy *Henry* the red rose and white :  
 This *James* the darling and delight of fate,  
 Borne for the *Solomon* oth' Briuif State.  
 This king of more then Kingdoms, all mens hearts ;  
 Monarch of letters, Emperour of arts :  
 When he his happy peacefull reigne begunne,  
 What plenteous streames of joy and bliffe did runne  
 Through all my veines ! what a full throngd resort  
 Did beautifie each corner of my Court !  
 When armes, as useleffe, were hung up, no jarre  
 Was heard, no noise of home or forraigne warre.  
 The Muses then did florish, and upon  
 My pleasant mounts planted their Helicon.  
 Then that great wonder of the knowing age,  
 Whose very name merits the ampleft page  
 In Fames faire book, admired *Johnson* stood  
 Up to the chin in the Pierian flood  
 Quaffing crownd bowles of Nectar, with his bayes.  
 Growing about his temples ; chanting layes,  
 Such as were fit for such a sacred Eare  
 As his majestick Masters was ; to heare,  
 Whom he so oft pleasd with (those mighty tasks.

Of wit and judgement) his well laboured Masks.  
Then those two thunderbolts of lively wit  
*Beaumont* and *Fletcher* gloriously did fit  
Ruling the Theater, and with their cleane  
Conceptions beautifying the Comick Scene.  
And noble *Donne* (borne to more sacred use)  
Exprest his heavenly raptures ; As the juice  
Of the Hyblean roses did distill  
Through the Alembreck of his ne~~t~~ard quill.  
Chapman like *Homer* in me often reads  
His Oddises, and lofty Iliads.  
That I did rather then appeare to be  
The worlds best furnishd learnedst Academy,  
Then the Kings pallace : who when fatall fire  
In its malicious fury did conspire  
To ruine part of my faire buildings ; He  
Great *James* renewd with State and Majesty,  
Like to himselfe, that goodly Fabrick, which  
Is for materialls, as invention rich ;  
On polishd marble pillars, which shall stand  
To speak his fame, while this renowned Land,  
Free from all the invasion of all forraigne harmes,  
Is walld about with Oceans watry armes.  
For which faire ornament I must bestow  
My gratitude on worthy *Inigo*,  
Whose skill in Fabrick did direct each part  
Of that excelling frame with powerfull art.  
Yet should I silent be, the very stones,  
So quaintly laid, will speak the praise of *Jones*.  
But now the fands of his full glasse being run,  
In the Imperiall chayre his royll Son  
(Whom heaven prote~~t~~t, and with a prosperous reign  
Grant to rule this faire Island, and maintaine  
It in tranquillity and happy peace,  
To Justice and Religions full encrease)  
Brave *Charles* succeeded. Then my joyes renewd,  
As Eagles their old feathers being mewd.  
I with his vigorous presence warmd, grew yong,  
My witherd frame appearing farre more stong

Then at its first foundations ; mirth and sports  
Like fayries tripping through my happy Courts.  
When *Englands Charles* the great in me was seene,  
To give a gracious welcome to his Queene,  
That flower of *France*, her sexes fairest pride,  
*Maria Henrietta* his deare Bride,  
Who with a numerous progeny has blest  
The British Kingdom ; which in peace and rest  
Was pregnant with felicity, untill  
Like torrents falling from some lofty hill,  
Or like some sudden storne out of a cloud  
Mischief came thundering from the North so loud,  
As 'twould have wakend death ; thence thence did  
rise  
Those teares which dwell in seas about mine eyes.  
Then 'gan my stately world admired head  
To shrink, when *Charles* a puissant Army led  
Into the field, with resolution hot,  
To tame the daring valour of the Scot :  
Who urg'd (it seemd) by some Imagind wrong,  
Their confidence being as their force was strong,  
Came marching hitherwards : but yet white peace  
By its all powerfull goodnesse causd to cease,  
Those so lamented discords ; and did bring  
In safety to me, home my much lov'd King :  
And as a Taper which ere it expires,  
Collects together, its concluding fires ;  
As 'twere to light it selfe to death, displayes  
Ere it extinguishes a sudden blase ;  
More flaming glorious than it's perfect shine  
Could ere expand ; so did those beames of mine  
Break forth, extending a gay fickly light,  
And now's obvolv'd in an ere-lasting night :  
Since *Charls* his absence ; as you've seen the ayre,  
Which yesterday was so serene and faire :  
Heaven's forehead wore no wrinkles ; curle its brow  
Into a thousand dusky furrows now :  
So tis with me, who am enforc'd to shroud  
My face, which yesterday contemnd the cloud :

That now obscures it ; timorous to see  
That which encreases still my misery.  
Where are those beauties now from whose each eye,  
Flew winged flames of love and majesty,  
That trope of Ladies, who so oft did gild  
My stately roomes with their own looks, which fil'd  
All my Dimensions with rays pure and bright  
As was in Paradise, the worlds first light ?  
Vanish'd like shadowes, they no more appeare,  
The Sun being set ; death now inhabits here,  
And a continued dulnesse, now instead  
Of those soft measures which so oft were led  
Over my spacious floores there does intrude  
Its meager selfe, that nothing solitude :  
In stead of Musick, such as by the Spheares,  
And tunefull Orbs is breathd to enchant all Eares :  
Vpon my Turrets nightly there does howle,  
The most prodigious and portentous Owle :  
Nothing but feare and terrour in me dwells,  
Such as is resident in those dark cels,  
Where nought but death raigns ; what contagious  
fin  
Of mine committed, 'gaint Great *Charls* has bin  
The cause of his long absence, I am sure  
I'm in my innocence as cleare and pure,  
As in my infancy : why then should he  
Inflict upon me, this sad destiny ?  
Why should I languish like a faire young bride,  
Thus desolate, being causelesly deni'd  
The comfort of my spouse, who now in arms,  
Expos'd is to the dangerous alarms  
Of a rude civill-warre, which if a prayer  
Has power to qualifie ; Ile fill the ayre  
With Orifons, as zealous as my faith,  
Wit, or religion ; nay invention hath  
Forc'd to produce : may these Domestick broyles,  
Like morning dew dry up, without those spoyles,  
Of Kingdoms fire, and bloodshed : May there be  
'Twixt King and Subject such a Sympathy,

As 'twixt the soule and body, as each part  
By strickt relation beares to th' head and heart.  
May the King love his subiects, they obey  
His iust behests, till his great Empires sway,  
Be fixt and lasting in his name and blood,  
While this faire Island overlooks the flood.  
Showres of continued blessings softly fall  
Vpon him, that the wishes of White-Hall  
May prove true and prophetick : who must mourn  
In widdow'd fadnesse, till best *Charles* return.





On the Death of the Right Honourable  
*Francis Earle of Bedford.*

E L I G I E.

What apparition's this ? who is't that weares  
About him wrapt a Christall shrowd of tears :  
Who is't that in deaths mansion breathlesse lies  
In stead of tapers, having grieve swolne eyes,  
Stuck round about his Hearse, what an amafe  
Begot by grieve and wonder, here displayes  
Sorrow in's blackest Ensignes ; as if all  
Mankind intomb'd were in this funerall :  
My admiration leaves me now each breath,  
Sighes in sad accents, glorious Bedfords death.  
The Iron Souldier that 'ith rage of warre  
Nere wept, when all his body was one scarre :  
Nor sigh'd at groanes of Infants, now does keep  
His Obit, and, like a soft Virgin, weep :  
The Courtier whom religion scarce would win,  
Ere to diffuse a drop for his loose sin :  
Now unconstrain'd part in this sorrow beares,  
And weares no other Jewels, but his teares,  
Wrapt in sad Cyprisse, miffeltoe, and yewe :  
Their Daphne layd aside the noble crue  
Of Phebus Priests lament him ; till their cries.  
Turne all to Epicedes and Elegies :  
Nay in this sad distemper of the State,  
When most mens softnesse varies into hate,

All now contend in mourning to be chiefe,  
 And know no other passion but their grieve :  
 He whose Illustrious vertues with his blood  
 Ioynd, did intitle him both great and good :  
 Who with a modest sweetnesse striv'd to win  
 All mens affections, as if there had bin  
 In his pure essence multiplyed, every part  
 Of true nobility fixing in his heart ;  
 Which seemed the spheare where honour did re-  
 fide

Without the least formality or pride.  
 Not like those curious great ones, who create  
 Factions and strange distractions in the state,  
 Who by malignant Councils strive to bring  
 Distempers on the Kingdom and the King :  
 Who though their violent Councils overwhelm  
 The vessell strive to be advanc'd to th' helme.  
 Like the Suns daring off-spring, nere content  
 Till they've atchivd the Chariots government ;  
 Which when their feeble forces cannot guide  
 Like him they boast in great attempts to 've  
 d'ide :

No he was wife, and from ambition cleane,  
 Esteemd the truest safety in the meane :  
 His actions being temperate and free  
 From crime, except too much humanity.  
 Who shall like Bedford now, instruct the age  
 Both by example, and the patronage  
 Of true religious piety, how to be  
 Fruitfull in works of publike charity :  
 Who with a noble and ambitious zeale,  
 To encrease the glory of the 'Common-weale ;  
 Did those two works of wonder (which shall stand  
 To speak his fame in after times to th' land ;)  
 Built Covent-Garden and (that spacious plaine)  
 The Fens his cost and industry did gaine,  
 From the surrounding waters. where to show  
 What a devotion his Intents did owe  
 To heaven, (left men its worship should neglect,) )

In each a Church his bounty did erect : (1)  
Such was his life, it never did enforce  
The great mans envie, or the meaners curse.  
And now his essence by that mortall warre,  
'Gainst nature deaths translated to a starre :  
His Name shall live, while never dying verfe  
Has power to hang fresh glories ore his hearse  
Which shall extoll and dignifie his Name  
Among the Noblest Heroes, which old Fame,  
Has in its lasting Chronicles inrold,  
In characters of rust contemning gold :  
Till to perpetuat Bedfords merited glory,  
He be his houfes, nay this Nations story.

---

(1) In Covent-Garden, at Thorny Abby in the Isle of Ely.





On the right Honourable *Henry Earle of  
Manchester, Lord-Privie-Seale.*

ELEGIE.

**W**HAT reverend ghost is this which to my view,  
Presents the shape of noble *Montague* :  
As if 'twould beckon me to 's herfe, to come  
And sing his honoured Epicedium :  
I doe obey thy summons, nay and boast  
The glory cast on me by thee faire ghost.  
Which I perceive now, to be truly he  
Who living bore the stile and dignity  
Of Earle of Manchester, and for the weale,  
O th' Kingdom sat long time Lord-Privie-Seale.  
He who when living truths example stood,  
To teach great men how to be great and good :  
Nay to be wise and learnt to act each part,  
Of their lives scene with vertue and with art,  
Which he made vertues handmaid, and with skill  
Manag'd his greatnesse without greatnesse ill :  
Who is't that has not in the faire pursute,  
Of honour read the name of *Montacute*,  
That boasts it selfe derivitive to be,  
From those great ancient Earls of Salisbury,  
That did our English glories so advance,  
In all our Conquests over vanquishd France :  
From whence this Earls descended, who did draw  
Conscience with filken chaines to kisse the Law :

All whose great Offices to his lasting grace,  
He pasid exalted from Recorders place,  
To be th' Kings Serjeant, who did then prefer  
Him first chiefe Iustice, then Lord Treasurer ;  
And after by his gracious free consent,  
Confirmd him of his Councell president.  
Hence knowing his integrity and zeale  
To Iustice, made him last Lord-Privie-Seale.  
Can he then fall unpitied, and not have  
A thousand fluent eyes to wash his grave :  
Those men must mourn him surely who did by  
His Judgements gaine long banishtd equity ;  
As if divine Astrea at his birth,  
Had flown on Turtles wings back to the earth ;  
Her own just precepts freely to impart  
To him, and multiply them in his heart.  
And now he is immortall ; loe from far,  
Me thinks I see the aged Manchester,  
Shine a new starre in heaven, and with his bright  
And gilt refection, beautifie the light ;  
Where he shall live for ever, and be read  
Here in his works of piety, though dead  
His mortall frame be, yet his noble name  
Shall live eternizd, by the tongue of fame,  
And while the world lasts, his *Al-Mondo* shall  
Stand candidate for honour, even with all  
The works of learned Writers, and his prayse  
Be by time's hand adornd with wreaths of bayes.  
Thus vertue can secure men dead, and give  
Life to their memories which shall ever live.



On the Noble, and much to be lamented  
 Mrs. *Anne Kirk*, wife to Mr. *Geo. Kirk*,  
 Gent. of the Robes, and of his  
 Majesties Bed-Chamber, who was  
 unfortunately drowned passing  
 London Bridge, *July 6. 1641.*  
 an Anniverfary.

### ELEGY I.

**W**HAT rumor's this, that on the tongue of fame  
 Flies like a prodigy ? as if it came  
 To fright the Genius of the world with feares,  
 Nay change its moving essence into teares :  
 Now, now irrevocably flies the sound  
 Her sexes pride ; illustrious *Kirk* is drownd.  
 See how bright troops of virgins, who from farre  
 Appeare, resembling every one a starre  
 Drownd in a sea of pearle, doe sadly rise  
 From her lov'd urne, each one without their eyes,  
 Wept out, or there left burning as they'd lent  
 Those lights for tapers to her monument.  
 See how the Matrons lay their tires aside,  
 And only in their sorrow take a pride,

Their sorrow which now beautifully weares,  
In stead of diamonds, carcanets of teares.  
Where shall we find a frame so fully grac't  
With vertues in so rich a body plac't ?  
That it was truly held the unmatchd shrine  
Of humane beauties mingled with divine :  
As if the heavens and nature did agree,  
In her to fix the greatest sympathy  
Could be between them ; what was faire and good,  
Inclusive possibly in flesh and blood.  
Who with her gentle 'baviour and deport,  
Did gaine the love, not envie, of the Court.]  
And yet she fell untimely ; like a rose,  
Which in the morning sweetly does disclose  
Its purple beauties, till the winds in love  
Doe with their frequent boisterous kisses move  
Its fragrant leaves so rudely, that ere night  
They witherd fall ; so she did, the delight  
Of womanhood and vertue ; in whose grave  
Lie more than ere mortality shall have.  
Agen to boast, whose glories shall (when all  
Her sexes Legends unapochryphall  
For truth and beauty) in fames book be writ,  
As a large preface fix ith' front of it.  
That when posterity reads the rape has bin  
Acted by death on this bright Cherubin ;  
The virgins may her annuall Obit keep,  
And big with noble emulation, weep  
To understand their sexes richest store  
Consum'd on her ; Nature's become too poore  
To frame her equall beauty, or display  
Such art and wonder in succeding clay.  
And though this Ladie fell, the spoile of fate,  
Who with too rigorous haste did antedate  
Her day of destiny, nothing could be found  
Cruell enough to give that desperate wound,  
But the false waves, who as they meant to inshrine  
Her (whom they took for sea borne Ericine)  
In watry armes, officiously did skip

With fluent motion from each lip to lip,  
 Till being enamour'd on her balmy breath,  
 (Cruell in love) they kist her even to death :  
 And viewing then no more life to remaine,  
 Like Crocodiles they wept ore her they'd flaine.

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## ELIGY II.

**T**He year's revolv'd, and now once more is come  
 The day in which she suffered martyrdome,  
 And 'gainst the usuall custome did expire  
 In water, holily as those the fire  
 Did sanctifie for heaven, who us'd to take  
 Delight to runne to the flame bearing stake.  
 Had she like them beene to've receivd her death,  
 Ere the weak fire by the winds pregnant breath  
 Could have beene blown into a flame, our eyes  
 Should have preuented tyrant deaths surprise,  
 And let fall such a huge contracted teare,  
 Able to quench fires element in its spheare.  
 This was the day, when that same subtle thiefe  
 Fate stole earths comfort hence, and cast a grieve  
 Perpetuall as her virtues, ore the face  
 Oth mournfull world, which can afford no place  
 For mirth or sport, till celebrated be  
 The annuall requiems to *Kirks* memory :  
 Which grows more precious, like rich mighty wine  
 By being long kept ; or reliques in a shrine  
 Preservd as sacred, which inviolate hold

The Charter of their fame though nere so old.  
With what a serious grieve doe men relate  
Loffes in their particular Estate ;  
The toyling husbandman will many years  
After rehearse unto his rustick Peers  
His past misfortune, when the Somers heat  
Did blast his fruit, or mildews hop'd for wheat.  
The greedy Merchant, if he doe sustaine  
A losse by shipwrack in the flattering maine,  
Sighes at its memory ; which does still renew  
His wealth then drownd to his vext fancies view.  
And must wee not lament, are we not bound  
Upon the day when glorious *Kirk* was drownd ;  
When natures sweetest fruit did blasted fall,  
To solemnize with teares her funerall :  
Yes to diffuse a deluge, that as shee  
By water met her pitied destiny,  
That element to expiate its black crime  
May spend its moisture on her dust, till time  
Dissolve ; and we translated to the skies,  
(Where teares are wip't away from all mens eyes)  
Exalted to her fellowship may be  
Her blest companions ith' felicity  
She with the Saints possesses ; but till then  
Her losse must be the grieve of all good men.

*F I N I S.*



## **NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.**



## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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### PAGE 1.

*The Tragedy of Albertus Wallenstein (1640).*

This Play was reprinted in Baldwyn's Old English Drama  
Lond. 1824, from the impression dated 1639.

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### PAGE 3.

*The Tragedy of Albertus Wallenstein, Late Duke of  
Fridland, and Generall to the Emperor Ferdinand the  
Second.*

" After the battle of Lützen, Wallenstein punished with death many generals, colonels and inferior officers who had not behaved well in that battle. He soon repaired his losses, and his arms were victorious in Saxony and Silesia. But his haughtiness became insupportable, and he openly manifested his design to make himself a powerful member of the empire. The Jesuits and foreign generals at the court availed themselves of the inactivity of Wallenstein to calumniate him to the Emperor; and Wallenstein having refused to relieve the Duke of Bavaria, preferring a campaign in Silesia, this prince, his old enemy, joined the secret enemies of Wallenstein. They represented him as desiring to overthrow Ferdinand's power in Germany, and the Emperor was the more ready to believe the accusation, as it transpired that

France had offered to aid Wallenstein in obtaining the crown of Bohemia ; but Wallenstein rejected these propositions, and continued to show his earnest desire to drive all foreigners out of Germany, enemies as well as friends. The Emperor ordered him to withdraw from Bohemia and Moravia, and to take up his winter-quarters in Lower Saxony (December 1633) ; but Wallenstein neither would nor could obey this order, which he regarded as a violation of the conditions on which he had resumed the command. Upon this Maximilian of Bavaria urged the Emperor to dismiss his disobedient general ; and Wallenstein, having been informed that the Emperor had resolved to do it, declared that he would resign his command. His faithful lieutenants urged him not to abandon them ; and in order to prove their invariable attachment, they signed a declaration at Pilsen on the 12th of January, 1634, in which they promised to stay with Wallenstein as long as he would be their commander. This is the famous declaration which has always been represented as a plot against the Emperor. Piccolomini, Gallas, and several other Italian and Spanish officers availed themselves of the occasion to ruin Wallenstein ; and the Emperor, believing their mis-statements, signed an order by which Wallenstein was deprived of his command and declared a rebel (24th January). Piccolomini and Gallas were commissioned to take Wallenstein, dead or alive. The order was kept secret, but something transpired, and Wallenstein, in order to prove his loyalty, relieved his lieutenants from their promise to stay with him till the last moment (20th February). On the following day he sent two officers, Colonels Mohrwald and Brenner, to the Emperor, to declare in his name that he was ready to resign, and to justify his conduct ; but Colonel Butler, an Irishman, treacherously informed Piccolomini of it, and the two officers were seized and not allowed to see the emperor, who was still deceived by the enemies of Wallenstein. On the 20th February the emperor ordered Wallenstein's estates to be confiscated, and Pallas and Piccolomini approached Pilsen for the purpose of surprising Wallenstein. In this extremity Wallenstein took refuge within the walls of Eger ; and in order to save his life, sent Duke Franz Albrecht of Saxe-Lanenburg to Duke Bernhard of Weimar, requesting him to receive him with a small body of faithful officers and soldiers. Bernhard, as well as the Swedish chancellor Oxenstiern, declined the proposition, thinking

that it was only a trick. During this time Wallenstein remained in the Castle of Eger. He was accompanied by his most faithful officers, among whom were Tertzky, Kinsky, Illo, Neuman, and some traitors, such as Gordon, Butler, and Leslie, who were bribed by Piccolomini, and had promised to execute the bloody order of the Emperor.

On the 25th February, Gordon, who was commandant of Eger, gave a splendid entertainment to Wallenstein's officers, at which the duke was not present, on account of his ill-health. After dinner, an armed band rushed in, and the friends of Wallenstein fell beneath their swords. Wallenstein heard the cries of the murdered men. He opened a window, and asked a sentinel what it meant. Suddenly Captain Deveroux, at the head of thirty Irishmen, rushed into his apartment; and while his men shrank back at the sight of their great commander, who stood before them defenceless and in his night-dress, Deveroux advanced and cried out, "Art thou the traitor who is going to ruin the Emperor?" With these words he lifted his partisan. Wallenstein, without uttering a word, opened his arms and received the deadly blow in his breast. He was always thoughtful, and spoke little, and so he was in his last moment: he fell and died silently.—ENGLISH CYCLOP.

## PAGE 9.

[ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.]

*Alex. Gill.*

In 1608 the Mercers had appointed Alexander Gill, a Lincolnshire man and M.A. of Corpus Christi Coll., Oxford. Some changes had occurred in the constitution of the school during the century which had elapsed between Lilly's time and that of Gill. . . . . It was no longer "poor men's children" that attended the school, if this had ever strictly been the case, but the children of well-to-do citizens presented by the Mercers.

[Milton entered St. Paul's School *circa* 1620.]

The paramount influence of the school lay necessarily in the character and qualifications of the two masters for the time being. These, at the time with which we are concerned, were

Mr. Gill, the head-master, and his son, Alexander Gill the younger, then acting as usher. . . . Young Gill, the usher or sur-master, was by no means so steady a man as his father. Born about 1597, he had been educated at St. Paul's School; had gone thence, on one of the Mercers' Exhibitions, to Trinity College, Oxford; and, after completing his course there, and taking orders, had come back to town about 1619, and dropped conveniently into the place of his father's assistant. There must have been from the first an element of bluster and recklessness about this junior Gill which annoyed his father, and cost him a good deal of trouble. Meanwhile his reputation was considerably above the common. As early as 1612, or immediately after his going to college, he had written a Latin threnody on the death of Prince Henry, which had been published among the many other effusions of the kind called forth by that event; and, during his course at Oxford, he had written other things of the same sort, both in Latin and Greek, some of which were also printed. The special character, therefore, which he bore among the boys of St. Paul's School, when at the age of twenty-two or thereby, he became his father's assistant, was that of a splendid maker of Greek and Latin verses. . . .

Such were the two men, not uninteresting in themselves, to whose lot it fell to be Milton's schoolmasters. He was under their care, as we calculate, at least four years—from 1620, when he had passed his eleventh year, to the winter or spring of 1624—5, when he had passed his sixteenth. . . . The young poet [Milton] had, of course, his friends about him to whom he showed his first attempts in composition. It is certain, at least, that the younger Mr. Gill was not left in ignorance of these or any other contemporary efforts of his favourite pupil in his own metrical art. Four years later, Milton, writing to him from college, and enclosing some compositions of that date for his inspection, compliments him as one whom he knows to be “a very severe judge in poetical matters, and a very candid critic, so far as he was concerned;” and in the same letter he speaks of recollecting Gill's “almost constant conversations with him,” and regrets being absent from one from whose society he had never once gone away “without a manifest accession of literary knowledge.” Gill was by no means the model of a man,

as regarded either character or temper ; but that he should have stood for a year or two in this relation to Milton, is something to his credit.—*Maffon's Life of Milton*, Vol. I., pp. 58—78.

Gill was the author of a little volume of Greek and Latin verses, published under the following title : “ *Παρεργα, Sive Poetici Conatus Alexandri ab Alexandro Gil Londinensis, ab aliquam multis antehac expediti, tandem in lucem prodeunt.* Lond. 1632, pp. 91.

Gill seems to have used the rod with some severity. In a copy of verses *On Doctor Gill, Master of Pauls Schoole* printed in the year 1651, we read :—

“ In Pauls Church-yard in London  
There dwells a noble Ferker ;  
Take heed you that passe  
Lest you taste of his lash :  
For I have found him a Jerker :  
Still doth he cry,  
Take him up,  
Take him up, Sir,  
Untrusse with expedition.  
O the Burchen toole  
Which he windes ith' Schoole  
Frights worse then an Inquisition.”

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#### PAGE 19.

*That this insulting Emperor by his fall.*

A line is apparently wanting after this.

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#### PAGE 88.

#### THE LADIES PRIVILEGE, 1640.

This Play was reprinted in the second volume of Bald's Old English Drama. Lond. 1825.

## PAGE 125.

*Time shall depend like summer on your brow, &c.*

The remainder of this speech also occurs, without any difference of wording, in *The Hollander* (Vol. I., p. 123).

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## PAGE 197

*To Mr. Charles Cotton.*

This is not the Charles Cotton who was associated with Izaak Walton in the *Complete Angler*, who was born in 1630, and was consequently only nine years of age when the volume containing these verses was published.

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## PAGE 212.

*Vpon the death of his Sister  
Mrs. Priscilla Glapthorne.*

We have no indication of the age of the poet's sister, or of the precise date of her death. This Elegy, with a few verbal differences, is the same as the lines which close *Argalus and Parthenia* (Vol. I., p. 65).

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## PAGE 230.

*Whitehall, &c. 1643.*

The copy among the King's Pamphlets is dated in a contemporary hand, March 4, 164 $\frac{2}{3}$ .

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## PAGE 231.

*To my noble Friend and Gossip, Captaine Richard Lovelace.*

Richard Lovelace, the eldest son of Sir William Lovelace, of

Woollidge, in Kent, was born in that county in 1618, and was consequently twenty-five years of age when thus addressed by Glapthorne. Lovelace was educated at Charterhouse School; and was matriculated at Gloucester Hall, Oxford, June 27, 1634. At this time "he was accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld; a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex." In 1636, when the king and queen visited Oxford, he was, "at the request of a great lady belonging to the queen," created Master of Arts, although but of two years' standing; his conversation and conduct on this occasion displayed his ingenuity and generous soul, and he became as much the idol of the male as he was before of the female sex.

On leaving the University he attended the Court in great splendour, and being patronized by Lord Goring (afterwards Earl of Norwich) was by him sent with the Scotch expedition in 1639, serving as an ensign; in the second expedition he obtained a captain's commission. About this time he wrote a tragedy called *The Soldier*, which has never been printed; and the Stage being soon after suppressed, was never acted.

After the pacification at Berwick, he retired to Lovelace-place, in the parish of Betherden, at Canterbury: his estate there and at Chart Halden, &c., is said by Wood to have been worth at least £500 per annum, a handsome gentlemanly provision at that time. Such was the public estimation in which he was held, that he was made choice of by the county to deliver the Kentish petition for the restoration of the King, &c., to the House of Commons. He was for this obnoxious measure committed to the prison of the Gatehouse at Westminster; it was here that he wrote the exquisite little song to Althea, from prison, beginning "When love with unconfined wings."

After an imprisonment of three or four months he was released upon the enormous bail of £40,000, upon condition that he was not to stir out of the lines of communication without a pass from the Speaker. His liberal spirit in furnishing men with horses and arms for the credit of the King's cause—in relieving the necessities of ingenious men, scholars, musicians, and soldiers; in supporting and assisting his brothers Francis and William, who

were engaged in the King's service, and the education of his younger brother Dudley, had already impaired his fortune.

After the surrender of Oxford in 1646, he formed a regiment for the service of the French King, commanded it himself, and was wounded at Dunkirk; previously to this he had paid his addresses to a lady of great beauty and fortune, whose name was Lucy Sacheverell, whom he usually called *LUX CASTA*; to his misfortune a report of his death of wounds received at Dunkirk reaching her, and being believed, she was soon after married to another. It was principally to her, and in her praise, that his poems were written. It is supposed the print pre-fixed to them and engraved by Faithorne from a design of Sir Peter Lely's, contains her portrait, and in compliment to her they bear the name of *Lucaſta*.

In 1648 Lovelace returned to England with his brother Dudley, then a captain in his regiment; and upon their arrival in London they were both committed prisoners to Peterhouse, where he amused himself with arranging and committing his poems to press: they were published in 1649; but many of them had previously been printed in musical publications, having been composed by Lawes, Gamble, and other eminent composers.

His liberality and his loyalty had entirely consumed his estate; so that when, upon the death of the king, he was set at liberty, he found himself in the world without the means of support, and reduced to such a hopeless condition that, in the words of his biographer, "he grew very melancholy (which brought him into a consumption), became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars than poorest of servants," &c. In such sad reverse of fortunes did this gallant and spirited being linger out his wretched existence until 1658, when death terminated his sufferings. He expired at very mean lodgings in Gunpowder-alley, near Shoe-lane, and was buried at the west end of St. Bride's Church.

Such (given almost exactly in the quaint language of Wood), was the romantic history of Glapthorne's "noble friend and

gossip." Whether Glapthorne himself experienced similar reverses can now be only a matter of conjecture. That in the heyday of youth and fortune the two had been linked intimately together throws a little ray of light, however, on our dramatist's biography, being, as it is, a fact placed beyond all possible doubt by this Dedication.

THE END.











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